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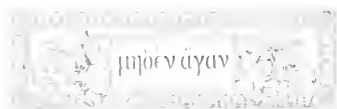
THE ART WORLD

A Monthly for the Public
Devoted to
THE HIGHER IDEALS

COMBINING
THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE ART WORLD

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By PETRONIUS ARBITER

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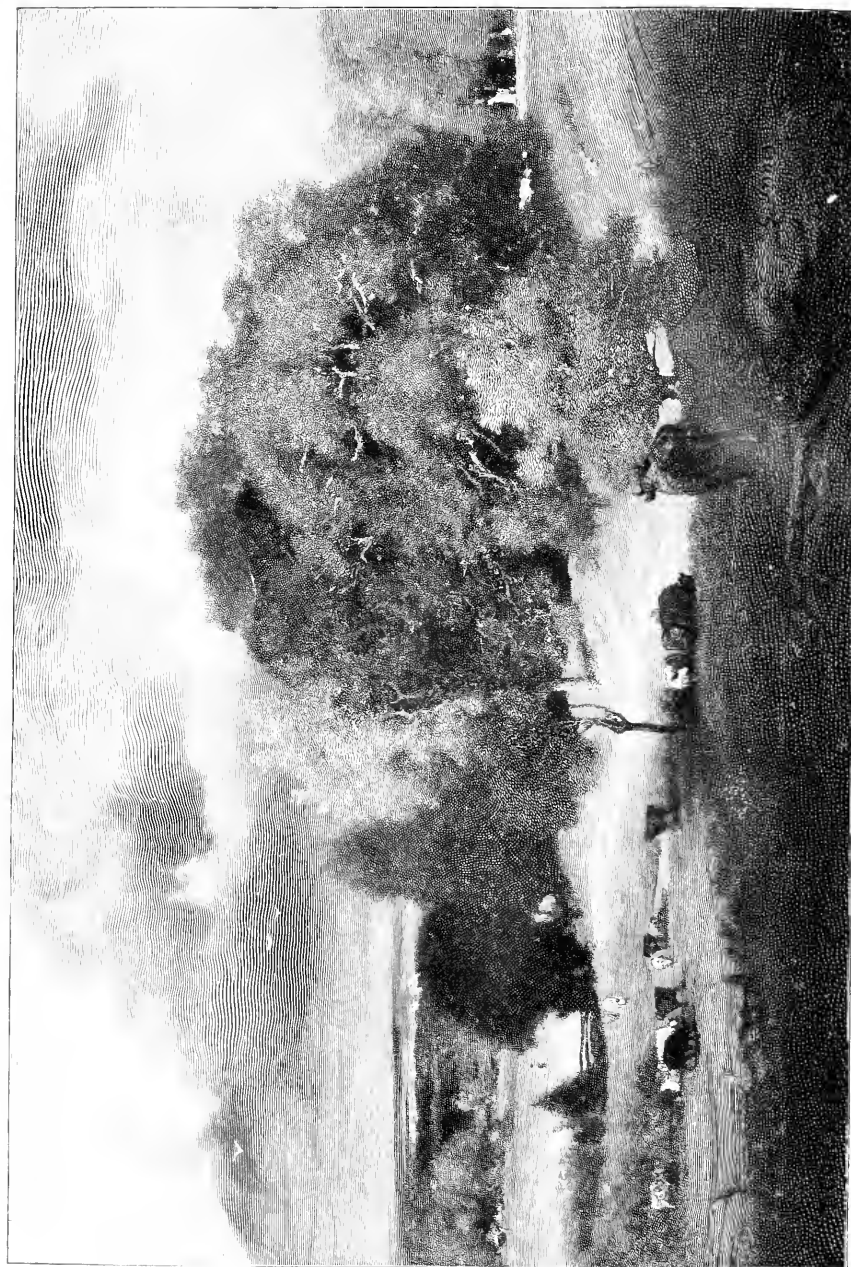
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"AUTUMN OAKS"

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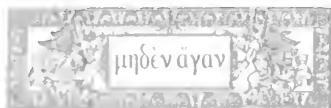
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VOLUME I

NUMBER 4

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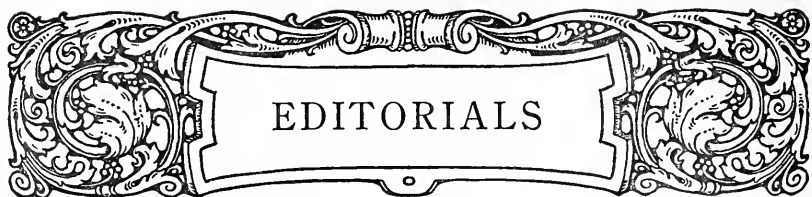
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INDIVIDUALISM VS. UNIVERSALITY IN ART

LET us define universality thus: Those works of art which are loved by the greatest number of people are the most universal works of art.

According to this definition we count among the most universal works of art Homer's "Iliad," in epic poetry; the Parthenon, in architecture; Guido Reni's "Aurora" in ceiling decorations; Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" among altar pieces; Leonardo's "Last Supper" in religious frescoes; Michelangelo's "Moses" among portrait statues; Rembrandt's "Syndics of the Weaver's' Guild" among group portraits; Shakespeare's "Hamlet" among dramas; Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn" among short poems; and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" in music. There are many more such universally loved works of art.

Why are these works universally loved? Because they have a superlative harmony of beauty which makes an irresistible universal appeal.

And can there be a higher aim than that of creating something that will make the creator of it loved for all time by all mankind? Reader, think this over.

Certain it is that, if it is good to be loved by one person, it is better still to be loved by all mankind.

And by "loved" we do not mean simply admired. There is an abyss between mere admiration and love. For we admire many works of art, as well as many women, without ever being able to love them.

This distinction between admiration and love is a most important one to make in matters of art as well as of life. Admiration is an ephemeral emotion unless it is quickly transformed into the enduring feeling of love, which is the final test of the value of anything to ourselves and to mankind.

And, so, many who only admire Carlyle love Emerson, because Carlyle's brilliant style of writing appeals to the intellect, while Emerson captivates our soul by the lifting power, Hellenic beauty and beneficent serenity of his thought.

In fact, when we analyze the most universally loved works of art, we find that all of them have this lifting serene, Hellenic beauty, to create which was the aim of the greatest artists ever since the human race may be said to have become of age, in the Periclean period of Greece.

In that epoch art was created not merely by artists, but by great men. Pheidias, Iktinus, Æschylus, Sophokles, were great men, plus artists. Michelangelo, Leonardo, Rubens, were all-round great men, with a talent for artistry. Had they not been great in art, they would have been great in some other field of activity. And in art they had but one aim—to create things so beneficently beautiful that their works should be worshiped, not by a few Café cronies, but by the whole world and for all time. That constitutes Universality.

The spiritual condition of the world in the epochs when those great men were allured to enter and be active in the world of art was strongly poetic. Science was scarcely thought of as a field for a career by a real man.

But, when Bacon turned men's minds into the paths of scientific investigation and the campaign of conquering nature began, materiality slowly invaded life and grew apace with every triumph of science or of industrial invention, until "Industrialism" became a fact and claimed the men of the most power, and most of those men who then entered the world of art were men of mediocre minds and petty souls. That is why so few masterpieces have since then been created.

This spirit of universality—of creating things in all the arts that should make a universal appeal through their universally admired and loved forms of beauty—dominated the world of art from the hoary past until about 1855.

Then this spirit was openly slain in France by a set of over-bored artists, and by newspaper critics who about that time began to become parasites to the artists. These called themselves "individualists."

Now, the word *individuality* has two meanings like the word *technique*. While technique means the entire process of producing a work of art, of a picture, for example, from the fundamental conception and composing of it to the surface painting, yet when painters use the word technique they nearly always mean the *surface manner* of painting.

That is, one man will put his paint on smoothly and efface all brush marks, like Holbein and Rembrandt, another will allow some brush marks to remain and efface others, like Velasquez, another will put all of his paint on roughly, like Tintoretto.

Likewise, *individuality* has two meanings. First, the fundamental *originality* of the conception and the composition of a new idea—or of a new composition of an old idea; second, when the word "individuality" is used, instead of "originality," it usually refers to that *peculiarity* of one artist's surface technical manner of painting which differentiates it from the peculiarity of some other artist's technical manner.

So that, as a rule, individuality means nothing but a certain surface difference between the technique or execution of one artist's work compared with that of another.

To make this still more clear to the laymen, suppose ten painters were told, one after the other, to copy Titian's "Assumption," and to follow exactly the composition and color-scheme, but ordered to follow their own *instincts* as to what kind of *surface* technique—or manner of *painting*—of the various parts should be used. The result would be, that

each copy would be different in its manner of brushing on the paint, have its peculiar individuality—its own flavor; just as a French apple is an apple like an American apple, looks like it and tastes like it—but has a distinct flavor of its own added to the fundamental apple taste.

Every man has such a personal odor and so strong that his dog will trace him over a hundred miles along the road he has passed.

Why is this?

Because nature never repeats. Every leaf, fingerprint, every man and woman on earth is different and has individuality. No two men ever did or ever will brush in paint exactly alike—if left free to follow their instinctive leanings, and do not imitate some other man. Of course, when an artist imitates, he loses his native individuality of working, and he also ceases to be an artist, since "imitation" as Emerson says "is suicide."

Then why is there such a howling in certain circles in the world of art that "Individuality is the supreme quality in a work of art"—seeing that every artist is born with an individuality? This absurd doctrine was born about 1855.

About that time, let us repeat, France, then the center of art, seems to have been in the doldrums of a profound *ennui*. And with it came a wave of pessimism, perhaps the result of the tricky destruction of the Second Republic by Napoleon III. Then men of petty parts came into power and petty-fied the atmosphere of the whole nation and paralyzed the spiritual wings of most of the artists.

Finally, one set, more bored than the rest and groaning for a radical change of things, reacted and, headed by one of their number, the critic Baudelaire, cried out for something entirely new—"to relieve the boredom of the centuries."

It really meant a revolution and a departure from all the moorings of the past, an entire change of point of view from which to look at life and art.

But then the brains of those revolutionists began to be racked with the question—"What is there new under the sun to do?" Had not Michelangelo already said 300 years before: "The human body has been drawn in every conceivable position"? Had not Solomon, 3,000 years ago, said: "There is nothing new under the sun!"? And the touchstone of art of old, even before Plato's time, having been: Truth, Goodness, and Beauty—which these revolutionists in search of a "new deal" now spurned—they found it a hard task to find something truly new by which they might hope to interest mankind; and secretly that was their chief aim—though never openly admitted. Oh, no!

But, gradually these artists, mostly petty men, carved out a foolish idol made up of—"swat the past," anarchistic independence of all restraint, intellectual, moral and æsthetic, a red hot, sizzling ego-mania for parading themselves, and an absolute indifference to the beautiful, even to the preference for the ugly. They called this idol—*The expression of one's Individuality*. They dimly saw, since every artist brings a sure individuality with him into this world at birth, as he does his eyes, that they could not seek what they already had; but they could make a cult of expressing the *peculiarity* of that which they were born with—or the one they invented or assumed to possess.

And so, whereas previous to about 1855, across the centuries, great artists had sought only to create works of immortal beauty—scarcely one of them knowing the meaning of the word "individuality"—and having never dreamed about any peculiar individuality of painting, apart from truth of painting—these petty men preached the doctrine that the expression of the painter's individuality of technique should be the main thing in art!

That is to say—not originality of idea or of a new conception or composition of an old idea, but the peculiar individual touch, or manner of applying paint to canvas, or rasping of the surface of marble or jingling of rhymes in poetry.

And why? For no higher purpose than to put a certain *stamp* on a work of art. What for? To make it beautiful? No! "Beauty be hanged, it is out of date!" as one writer said. It was done for but one reason:—to invent a new, non-serious amusement—to relieve the boredom of the age. Did not Schiller say: "Art is Play!"? And so a new song-and-dance, cabaret, vaudevillean amusement was discovered, one that should masquerade as art with a big "A," should be vapid, idea-less, unmoral or im-moral, no matter! and have but one supreme quality—*difference* of technique, no matter how stupid, and the essence of the difference to be not a normal difference—[note this well, reader]—but an artificial, strained-after *peculiarity*. For what end? To prove to mankind that Snooks, Bum-bum or Fitz-nix had dawdled about a piece of canvas or marble or verse, and left his peculiar cat's-paw marks on its surface, a touch generally incomprehensible to the public and also to the majority of those artists who inherited a respect for common-sense in life and art.

At first this new-fangled individuality-theory did not take. The common-sense artists and public were cold, since they could not understand the incomprehensible.

At once these revolutionists called themselves "Modernists" and called the rest of mankind "Ignorant Cattle," "Monkey-brained Noodles" and other sweet names, and claimed that they had turned their backs upon the past, and that they alone were—"up to date."

Unfortunately the idea of being up to date had already been created by the newspapers into a sort of fad, forcing people to wish to be up to date in art as well as in the crinolene hoop-skirts of the period, and so this word: "Modernity" of the "Modernists" became a fascinating slogan to that frothy portion of men, to hold whom from rushing pell-mell in moments of aberration into the sea gives so much labor to the sane and self-controlled but usually busy majority disinclined to be disturbed to keep these neurotic extremists from committing intellectual hara-kiri.

Unfortunately also it is true as Max Nordau said in "Art and Artists": "It is enough for an artist to invent a whim and obstinately cling to it, without letting himself be put out by indifference, vexation or scorn. Very soon some ass of a critic will come and explain this whim as an inspiration of genius. This he will do out of vanity, affectation of originality, or an itch for sensation. He will do it to give the impression that he is of more brilliant intellect than the common herd, and that he alone can appreciate a beauty which the Philistines stupidly pass

by. If the humbug of a critic has some skill in coining phrases, a little perseverance and a fairly sonorous pulpit, he will infallibly, in course of time, collect a congregation round him; for it is easy to gain adherents to a chapel which one designates as a place of worship for the intellectual élite, men of fine feelings, and those gifted with understanding. Provided that this sham lasts only a few years, it must needs triumph over all opposition. A young generation grows up which takes it for granted. No one puts to the test what has come into his possession, but takes it as a matter of course. It attains iron permanence. What was a paradox yesterday has attained the rights of dogma to-day by mere lapse of time. Busy pens now vie in outbidding each other in the elegance and wittiness of the phrases with which they express the prescribed admiration for the great man. If an independent person steps forward, shows the worthlessness of the puffed up celebrity, the devotees of the little chapel, which has grown into a great church, feel an honest indignation against the heretic. "How does this man dare to doubt, when we, who are certainly better and cleverer than he, piously believe?"

And thus this notion of stamping their works with a personal odor, the cracked and crooked whim of a clique of worthless pessimists, many of them made hectic with the boredom the result of a spiritual degeneracy, became a gospel in the little "chapel" which they had gradually succeeded in building, at first very quietly so that the health officer should not notice it, but a chapel which is now beginning to sink out of sight, because built on the thin crust and false foundations—underneath which lie the catacombs of Paris, ready to receive the corpse!

Now, it is entirely true that individuality of technical manner, which singles out a work as being by Corot, Diaz or Dalou, is an additional good to a work manifesting grandeur of conception, beauty of design and profundity of expression. But they would have been beautiful in such a case without this personal flavor. We do admire the additional and astounding cleverness and individuality of technique in the wonderful portrait of Innocent X by Velasquez, in Rome, when, after having been astonished by it, on going close up we find that its remarkable truth and extraordinary expression of life and character were accomplished by a process simple, direct, yet wizard-like in its unsurpassed dexterity.

Yet Holbein accomplished the same remarkable truth and extraordinary expression of life and character by entirely different means in his portrait of Sir George More, in the Frick Gallery here, a work involving no *dexterity* at all, but a patient *skill* so wonderful as to raise it to the level of that of Velasquez's, if not above it.

Which proves that in the handling of paint by an artist entirely great, one kind of technique, peculiar or not, by which power and charm are attained, is of no more consequence than that of another. And therefore, in his "Life of Velasquez" Bernette says that this prince of painters never even thought of his technique as an end, but used any old kind of technique, and a great many kinds, to get at truth.

Now, to raise such a petty quality in art as a difference in the application of pigment on canvas to the dignity of the most important thing in art seems almost unbelievable. That a healthy man, in pref-

erence to raising corn and thus being a real creator of something worth while, should dedicate his life to doing nothing but funny brush-stunts before the weasel Idol of "individuality" seems beyond belief. But that is what the "individualists" have done for two generations!

At first the public, being busy with important things, did not understand and brushed the rising fad aside. In fact it is only now beginning to understand.

But, while at first the individualists clamored to have the liberty to "express their individuality," they gradually lifted this pastime into an "ism" called "Individualism" and the expression of one's individuality was hailed as a sacred and first duty; and, what was at first regarded as a privilege—though never denied to any artist by any one—now became a passionately preached Dogma with an anathema to him who did not accept it!

Hence, it was not the Universalists who attacked the Individualists, but the reverse.

At first this chase after an artificial individuality was very cautious and slow. But by degrees, as the dogma began to be heralded with brass band and banners, the individualists rushed headlong into one aberration after another until they broke loose from all traditions and restraints and, like the bull in a china shop, soon created a state of anarchy in certain quarters of the world of art until its lanes and alleys were scarcely fit to be seen, so filled are they with weird, grotesque and ridiculous work, its denizens looking upon the winning of the love of mankind by creating great and universally appealing works of art as "punky sentimentality," while deforming the forms of nature ever more and more, until a head became a block, a foot a triangle and a torso a barrel!

Now, when a human being quits the ranks to face and address mankind, it is a manifestation of ego-activity. When done in the interest of humanity it is a blessing, since civilization began only with the first exhibition of altruistic activity. But when any man, be he poet, banker or painter; philosopher, sculptor or politician, addresses mankind with the selfish purpose of merely announcing his presence on the earth, with no higher aim than to invite his fellowmen to see him parade with a peculiar strut, be it in life or art, and then proceeds to exploit that notoriety into gold, it becomes a manifestation of Individualistic ego-mania and a nuisance, and doubly so if the creations he foists on the genial, generous and therefore easily beguiled public, are ugly.

No sensible man is opposed to an artist manifesting a "temperamentally odorous technique" provided that it is not brutal, vulgar and offensive. And above all if this personal flavor oozes out of himself into his work unconsciously and is not forced into it artificially, by main strength and awkwardness, as the Irishman played the fiddle.

We do not even decry a moderate amount of forcing of the note of personal odor, provided—the odor is that of the rose and not of asafœtida. But to make that "individuality" the sole aim in art, is so childish as to make the judicious groan, above all, when would-be critics take it seriously and try to boost it as worthy the sober consideration of the sane public as of more importance than all other beauties that can be put into a work of art.

In the world of Religion we have the command of the Bible: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." And in the world of art we have the clear indication of the Cosmic Urge: Seek ye first the kingdom of the beautiful, and all other things—individuality of flavor included—will surely be added unto your work; petty and puerile though that be, its addition will surely not be forgotten.

For, as Goethe says: "The artist, make what contortions so-ever he will, can bring forth only his own individuality." And the greater an artist is, as a person, the more "individual" will be the surface flavor of his craftsmanship and work as a whole.

What constitutes true individuality is finely expressed by Emerson: "He is great who is what he is from nature and who reminds us of no other man," that is, his individuality must come to him *from nature*, inherited, and must not be assumed and masqueraded in, as one would do, if one went to a fancy ball in a Chinese costume.

Emerson says also: "That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it. That is the best part of each which he does not know, that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Pheidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world, that I would know. The name and circumstance of Pheidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Pheidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought."

Does the public patronize an Orator because he talks with a peculiar kind of an accent? No! Does it patronize an Opera Singer because the "timbre" of her voice has an individuality of flavor instead of an exquisite quality and power? No! Why then patronize a painter, or a poet, or a sculptor, because he has be-barnaced his painting or rhyming or carving with some ridiculous ting-a-ling accent or odor of individuality dug out of the tra-la-la cryptic depths of his artificialized soul and by which he, in his feverish ego-hallucination, has detached himself from his fellows by flouting the immutable law—that universality of appeal can only be achieved through the manifestation of the general and the Beautiful and the suppression of the particular and the Ugly?

We feel that the American public has one great desire when it thinks of the future triumphs to be achieved by our civilization, and that is—that in art our people may produce a crop of masterpieces as great and sublime as those of the Greek and Renaissance epochs, different though they will be. To achieve this and to put an end soon to the now really fatiguing tommy-rot foolery and farce of the anarchistic band of "modernistic individualists," which has become a nauseating bore, because it has lasted too long already—thanks to the aberrated hopes of making a fat living indulged in by some of the be-fuddled art dealers and critics in this city as well as in Europe—the public has only to reflect. To end this Mardi-gras of confetti-throwing, stupid,

shrilling and horn-blowing bedlam of the "greenery-yallery" Macaws and Cockatoos in the world of art, which was amusing for a while, and get back once more to serious common-sense work, after all this fracas and farce, the American public needs only to see clearly that all the crying out of "Individuality" is the supreme quality in a work of art! "Is but the bunco-shout of a lot of mountebanks who, having lost their sense of humor after wasting their substance in the foolish festa, are now trying to recoup themselves by befogging the world of art with the methods of the cuttle-fish, and of him who justified his funny work on earth, by saying: "There is a sucker born every minute!"—our dear patron saint of the saw-dust ring, the blessed and hallowed Phineas T. Barnum!

The public must at all hazards hold fast to this great truth: that the most important element of craftsmanship in any art is not "individuality of technique," not even originality of composition or beauty of color, but it is—Drawing!

On the monument of Ingres, the greatest draughtsman since the Renaissance, are these words:

Le Dessin est la Probité de l'Art.

"Drawing is the probity of art." Impeccable, constructive and expressive drawing is the alpha and omega of morality in craftsmanship in any art. And an artist is great—as a craftsman—in ratio of his power to correctly and expressively Draw.

The departure from this, the greatest of the Ten Commandments of Art, by rebellious, ego-centric artists, from the unwise Delacroix down, in a progressive spurning of probity in art, in the silly pursuit of a meretricious, artificial individuality, is the root-cause of the growth of the degrading and immoral crop of artistic warts produced by the "Modernists" in the present epoch of aesthetic anarchy.

While these thoughts are addressed primarily to the public, we will lay before those and such students as may have taken the trouble to read thus far, one of those fine but so disconcerting facts, so disheartening to those who dislike the truth: The public never was and never will be enduringly interested in any work of art in which emotion-stirring beauty, of a refined charm, coupled with a lifting power is sacrificed to the display by the artist of his own idiosyncrasy.

The public has an unerring instinct of what should be expressed by a face, by a body, or by a gesture; by a tree, or a cloud, or a stone—under certain conditions, and it has an imperious hunger that this expression should be complete and emotion-stirring in every work of art, be it a piece of poetry, of painting, or of acting. If you impudently ignore the satisfying of this hunger—the artistic morgue is your predestined goal!

Per contra, the actor, or painter, or poet will captivate the soul of mankind in ratio of the profundity to which his work is expressive and emotion-stirring.

In short, truth of expression is the highest need in all art, after that beauty of expression. After you have achieved these, through an altruistic spirit of service, you can safely permit yourself to satisfy your modest egotism and stamp on your work a rational, non-irritating amount of peculiar "individuality." It is then that your work will have that

immortality of universality by manifesting to the dullest, as well as the quickest that, while you never forgot yourself, you also never forgot your fellow-men.

For a dilettante circle of artists to play with the fad of "individualism" as a pastime would be well enough, as we need amusements of all kinds to keep Jack from becoming a dull prig. But, for a small circle to arrogate to itself sacro-sanct authority in matters of æsthetics and, when the common-sense artists were much occupied, to slyly retire to some cabaret on the Boulevard Saint Michel and there decide to lift that small-beer amusement to the dignity of the supreme idol and say: "Artists, fall down and worship, under pain of excommunication!" and then to marshal the corrupt critics who live off artists to crack the whip, reminds one of that most discouraging of all the stories in the Bible, in Exodus, Chapter 32, which it is wise now and then to republish and reflect over:

1. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for, as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

2. And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives,

of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

3. And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

4. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

5. And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow is a feast to the LORD.

6. And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

7. And the LORD said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves:

8. They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

9. And the LORD said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people:

GEORGE INNESS, SENIOR

See frontispiece and page 235

WITH his purely Keltic name, for *inis* is the Gaelic for "island," the late George Inness inherited a certain trait of the Irish, western Scottish and Welsh temperaments, namely, an imagination of a definite racial sort. This may be seen in some if not all of his paintings. The writer remembers well many a monologue uttered by Inness when he occupied rooms in the old University barrack on Washington Square where the painter had a studio. As it happens with a goodly number of painters, Inness liked to talk to a sympathetic listener while he painted, and the talk was sure to fall into a monologue, with the chances in favor of a disquisition in line with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, theories, namely, of a world of spirits about and above our common humanity, reaching upward through hierarchies to the great central Mind and Force that is God. True to atavism, Inness peopled the circumambient air with disembodied souls and spirits, just as the Keltic folk in all parts of the world has clung to a belief in brownies, elves and kelpies, the "good people," the invisible denizens of raths and haunted mounds, wildwoods and desolate moors, avenues of menhirs at Karnac, circles of rude blocks at Stonehenge.

Sometimes, whilst he waxed eloquent on some such topic, he would look with disapproval on the canvas before which he stood, and, after a few agitated steps to and fro, fall upon that canvas with fury. Perhaps it was becoming a gentle pastoral of wood and pasture with a smiling sky—presto! the meadows began to disappear and grey rocks took their place. The sky was blotted out with long writhing serpents of dark cloud; a stunted copse bent

under a blast from the sea, rain-gusts flew between cloud and moor and in an incredibly short time, during which his tongue and brush seemed to be running an even race, the joyous landscape had become a scene of desolation full of Druidic curses or one exactly suited to an "impression" made by the mystical, mythical poet Ossian, as we manage to get it through a translation by Macpherson. The wild, uncanny, cloudy and foggy literature of the Scots who spoke Gaelic in the eighteenth century—baldads the people understood because the names of heroes and places were familiar, as well as the allusions to traditional history and myth—these were suddenly given a fitting background through the inspired brush of a descendant who lived far from the original scenes, away across the ocean!

How far Inness was conscious of this it would be hard to say. Probably it was unconscious, for he did not talk of the old literature, not even of that saved in English by Macpherson.

We have to reckon with this trait of George Inness when we attempt to decide whether this or that canvas was or was not his own. Often he changed a picture so thoroughly that a man at work with him in his studio might be easily deceived. After passing through a comparatively conventional period, during which he made many fine, even noble compositions that recall other masters, he attained a facility with the brush that sometimes proved fatal to pictures which deserved to live. How often the writer regretted that Inness did not take a fresh canvas to the new inspiration possessing him, and leave the innocent victim of his creative fancy alone; it would be relished now!



PAINTED BY GEORGE INNESS

"PEACE AND PLENTY"

See pages 234 and 250



"YOUNG SOPHOKLES" BY JOHN DONOGHUE

See page 237

This month two of his magisterial canvases are reproduced: "Autumn Oaks," see frontispiece, translated on the woodblock by Timothy Cole, and "Peace and Plenty—Delaware Valley," see page 235, interpreted by the photograph, both of them pictures that may be seen in New York at the Metropolitan Museum.

Whether George Inness, Senior, was the greatest landscape painter of his time in America may be left to those who enjoy such rather academical, rather profitless discussions. Enough, that he enriched America with many imposing and beautiful canvases that testify to his love of nature, whether it might be one reflecting those scenes of wood and field steeped in the golden haze of our autumn, or the lush green transcript of a day in May beside a bush-bordered river. William Blake also was a devotee of Swedenborg, but the same philosophy worked itself out in Inness by other paths. In landscape he trod many ways and proved himself versatile to the verge of bewilderment.

Appreciation of his work began long before his death and has increased steadily since. This has been unfortunate for George Inness, Junior, whose undeniable merit as a painter has been obscured by his father's vogue. At first it helps an artist to have the same name as a celebrated father; but in the long run it becomes a drawback, because most collectors have not the needful discrimination, or else they lack the courage to buy pictures strictly on their merits—while the older master's work has a well defined value and appeals to their habit of thrift.

On his artistic side Inness was a bit of a Pantheist and could not fairly have disavowed his nearness in that respect to the "poor Indian" who sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind; perhaps he would not have dreamt of disavowal of that kind. The reader is referred to some very interesting personal recollections of George Inness by Frederick S. Lamb in another part of this magazine.

THE WINTER ACADEMY EXHIBITION

WE bespeak for the Winter Academy exhibition, which closes January the 14th, 1917, the hearty interest of the American public in general and of the New York public in particular. For it is an interesting exhibition and worthy of study.

To the extent of its power THE ART WORLD desires to support the Academy in all its endeavors, as long as it hews true to the line of common-sense in art, and uses its power to stimulate the production not only of clever art but also of great and expressive art in America, so long as it fights shy of and discourages the production of degenerate "modernistic" art by steadfastly refusing to exhibit any of it under any pretext whatever.

THE ART WORLD will not indulge in the venial sport of "knocking"—so foolishly practised by silly professional and lay critics and, to their own detriment, by artists who should know better. But it claims the privilege to make helpful criticisms of the defects in such works of art as seem to be serious efforts on the part of the artist to do something really fine and enduring.

At the Academy exhibitions the best we have of art is shown and the best way for Americans to

foster our own art and to make it better every year is to patronize these shows and buy such pictures as appeal to the instinctive liking or admiration of our people who wish to own pictures—buy them independently of what any artist or critics might say. Only by following its own instincts will the American people express their true individuality; whereas, if they follow pretentious critics, many of whom are warped by the excessive and often anarchistic æsthetics of half-baked newspaper critics of Europe, they are apt to be bewildered and not know what they should buy. Thus people either purchase nothing or fail to express their real tastes and feelings to the detriment of the true development of a genuine and original school of art in America. If the public does not buy, it should at least go to the exhibition and study and reflect. No person who makes any pretensions to culture can afford to miss seeing these shows at least once.

As there is not time before going to press to make a proper study of the Winter exhibition we content ourselves with wishing the Academy success and promising to give, in the next number, a careful estimate of the exhibition.

DONOGHUE'S YOUNG SOPHOKLES

See page 236

AT the time of the naval battles round Salamis between the fleet of the Persians and that of the Athenians and their allies, Sophokles was about fifteen. He belonged to one of the old families of Attika, a boy of great beauty, pupil to the musician Lampros.

After the Persians withdrew Sophokles was chosen to lead the chorus of boys that performed a dance of thankfulness, nude and in procession, to gratify the gods who so opportunely had helped them to turn back the barbarian and save Greece. This is the subject that was taken by a young American for a statue thirty years ago. It appeared in the

Paris Salon of 1885 and is now the property of the Art Institute of Chicago. It is in plaster.

Sophokles was noted for his good looks even as an old man and also for the charm of his manners, although some pickthanks appear to have criticised the evenness of his temper, calling it indifference, and other pickquarrels have charged him with being a trimmer in politics. At fifty-five he went out as general under Perikles against rebellious Samos and acted as ambassador and commissioner for his state to various parts of Greece in Europe and in Asia. The author of several hundred dramas, the surviving seven of which rank with the greatest known in

any language, Sophokles is worthy as few writers are of such monuments as a grateful posterity may raise to his honor.

Our sculptor has modeled him before he reached the age of that decorum, of that philosophic poise which was proper to an Athenian gentleman of 400 B. C. He is a youth blazing with excitement over the triumph of Athenian courage and sailor-craft. Holding his lyre on high, he swings along under the plaudits of the crowd—singer at once and musician, actor and dancer, human, but raised by poetic rapture to companionship with the gods! The figure is slightly larger than life.

Very few are the modern statues that surpass this one in the just expression of emotion and rouse a corresponding feeling in the beholder. There is a glow, a fire, an energy that does not tire one—action just arrested, the suspended movement that Greek sculptors learned to reproduce just about the period of Sophokles himself. Moreover there is nothing superfluous about the statue in the way of clothing or other adjuncts to carry the eyes away; there is the simplicity, the directness that one meets in really great works. Instead of the actual lyre of Greece which he could have reproduced from such instruments as we find represented on coins, Donoghue made the ideal lyre according to the poets, formed of the horns of the oryx and the hollow shell of the tortoise. Neither did he bother to put the plectrum in the youth's right hand, nor the wires and strings the plectrum smote. Sandals alone and a tree trunk to give the right leg support, these are the only concessions of the sculptor—even the fig-leaf is not his doing, but the museum's.

John Donoghue was born in Chicago in 1853 and after studying art at the school of the Academy of Design in his native city went to Paris, where he was under the sculptor Joffroy. A head of Phaidra was shown in the Salon of 1880. On his return to Chicago his work caught the attention of Oscar Wilde who praised it greatly. Donoghue was then

aided financially, went to Rome, showed his "Serafim" in the Salon of 1884 and the next year the "Young Sophokles." This represents the apogee of his talent. Mr. Lorado Taft, a sculptor himself, has said of it: "The handling is plastic yet shows singular restraint. Its large simplicity, due to the elimination of all unworthy detail, is remarkable. The meaning of the figure is as fine as its form; it was conceived on a very noble plane."

Other pieces by Donoghue are "Saint Paul" in the rotunda of the Library of Congress, "Hunting Nymph," Salon of 1886, "Kypros" a figure of the terrestrial Venus and a "Boxer" afterward known as the figure of John L. Sullivan, the last three shown at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. His most ambitious work "The Spirit" a gigantic affair he wrought at Rome but which never reached Chicago, only proved again the steady, progressive deterioration of his powers. In July 1903 John Donoghue took his own life by drowning in Lake Whitneyville, New Haven. The complete loss of the giant figure "The Spirit" undoubtedly preyed on his mind; but his eccentricities had begun to give his friends concern for his reason during a number of years before that tragical act.

The "Sophokles" at Chicago is in plaster and thus liable to destruction. Is it asking too much of the Institute of Art to have it carved in marble? For to marble not bronze it was destined by the sculptor, witness the support for the right leg and the combination of left arm and lyre which assures the stability of both when wrought in stone. Chicago is fond of honoring her children; it is not every day, anywhere in the world, that a city discovers such high worth as this in the work of a native son. The "Young Sophokles" has remained long enough, more than three decades, in a fragile material and should be placed at once beyond danger. Judging by the past, it is not likely that Chicago will fail to take the proper steps to preserve John Donoghue's masterpiece for American art.

PORTRAIT OF MARGARET DONEGAN A STUDIO SCRUB WOMAN

By WILLIAM STARKWEATHER

See page 239

AS it is the intention of THE ART WORLD to help the serious artists of America, whenever they make a dignified effort, we reproduce on page 239, Mr. Starkweather's portrait of Margaret Donegan, a "studio scrub woman." It is a canvas six feet by twelve with all the figures life-size.

As the work is a fine effort and strikingly original, Mr. Starkweather was asked to give his own point of view and this is what he says:

"This picture is an effort to portray not only the somewhat uncouth exterior of a certain working woman, but to penetrate beyond such externals and give an idea of the essentials of the woman's nature. A hint as to her character was given in a quotation from Henri Nauthonier, printed under the title of the picture in the catalogue, although the quotation is not essential to the understanding of the picture:

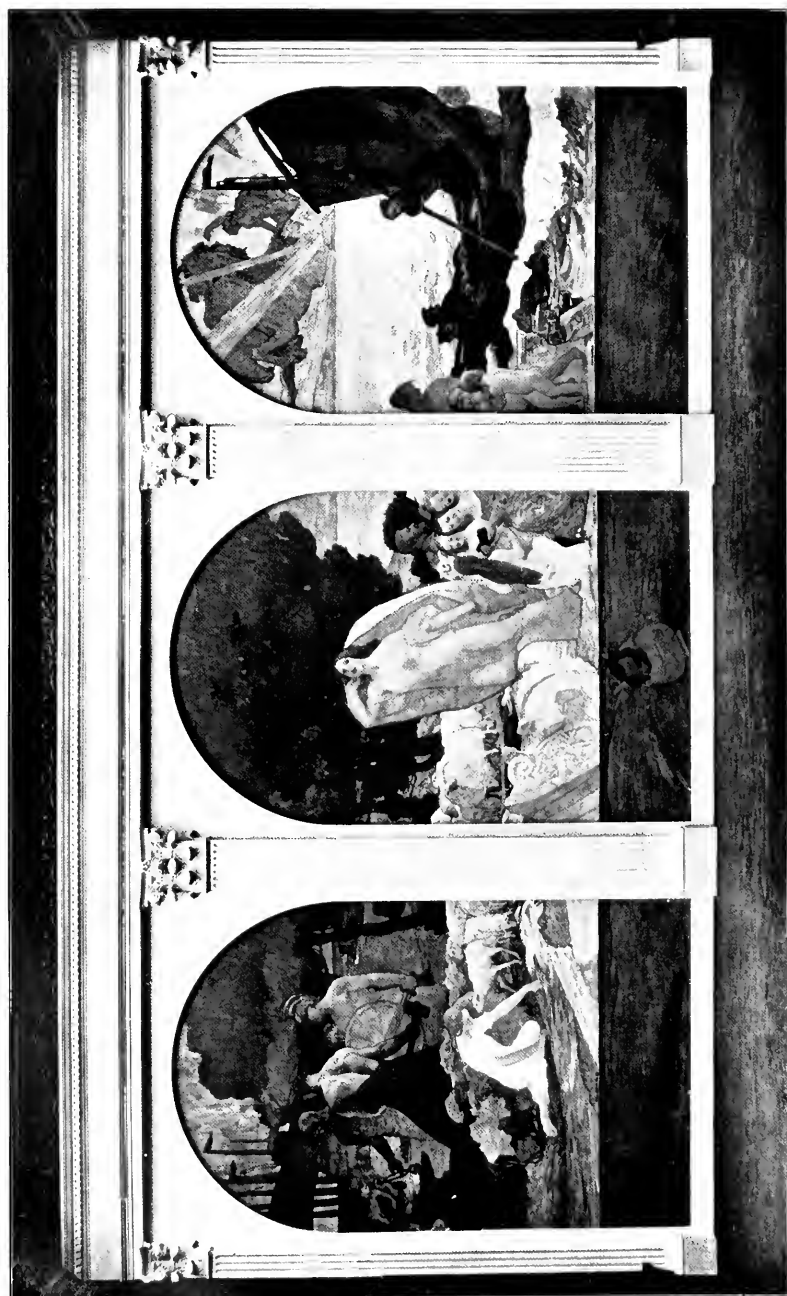
"There are those of great nobility of heart, upon whose lives the most potent influence is the conviction of the near-

ness at all times of someone greatly beloved but long since dead. To these noble natures such unseen presences are more vital and important than the living people by whom they are surrounded."

"The scrub woman is shown standing in the center of the lower portion of the picture. Behind her at the left is an artist, at the right is a model. The picture is a modification of the vision picture, so frequently seen in ancient Spanish art, the vision here being used in connection with a portrait. I know of no other portrait in which a vision has been thus used. In this instance the vision appears directly above the scrub woman's head and is separated from the earthly scene below by a band of clouds extending across the painting. It reveals the son of the scrub woman as she imagines him being received into heaven by the Virgin and Christ. The young workman is shown supported in the arms of Christ; the Virgin with a handkerchief wipes away



"MARGARET DONEGAN" BY WILLIAM STARKWEATHER



"MUSIC IN NATURE" BY MAX BOHM

stains of blood from a wound on the workman's forehead. It will be evident at once that the idea of dividing the picture sharply across its full width by a narrow band of clouds, thus separating a heavenly vision from an actual and very realistic earthly scene, as well as the use with this combination of a semi-circular top to the picture, were suggested by a study of El Greco's great masterpiece at Toledo 'The Burial of Count Orgaz.'

"An effort was made for realism, but it was desired to have the realism artistically controlled, to have the realism of the eye which only focuses on one object at a time and not the realism of the camera which focuses on everything in the same plane. The focal center of the picture, for purposes of emphasis and composition was chosen as the scrub woman's face; everything else in the picture is slightly out of focus and this defocalization becomes greater, the outer figures being purposely painted with somewhat less intensity than the central figures."

This figure of Margaret is one of the most masterly figures painted in this country for a long time; it has an expression of religious ecstasy on the face rivaling that on the face of the "Joan of Arc" by Bastien Lepage in the Metropolitan Museum; and this is saying a great deal.

We also agree with him as to the composition; it is fine, well balanced, and, therefore, restful.

The drawing in the main figure is very good, but not so impeccable in the other figures; particularly is this true of the upper group. If Mr. Starkweather will carefully scrutinize this group, he will find that the drapery is, to a certain extent, slurred, and this attracts the eye much more to unimportant details

than would be the case if the modeling of the drapery had been very much more carefully done.

If he will cover up the picture for a year, he will upon reviewing it see that, in the effort to make the upper group vague and dreamy by a careless rendering of the construction of the drapery in the sleeves of Christ and of the dead body, he has failed of his purpose; the eye does not glide over these details as it should. Certainly Raphael would have done this better, and to use his name in connection with the work of a young artist is not meant for sarcasm but is a compliment. To cite the great again: Titian and Giorgione would have found a more delight-giving color-scheme. We do not say the color-scheme is bad, but it is not as charming as it should be in a picture of this size, offering so much color surface for contemplation. The general tone of the work is sombre, and sombreness is always depressing. It recalls too much El Greco's color which is the worst in Spanish Art. What the world wants is "more light!" as Goethe said. Besides, a more brilliant color-scheme, if vaguely carried out, would have enhanced the spirituality of that part of the picture which was intended to be spiritual. Veronese would have made out of this an operatic color-pattern and still retained the spiritual solemnity the work calls for. Solemnity is lifting while sombreness is depressing.

The work has so many fine qualities that it is almost great. If Mr. Starkweather will have the courage to imitate Velasquez, who repainted the backgrounds of two of his largest pictures in the Prado and repaint the upper group of his picture he may yet make out of it an all-round masterpiece.

MUSIC IN NATURE

By MAX BOHM

See page 240

A FEW weeks ago a decorative painting in three panels called "Music in Nature" was exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries. It was by Mr. Max Bohm and large enough to cover the entire back wall of a large gallery; of this we give an illustration on page 240. It was a very serious effort and is deserving of serious notice and discussion.

The work has elements of greatness and also defects that mar it, but which can easily be corrected. To start with, the Conception is a noble one and worthy of all praise.

The Composition is very beautiful.

The Color-scheme is rich and charming.

Then what mars it?

Two things: Poor drawing—in spots—and a lack of refinement in the composition and brushwork in certain parts.

The drawing recalls too much the angular lack of suavity in the later works of Puvis de Chavannes, above all in the drapery of the central figure "Music." The drapery looks more like card-board than cloth. Then the foot and leg of the girl in the left panel—she who puts her hand in the stream—is badly drawn; then the left arm and hand of the central figure which holds up the drapery is wooden in form and drawing; then the extended arm of the walking child in the third panel is poorly drawn.

There are other details not up to the mark in good drawing such as that left us by the old masters, men we can never afford to ignore, viz.: Titian, Raphael, Angelo, Velasquez, Hals or Rembrandt. The hair hanging in a large mass down the back of the young girl in the middle panel, is coarse in idea and un-beautiful, and would be much more lovely if it were tied up in some charming way; while the face and hands of this girl are also badly drawn. In the third panel the rising sun god is somewhat out of value and too insistent, and the horses are too badly drawn for a part so much forced on our attention; it also is coarsely painted. In short, poor drawing in spots, and coarseness of composition and of brushwork, here and there, are its chief defects. As these can be remedied by Mr. Bohm, when once he sees them, and as the exquisite and expressive face of the figure of "Music"—almost too refined for the vigor of the balance of the picture—and the really beautiful composition, as a whole, make it worth while to remedy these defects, cost what it may, and, so, make it a superb and uncriticisable work, we suggest that he think this over.

We repeat, there are elements of greatness in this decoration; what it lacks is—refined cleverness. But in spite of its defects, it is a handsome work and worthy of much praise.

SENDING THE SPARROWS TO POT

SINCE the insidious advice was given by THE ART WORLD how to rid oneself of sparrows, the topic has commended itself to many newspapers and an avalanche of letters from correspondents is the result. A proposal has been made that the Boy Scouts be authorized to wage war on these hardy perennials, to which is opposed the conjecture that the Boy Scouts, being boys, can scarcely be expected to hold their devastating hands when it is a chippy bird, cheewink, thrush or song-sparrow they see before them. To poison them and to destroy their nests are steps a good many persons hesitate to take, while as to shooting them, the process is costly, noisy and certain to drive away other birds, the very birds that most people want to see and hear round and about.

So far as we can tell the sparrow has had little honor in the past. We call it English and are not grateful for the gift of a birdlet that snips off buds, eats the grain, pecks and ruins fruit and is all too merciful to grub and caterpillar. The British call it the German sparrow and class it among various objectionable things beside the Georges that have been wished upon them by the Germans. In their turn the Germans have a tradition that does not lack likelihood, how the sparrow came to them in the Middle Ages from Hungary and Poland, thus suggesting comparisons with Gipsies and the pest. It remains to be seen whether the Russians accuse Siberia beyond Lake Baikal and the Siberians indict the Chinese and the Chinese implicate the Japanese—enough, that like influenza this feathery tough appears to send his colonies round the world to divert and annoy the whole of humankind.

One disputant, Mr. J. E. Dumars, has come to the rescue, maintaining that sparrows when feeding their squabs consume great quantities of insects, including the gipsy moth, and in winter destroy the seeds of weeds and thus help to keep the lawns. But his testimony is offset by that of many others who accuse the self-confessed slayer of cock robin, not merely of pugnaciousness, the ruin of the nests of other birds and the killing of nestlings but of being a spoiler of fruit and pilferer of grain.

Most of these correspondents appear to miss the point. Granted that the sparrow and starling are undesirable immigrants, what are we to do with them? As Sydney Smith with serious face to the economist who anxiously asked "What shall we do with our raw materials?" answered boldly: "Cook 'em," so we say to those who grumble at sparrow and starling: "Trap 'em, fat 'em, eat 'em!"

This is better tactics than the war of extermination suggested by Mr. Shields, President of the League of American Sportsmen, since, instead of appealing to a few reformers, whose labor would have to be paid for and their energies confined to a few places, it enlists young and old in the primeval game of hunting for food. In the Bronx it is almost impossible, despite the law, to save any birds from the ravages of the immigrant Italian. Let the news once get a start that sparrow pie is as good as robin pie, and the result is certain. The balance will be re-established, the sparrow put in his place, viz., the pie, and the native song-birds will be relieved of a worse enemy than cats.

THE MEDAL AND PORTRAIT OF JOHN BURROUGHS

See page 258

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters voted the medal of the Academy for excellence in belles-lettres to John Burroughs, one of whose delightful essays on the wild creatures of the woods and waters and the air appears in this number of the magazine. The medal is designed by A. A. Weinman and we show it for the benefit of those who have not seen it before. The quotation from Aristotle which forms the title of the essay has a deprecatory sound as if the writer in a fit of modesty had been thinking that the lowly creatures about which he gossips might seem to some readers scarcely worthy of an essayist's pen and so he would call upon the great Stageirite philosopher to back

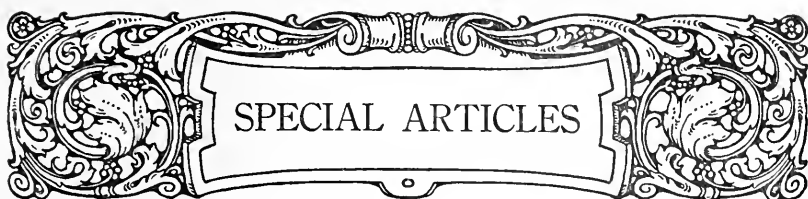
him up in the statement that Nature lives in the meanest and commonest and smallest of forms as well as in those we hold large and noble. Surely this modern is a worthy successor of John D. Godwin who wrote "Rambles of a Naturalist" some ninety years ago and akin to Hudson who tells us about the birds, beasts and insects of the pampas of the Argentine to-day!

The painter Orlando Rouland has made a capital likeness of Mr. Burroughs, full of distinction, and reflecting the thoughtful character of the man. We are sure our readers will be glad to see a reproduction of this portrait, which is given on page 258 of the magazine.

THE ART WORLD TAKES OVER "THE CRAFTSMAN"

IT may please our readers to learn that THE ART WORLD has incorporated with this magazine THE CRAFTSMAN, a monthly founded by Mr. Gustave Stickley, but now for a number of years in other hands. At first THE CRAFTSMAN confined itself to

the industrial arts, later it widened its scope. We shall offer our old subscribers who are interested in arts and crafts such papers and articles as meet their taste and at the same time satisfy the requirements of the subscribers to THE CRAFTSMAN.



ODE TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES

By SAINT-GEORGES DE BOUHÉLIER

Translated from the French

For the Original, see December Number

THE National Committee of France called "The Effort of France and Her Allies and of Her Friends" held a great meeting in the Sorbonne at Paris under the patronage of the French Government, at which Emile Boutroux of the French Academy, and Alexandre Millerand, late Minister of War, paid tribute to the efforts of the friends of the French people in the United States to assist France. The ode which follows was written for the occasion and was recited by Mlle. Véra Sergine of the Odéon Theatre. It was applauded by an audience of 3,000 persons, composed of the highest political circles of France. It was published for the first time in this country in our December issue, but in French. As it was not possible to add a translation of it, because of lack of time before going to press, a translation is now given which, while not pretending to render the exact spirit and grace of the original, gives its true sense and thus enables readers who find their French rusty to know what are the sentiments contained in the tribute the French people paid to their friends in America.

Is it true? far away beyond the Atlantic strand
In climes all fruitful force where songs of power
resound—

O giants ever at work in an athletic land,
Builders and lords of the soil, weavers of visions
grand—

There lurks a thought of us deep in the heart's
core found?

Is it then true that Thought, deathless and of all
time,

Harkening the Bond of Men ever that "Onward!"
cries,

True, that right through the storm you sprang with
faith sublime

While still the iron hail, ay and the endless crime,
Dashed on our people's head, like a deluge from
the skies?

Yes, mid our bloodsoaked fields, gashed and of hor-
rid hue,

Came you to help the poor, even as history saith,
Health to the sick you bore, balm to the short of
breath,

Bandages brought for faces, livid and green and
blue,

Ghastly of mien, forspent, like sinners nigh on
death!

O noble comrades all, whom flame prophetic fills,

While, silent, Destiny waits, nor yet her will avows
But 'neath her porch aloof calmly the balance stills—
Then you, already warned by dim magnetic thrills,

Waved us your welcome flag, the green flag of the
boughs.

Poorest of traits of us, those only could you know;
Fixed on the face of France lay her false card-
board mask;

Men said our pallid blood turbidly ran and slow
And sharply felt that blame grumblers on us be-
stow—

Small was the care in us, what good men think or
ask!

If you had nothing done, no one to blame would dare
Save the dead, long since dead, who in their cere-
ments lie,

These, haply these had raised one hand to curse you
there—

Save these in darksome night none could have been
aware:

Angel of Justice hight and Angel of Liberty.

Now had you coldly left Belgia the innocent

To drag her sullied hearths down the long cold
highway

Finding no heartfelt aid, pity being all forspent,
Prowling from gate to gate in frightful misery
bent—

Who would have felt surprised, yesterday or
to-day?

And so if Serbia too, like maid of dauntless mind
Fled to the woods and wilds, side by the dagger
torn,

Only to mourn and cast her wild complaints on the wind,
Only from succor far, lost in a world unkind

Fallen in death at last with thirst and hunger
worn—

And if her wounded folk, ragged yet proud of soul,
Were forced, tho' scattered far, yet never over-
borne,

Bearing from door to door piteous the beggar's bowl
Like exiled Kings dethroned, like paupers asking
toll—

Verily, who on you might levy words of scorn?

Who would have censured you in these dim days of care?

Yes or no! Do we live in the steel-armored Age?
Our doctors trans-Rhenine, do they not sweat and swear

How that most men are beasts, creatures that burdens bear,

Beasts whom a power but mocks, beasts whom Force loves to enrage?

Come they not claiming how her sceptre leads us fair,

Neath which in scorn of right she forces us to range

And that upon a sea of anguish and despair
When she has seized the helm, she is the captain there—

Impassive, pitiless, whom none shall dare to change?

But it was never thus our two Republics strode,
Balanced and weighed the souls, men of a whole-some blend;

As for us, so for you, taking the slanting road
Is a sad thing indeed, since our political mode
Aims, like to nature fair, only at lofty ends.

As for you, so for us science performs in vain;
Doubtless by using sly, secret, demoniac skills
Science might transmute gold over from stones with pain,

Conjuring heat in ice, cold into light amain,
And bid us, after all, move from their seats the hills!

As to our love of Justice, that you would extirpate,
Passion for Beauty outroot; know you then this,
O fool,

Theorist of Force, perceive, such shall not be our fate,
That's but a dream of yours, helpers of crime too late

Yearning above a world torn into shreds to rule!

O, of America rude, you the citizens strong,
You are not of that band who as insane rejoice,
Nor to those crazy brains ever did you belong—
Makers of cloud that still hopes against hope prolong—

Earth is your mother dear; you are her sons of choice.

Lo, in your cities of steel and glass with scarcely a fault,

Boils ever endlessly life as the hour that flies,
Feverish life of gold, lava and dark basalt;
Never is Labor fatigued, never work calls a halt—
Thus is it everywhere under your brilliant skies.

But, in the heart of man—well this you understand—
A principle dormant lies that nullifies our will,
'Tis then that Right awakes, shaking his trusty brand,

As if he had slumbered there, a Master whose command
Is humbly to obey, our duty to fulfill.

By the Idea immortal the peoples are controlled;
Engrossed in their petty trades, stupid they seem with care,

There they atremble stay, fingering ever their gold,
But, whatsoever be thought, deep in their soul they hold

This faith: the cry they hear of Justice everywhere.

O comrades far away, mystic and unafraid,

O you that yonder dwell where the brave sunlight plays,

You are not merely friends for a holiday parade,
Your oaths are no base coin, no wildcat stock-in-trade;

Truth clothes you head to foot in her majestic rays.

Not for you, not for us crimes of unholy fame;

Sinking with sudden lurch barks that with joy resound;

For the poor innocents feeling nor care nor shame,
Sending to piteous death baby and girl and dame
Down the deep sea where night comes but to kiss the drowned.

For you as e'en for us—not for the wide world's prize!—

Out from this cavern to call Death to the bloody affray;

Scythe in hand, all in the round, frightful his blade he plies,

Senseless! Nay, that's no deed fruitful or high or wise,

That's not the lofty gait of our new men to-day!

For you as e'en for us, dream that we, here below,
Ever could bring them to pass, scourges that devils praise?

'Twould be forever to mourn, ever dejected to go—
Then ah! the mothers! in sight of their intolerable woe

Surely, so brazenly, we could no countenance raise.

O Democracy proud, goddess of haughty disdains,
March then in broad of the day; for your mag-nanimous heart

Never might nourish a thought that the ambitious constrains

Foully to fall on your friends, basely to throw them in chains—

But when once you have bled, nothing appeases the smart.

Lovely democracy, you, of the deep proud-swelling breast,

How do your powerful arms, built for embracings, expand!

Justice and Peace the fair twins, they are your daughters opprest;

How might the stranger then dream, you would diminish your crest?

Think he could force such as you, insolent! to his command?

Grand as great Nature is; grand as are all creatures
alive,

You generations of love marshal in beauteous
array;

Ay, but woe unto him, who that dareth to drive
From the world you, whose milk makes every crea-
ture to thrive,
Holding all ready and glad for the last judgment
day!

Democracy, sorrows on him who to deride thee shall
dare,

Mother fulfilled of force, rich in content and ap-
plause!

On your beneficent way like the Messiah you fare,

Often men give you affront and oft but little you
care;

Ay, but woe unto him who would strike you with-
out cause!

So then, donning the garb of the warrior, ay and the
chain,

Throwing, O France, aside the grace of your fus-
tian gown,

Thus in combat you stand, you without hate, without
stain,

There you skirmish and charge, there, down there
in the plain—

There in the midst of your guns decked with the
laurel crown!

WHAT IS PAINTING?

PART II.

PAINTING AS AN ART OF RELATION

By KENYON COX

PAINTING is, as we have seen, by its origin and nature, an art of imitation, but it has never been, except perhaps in its earliest forms, solely an art of imitation. It has always been akin to the other fine arts, some of which have no imitative element, or next to none, but all of which deal in relations or proportions, in the ordering of something for the attainment of harmony and unity.

There are two possible classifications of the fine arts which cut across each other, and which group the arts differently. Thus if we group the arts according to whether or not they are imitative in their nature, we have on the one hand painting, sculpture and acting as essentially imitative arts, and on the other hand architecture and music which exist independently of imitation and only occasionally and incidentally imitate anything. Dancing, partaking of the nature of both acting and music, stands about half way between these two groups. By another classification we may group the arts according to the sense to which they appeal and the mode in which they exist. Music and poetry appeal to the ear and exist in time. Architecture, sculpture and painting appeal to the eye and exist in space. Acting and the dance appeal to both senses and exist in both modes. But by whatever classification we divide the fine arts, there is one principle which unites them. Whether they be imitative or non-imitative, arts of time or arts of space, they are all arts of relation.

Music, which is almost entirely non-imitative, being an art of time, deals with the proportions and relations of simultaneous or successive sounds. Architecture and sculpture, the one as non-imitative as music, the other as essentially imitative as painting, both deal with the relations of solid forms in space. Painting, as an art of relation, deals with the characters and relations, in two dimensions only, of spaces, lines and colors, of degrees of light and dark, and of the materials and means with which these are produced. Although such an art can hardly be said to exist, it is possible to conceive of an art in which these elements and their relations should exist independently of all imitation—an art which, on the analogy of "absolute music," we might call absolute painting. What we have now to do is to

consider these relational elements of the art of painting, and the manner in which painting deals with them, as nearly as possible as if painting were such an absolute or non-imitative art. Afterward we can consider how the relational and the imitative sides of painting work together to produce a more powerful effect than either could produce without the other.

DOMINANCE OF COMPOSITION

What we shall have first to examine is that dominating principle of all the fine arts which is known as composition—that principle of order and arrangement which is less an element of any art than the general law to which all its elements must be submitted to produce that unified result, all the parts and elements concurring in one expression, which constitutes a work of art. In painting we call this principle design, and for convenience we consider it generally as ruling over the disposition of lines and spaces only, though it must in reality control equally the use of all the elements of the art. After considering pure design, the principle of arrangement, we will give some consideration to the elements with which it works, to their character and power of expression, and we shall then be able to judge of the resources of painting as an absolute art.

Painting, being an art of space in two dimensions only, begins with the simple plane or surface on which the work of art is to be created; this primary space or surface must, in the nature of things, have definite boundaries. It may be of any shape, but is most commonly rectangular. In painting connected with architecture the boundaries are often fixed beforehand, but in independent painting they are determined by the painter himself, and his first task is to determine on the shape and size of the surface on which he is to work and on the proportion of its length to its breadth.

This primary space once determined, whether by external conditions or by the artist himself, the first step towards transforming it from an empty space into a work of art is to divide it into subordinate spaces or what we call masses, which shall be of interesting and agreeable shapes and agreeably re-

lated to each other and to the whole space to be covered. Some of these spaces will be relatively simple and empty like the background of a panel of ornament; others will be subdivided into still smaller spaces and filled with details like the ornament itself; and the most fundamental principle of design is the division of space and the balance of filled and empty spaces. But if an effect of unity is to be created, certain of these spaces or masses will be given predominance over the others. There will be generally one mass more important than all the others, and there will be subdominant masses each of which will have subordinate masses bearing the same relation to it as it bears to the principal mass. The dominance of the principal mass may be marked by its size, by its centrality of position, by its isolation, or by all of these means. It is evident that, other things being equal, the largest mass will be the most important, but a small mass in the centre of a symmetrical composition will be more important than a larger mass elsewhere, and a mass which is isolated from others will gain importance from the lack of near rivalry.

EXAMPLES OF COMPOSITION

In Raphael's "Disputa" in the Vatican he wanted to make the Host in its monstrance extremely important, as it is about it that all his personages are occupied. The whole field of the painting is a lunette. Roughly a semi-circle with a narrow rectangular strip added below. The disk of the monstrance is very small, but by placing it almost at the mathematical centre of the bounding curve (it is really a trifle higher, at the level of the spring of the arch which is a little less than a semi-circle) and by allowing no other object of interest near it, he has succeeded in making it dominate the whole vast composition.

It is evident that the boundaries of the masses in any design, whether or not they are defined by a drawn outline, have the properties of lines. There may also be lines within the masses and imaginary lines made by the relations of points, as a spray of foliage may be surrounded by an imaginary curve drawn from leaf-end to leaf-end—a curve which we can see, although it has no material existence. The whole of a design, therefore, is covered by a network of lines, real or imaginary, the great function of which is to bind together what has been divided.

After division of space comes unification by line, or rather they come together; for when we are inventing the spaces, we are necessarily inventing the lines that bound and unite them. Now the eye naturally tends to follow a line, moving along it from end to end and noting its general sweep and direction and its deviation from this general direction; and the lines of a good composition are so arranged as to lead the eye where the artist chooses, generally toward the mass which he has determined shall be the most important.

There are many ways in which this may be done, but the most obvious are by radiation from, or more strictly by convergence to, the centre of interest, and by circling around this centre, like the radiating and concentric lines of a spider-web. Of course the composition of line is seldom as obvious as this example, but however complicated the composition may be, and by however devious a route the eye may be

led, it is led inevitably to the point to which the artist wishes to lead it, and is fixed there, so that on whatever part of the composition the spectator first glances, he shortly finds himself looking at this point of interest and contentedly resting there.

EMPHASIS BY LIGHT, DARK AND COLOR

But pure design has two other means of action to reinforce its effects. We have seen that it tends to make two kinds of spaces, the filled and the empty spaces, or the subject and the field or background. Now this division may be emphasized either by light and dark, or by color, or by both. The filled spaces will be either lighter or darker than the background, the extreme instances of this being the old printers' ornaments and initials, which are white on black, and the silhouette, which is black on white. Or the filled spaces may be both lighter and darker than the ground, which becomes a half-tone between the extreme light and dark of the subject. Or again, though this is rarer, the ground may be divided into light and dark and the subject treated in half-tone or, as in heraldry, countercharged, light on dark and dark on light.

By any of these methods the importance of the principal mass may be marked by a greater contrast with the ground. It may be the lightest mass where the contrast is of light on dark, the darkest mass where the contrast is of dark on light, or may have the strongest contrasts of light and dark where the relief is of variety on monotony. And all these methods are capable of varying degrees of emphasis which shall mark the subdominant and sub-subdominant masses. If the relief is rather of color than of light and dark, as of blue on red or red on blue, or of varied colors on a relatively neutral ground, there is the same possibility of graduated emphasis by the gradations of vividness of color and contrast.

In the arrangement of the masses which are to be thus bound together by lines and emphasized by light and dark, or by color, there are a certain number of well understood and frequently employed methods, such, for instance, as the pyramidal composition, in which the principal mass is placed at the apex of a triangle of which subordinate masses form the base. This is frequently supplemented by the placing of half pyramids at either side the central pyramid, forming wings to the main composition, and the bounding line of these subsidiary groups often forms a curve of suspension, like a great garland hung behind the main group and visible only at the ends. But the methods of arrangement possible are quite literally infinite, and afford endless scope to the genius and originality of the artist, some of the best compositions in existence being so surprising and seemingly capricious that one knows not how to analyze them. There is, however, one principle of arrangement that always plays a large part, and that may generally be clearly perceived in its operation—the principle of balance.

BALANCE OF MASSES

In design as in physics, two masses of the same importance or weight, at equal distances from a centre, will balance each other, or two masses of different importance and weight will balance each other, if the distance from the centre is in inverse proportion to the weight. The principle of the symmetrical

composition is the principle of the scales, and in such compositions the point of interest is generally at the pivot. The principle of the unsymmetrical composition is that of the steelyard, and in that form of composition the centre on which the unequal masses depend is generally an ideal point. But the restfulness and pleasurable of the design will depend very much on the accurate adjustment of weight to distance and the consequent sense of balance.

As long as we consider painting as an absolute or non-imitative art, there is little to be said of the character or expressiveness of masses in themselves. Imitation, by bringing in the appearance of bulk and projection would give a new character to them; but without that, they have little other character than that of lines which bound them. Light and dark, until imitation transforms it into light and shade, has little expressiveness except for its emphasis of spaces. But lines and colors have characters of their own which it is now necessary to consider.

STRAIGHT AND CURVED LINES

The most obvious distinction between various kinds of lines is the distinction between straight lines and curves. Straight lines will always express rigidity and stiffness while curves will suggest some sort of growth or motion; but straight lines vary in expression according to their position and direction. The horizontal line is always suggestive of repose; it is the line of resting water, of the earth of alluvial plains, of everything that has reached a state of equilibrium. The vertical line is a line of stability, of direct opposition to the force of gravity, of strength and vigor. Most compositions in which the sentiment of restfulness and enduring peace is to be expressed are built on a combination of verticals and horizontals. Oblique straight lines vary in expression according to their combination with other lines and may express anything from tottering to vigorous thrusting; but they nearly always express some form of motion.

As straight lines express strength, so curves express softness, and the softest of curves are those approaching the circular or made up of sections of circles. An infusion of straightness into a curve will give it stiffness and vigor and the most lively and elastic curves are those approaching straightness at one end and curving more and more rapidly toward the other. In the double or S-shaped curve, unless it is very restrained in its degree of curvature, there is nearly always a sense of voluptuousness and floridity which may sink to feebleness and aimlessness, like a limp string. It is the characteristic line of the Baroque and the Rococo. With a sufficient element of straightness in them, however, such curves may ripple or flame or flow gently like a river in a plain. All these characters of lines may be the result of association, or they may have some deeper reason, but they are there, in the lines themselves, without regard to what the lines may be used to represent, and are among the most valuable means of artistic expression. Finally, as to their manner of fulfilling their function of leading the eye from one point to another, some lines do this gently and flowingly and the easy movement of the eye which they induce is pleasurable. There are others which deviate suddenly, which jar and shock, and such

lines may be stimulating and exciting or even painful to follow. There are arrangements of line which are restless and uneasy; there are others that are intolerable. There is almost no emotion or state of mind, from tranquillity to horror, that may not be suggested by the character and arrangement of pure lines.

AS TO THE LAWS OF COLOR

There has been, for the last hundred years, a great deal of investigation of the laws of color and much has been written on the subject, but as yet little has been found out that is very helpful to the artist, and our knowledge has not enabled us to handle color with the felicity of the artists of the sixteenth century, or the Oriental of any time, who had no such knowledge. The effects of color must, like the effects of sound, be based upon the relations of wave lengths, and it would seem that they should present no greater difficulty of scientific formulation; but there is one vast difference between the way in which music handles sound and the way in which painting handles color. Music uses only a few definite notes whose relations are known and calculable. Painting uses, or may use, all possible notes, selecting as it pleases from an infinite series, and it never maintains one note unaltered but modulates and varies it almost infinitely. Nothing but a highly trained sensitiveness to color has ever enabled an artist to do this with certainty, and all theory breaks down in attempting such a problem. But apart from the laws of harmony and contrast of color, there are certain qualities of colors, like the characters of lines, which we are able to recognize and, in some cases, to give a scientific account of.

There are hot and cold colors; stimulating colors and colors that are soothing or depressing; luminous and non-luminous colors; advancing and retreating colors. The colors toward the red end of the spectrum are warm, those toward the blue end are cold, but violet, having a tinge of red, as if it began a new octave, is less cold than blue, and red is not so hot as orange. The most luminous of colors is yellow and there is a pretty regular gradation from yellow either way, through orange and red to violet, and through green and blue to violet, violet being the least luminous of all colors. Scarlet is an extremely exciting color, yellow is cheerful, green pleasant and soothing, blue and violet are depressing and violet especially so. In general the warm and luminous colors tend to come forward and the cold and non-luminous colors to retire, and this without any regard to representation or the appearance of nature. A scarlet pattern will detach itself and stand forward from a blue ground.

But as artists almost never use true spectral colors, but all sorts of modified and broken tints, there are whole modes or tones of coloring possible which affect the character of each of the colors. The whole tone of coloring may be neutral and gray, and it may be either muddily and heavily neutral or delicately and exquisitely neutral. It may be bright and vivid, as in mediæval illumination, which always gives a sense of gaiety and sometimes of purity; or it may be sober, or deep and rich and full, or again sombre and gloomy, or even violent and stormy. In color, as in line, there is almost an infinite range of expression.

BEAUTY OF TECHNIC LIKE MUSIC

Finally, as the painter is performer as well as composer, there is in painting a beauty of technic which answers to the beauty of accomplished performance in music. It is based on the mastery of materials and their proper and appropriate use, and in its lower forms is nothing other than good workmanship. But even workmanship has considerable expressible value. It may create exquisite surfaces and give a feeling of preciousness to mere oil paint by its subtlety of manipulation. It may be quietly perfect, or ruggedly strong or it may have the gay dash and brio of virtuosity. In the hands of the great masters the workmanship is constantly varied with the mood of the work or the needs of the moment, now delicate and enigmatic, now direct and vigorous, now almost brutal. In art nothing is to be despised and mere workmanship is far from despicable.

These then, are the elements which painting as an art of relation offers to the artist. Upon these elements he plays as the musician upon his keyboard, using their various characters to express his moods and emotions. His great aim, as in all the fine arts, is to produce a perfectly harmonious and unified result—to make, as it were, a little universe of his own in which order shall visibly reign. His harmony must include variety and contrast, not merely for the interest of variety and contrast in themselves, but because they are necessary to give the fullest sense of the triumph of order. It is when order and unity are seen to dominate multiplicity, variety and even opposition, that they are felt as a vital and conquering force, and there is little merit in a harmony attained by the absence of all individuality in the things harmonized.

Why might not such an art of relation, shaking off all imitation, and relying entirely upon the expressiveness of colors, lines and spaces, be as satisfactory an art as absolute music, or as architecture, neither of which relies upon imitation?

It is somewhat difficult to give a reason why colors and lines should make a weaker appeal to the emotions and to the imagination than sounds, but I think experience proves that they do so. The nearest thing to such an art as we have imagined, a non-imitative and purely relational art of painting, is to be found in pure ornament, though even ornament, except in the geometrical decoration of the Moors, has seldom been entirely divorced from representation, and the best ornament contains a great deal of representation. But has the best ornament that ever was painted produced any deep effect on the feelings, roused any great emotion, or excited anything more than a mild interest? It can please in an unexciting way, and, if it is very complex, can stimulate the curiosity of him who beholds it and set him to the threading of its mazes; but it can hardly do more. We must conclude that painting, as an art of pure relation, would be radically inferior to music. It is easier to show how and why it would be inferior to architecture.

ADVANTAGES OF ARCHITECTURE

Architecture deals with all the elements of form and color that are at the command of painting, and even, in its own way, with that of workmanship, and with other, and vastly important elements, which

painting has not. It can, in the first place, attain to the sublimity of size, which is impossible to painting, any attempt at very great size in painting rendering it impossible to see the work as a whole and therefore depriving it of all effect. It composes in three dimensions and therefore has actual space at its command and can work upon the powerful emotions aroused by a sense of space; and its three-dimensional composition gives it the advantage of an infinitely varied aspect as seen from different points of view. Finally, architecture can call in the lighting of the sun and play of shadow upon its surfaces, so that the same building shall have a thousand varying aspects even when seen from the same point, and shall yet, if it is properly composed, be always a unified whole and a work of art. Painting is strictly limited as to size, is quite flat, and quite unvarying. It is entirely limited to its own resources and can hope nothing from the play of light upon it, being either well-lighted or ill-lighted, no more. As a non-imitative art, being denied size, space and change which architecture has, and having nothing which architecture has not, it would be an art of less resources and of less range.

Painting, then, needs all the resources of imitation to produce any great effects, and the first result of the union of imitation with such a purely relational art as we have been discussing is the immense strengthening of that relational art itself by the acquisition of new elements of great expressional value.

VALUE OF PAINTING FOR EXPRESSION

We have seen that the mere gradations from light to dark, or the mere contrast of light and dark, as long as there is no imitative suggestion, has little power of expression and produces little effect on the imagination; but once the suggestion of imitation is admitted and white is conceived of as light and dark as shadow, the art is possessed of one of the most powerful of imaginative stimuli. Instead of dealing with lighter and darker spaces, as one does in simple pattern designing, the artist is dealing with radiance and gloom, and in their mingling and their contrast, in the infinite variety of their relations, there is a whole world of dramatic and emotional expression. But this transformation of light and dark into light and shade, which is brought about by the introduction of imitation, endows the relational art with yet other elements of the highest value for purposes of expression. It creates for painting the illusion of a third dimension, and gives it the power of modeling, making it a sharer with sculpture in the relations of boss and hollow, which are the essence of that art, and a sharer with architecture in the relations of space and size. If it cannot give actual space or actual size, it can, by the use of this illusion, suggest space and size beyond the limits possible of realization to architecture, giving the appearance of miles of distance where architecture gives the reality of yards, and suggesting the bulk of an alp where architecture realizes the bulk of a pyramid.

By these additions painting as an art of relation is raised from a rather poor and ineffective art to one of the richest and most effective of all. But imitation not only brings new elements to the art of relation, it greatly enhances the effectiveness of all its elements by giving a visible intention and

direction to their employment. By the choice of objects and actions, of a scene to be represented, of the subject in a word, it determines the mood of the work of art and the emotions and sensations which it shall be the aim of the artist to evoke. The selection of lines and colors, the treatment of light and shade, even the manner of workmanship and the very touches of the brush are controlled and guided by a definite purpose not set only to a particular task, and this definiteness of purpose not only clarifies the work of the artist but greatly enhances his effectiveness. For the choice of subject gives the clue to the imagination of the beholder, predisposes him to the mood which the artist has aimed to induce, and makes him ready to feel the expressiveness of the work, and of all the elements of which it is composed. He is like a tuned string, ready to vibrate to the faintest sounding of a note that would not otherwise have stirred him.

PAINTING AS AN ART OF RELATION

But if painting cannot do without imitation, still less can it do without an art of relation. In the one case it would be a meagre and ineffective art, in the other it would cease to be an art at all. For the spaces and lines, the colors and degrees of light and dark with which painting deals as a relational art are the very tools of imitation. They are necessarily present in every painting, and they necessarily have their characters and relations, and if these characters and relations are not so chosen and controlled by art as to be helpful to the expression of the subject, they will be hurtful to it. As soon as a picture represents an object and a background it contains the elements of division of space. It may be well-designed or ill-designed, but it cannot escape from design. As soon as the contour of an object is drawn there is an arrangement of lines, and if these lines are not well-arranged they will be ill-arranged and if their inherent characters are not in accord with the character of the subject, they will be in discord with it. As soon as any attempt is made to represent the color of objects there is a scheme of coloring which is either harmonious or inharmonious, appropriate or inappropriate. No matter how strictly imitative a painting may be in its intention, its mere existence sets up relations of all sorts, and unless its purpose is entirely utilitarian—if it has any intention to give pleasure—these relations must be considered and made beautiful and expressive.

We have seen, however, that the aim of painting is very seldom exact imitation and that all the higher qualities of imitative art are dependent upon selection, emphasis and suppression, that the chosen characters of things may be more instantaneously and more powerfully apprehended than they could be in the presence of the things themselves. These selections, exaggerations and suppressions are made upon the principles of relational art. The actual shapes and colors of objects are modified to take advantage of the inherent character of lines and colors. A line is straightened here because straight lines express strength and rigidity, or more curved there because curved lines suggest grace and movement. Colors are intensified to express passion or clarified to give lightness and gaiety. Thus all the higher effects of imitation are not only very greatly

enhanced by the arts of relation, they are dependent upon them and cannot exist without them.

We have seen the great importance of significant figure drawing—of what Berenson calls tactile values—but such drawing is entirely dependent on the expressiveness of the relations of boss and hollow which painting has taken over from sculpture, and on the expressiveness of lines and their arrangements. Motion is only expressible in art by composition of line, by the choice and arrangement of lines for that express purpose, and no accuracy of observation or exactness of record of the forms and positions of the limbs will make a figure of a man or beast seem actually to move—nothing but composition will do it. In the same way it is by composing in depth—by the careful proportioning of suggested recessions, one beyond another—that Perugino and Raphael achieve the wonderful spaciousness and serenity of their landscape backgrounds. It is by composition of light and shadow, not by mere imitation of natural effects, that Rembrandt makes painting express mystery, romance, even the supernatural.

EXACTING NATURE OF PAINTING

It is this double aspect of painting that makes it the extremely complicated, difficult and exacting art that it is. Every particle of the surface of a picture must represent something and represent it with sufficient accuracy to give the illusion of imitation, yet every particle must be a part of a unified scheme of composition or rather of a series of schemes overlying and crossing each other, a composition of lines and masses, a composition of light and shadow, a composition of color, even a composition of the very brush marks and of the variations of workmanship and of texture. And all of the representation and all of the composition in these various modes must work together for one end. Every particle of nature represented and every particle of the means employed in representation must be so modified and controlled that the result may be a unified and intensified expression of that character of the subject which has most impressed the artist and of the feelings and emotions with which that character has inspired him.

Painting, then, is necessarily a mixed art, partly an imitative art and partly an art of relation. As an art of relation it is allied to the other fine arts and deals with its material as they deal with theirs. As an art of imitation it differs from music and architecture and is allied to sculpture in that the material it deals with corresponds with and represents the appearance of objects outside itself. Imitation gives it its substance, relation gives it its form. Its most necessary and fundamental aim is imitation. Its highest is the attainment of unity through the submission of all its elements and their relations to the principle of design—the creation of a limited and visible order instead of that vast and invisible order of the universe which we must believe to exist but which we cannot apprehend.

The equal mastery of all parts of this complicated art is impossible to any one man, though some of the greatest masters have come surprisingly near to such mastery. A sufficient mastery of all these elements to prevent any part of the work from contradicting and enfeebling the rest is essential. And

the compensation for the enormous difficulty of the art is its immense wealth of resource—a wealth which has never been and is never likely to be exhausted.

We have now reached the end of our examination of the art of painting as it has always existed in the world. We have tried to find out what have been the aims of painting and how it has accomplished them—what painters have tried to do and how they have done it. We have tried to enumerate the elements of the art and to ascertain their value for representation and for expression, and we have tried to formulate some of the laws by which these elements are made to work together for the production of a single effect. Perhaps we may now feel ready to attempt something like a definition of the art, but we must remember that, as painting is one of the most complex of the arts, our examination of it can hardly have been complete, and that if any important consideration has escaped us, our definition will be so far insufficient. We must endeavor to make it inclusive rather than exclusive, and must be ready to admit that, if anything which the world has accepted and loved as painting is in any important character inconsistent with our definition, the fault is with the definition.

A TENTATIVE DEFINITION

Taking up our examination point by point, then, our tentative definition would be something like this: *The art of painting is the selective representation on a plane surface of subjects or actions, real or imagined, by means of spaces, lines, colors and variations of light and dark, all of which elements, as well as the materials employed, have been subjected to some principle of order for the attainment of unity.*

This definition is admittedly tentative and prob-

ably incomplete; but I do not think, whatever it may lack, that it includes anything which is not a necessary and essential part of the art. I think it is demonstrably true as far as it goes, and indeed I am afraid that it will seem too obviously true to be worth all the time it has taken to arrive at it, rather than that it will seem false. But it is just the obvious that is always being forgotten or denied, and it is therefore the obvious that needs constant re-assertion. If my analysis and my consequent definition are as obviously correct as I hope they are, we may take it that the art of painting is at least as complex as I have represented it, that none of the elements I have enumerated can be spared from it, and that recent efforts to improve it by eliminating half its difficulties and more than half its resources are doomed to failure.

The two great and opposite dangers to the art are that absorption in representation shall lead to forgetfulness of its more abstract qualities as an art of relation, or that interest in these abstract qualities shall lead to the neglect or denial of representation. The first was the great danger to art during the later part of the last century. To-day, in a natural reaction against an excess of imitation, we are running into the opposite extreme; and that is the more dangerous of the two, because what it neglects or denies is the most necessary and fundamental part of the art—its very substance rather than its form. There will always be some oscillation between the poles of representation and relation; but good art will always try to find a place of balance between them, and the greatest painting will always be that which attains the greatest degree of truth as an art of imitation compatible with the highest beauty and expressiveness as an art of relation. On no other and no easier terms can mastery be achieved.

Kenyon Cox

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE INNESS

By FREDERICK STYMETZ LAMB

It was my rare good fortune to have known George

Inness at a time when I was able to realize that he was probably the most striking personality in the world of art during modern years—at least in America. When I made his acquaintance he occupied a studio at 139 West 55th Street—the Holbein Building—and my own studio was next to his. Thus it happened that we passed each other frequently, gradually becoming friends, and I was fortunate enough to see much of him at close range, thus coming to appreciate him both as an artist and as a man.

George Inness was born near Newburgh, New York, in a family of Scottish descent. He inherited that charming color-sense which made the Scottish School famous. He came at a fortunate time for American Art; for, while contemporaneous with the Hudson River School, he soon abandoned their standards, became an earnest follower of the Italian School, and painted, under its influence, many pictures of marked merit. But it was in the later years of his life when he abandoned the imitative for the expressive method that his work attained its greatest distinction.

In a peculiar way George Inness was a modern realistic painter, without knowing it—a memory student, without ever using the word. He developed a technique that was distinctly his own, yet never allowed it to dominate him; he controlled and varied this technique to suit the theme to be expressed.

While constantly referring in conversation to other schools of painting, he followed none, developing instead a style of his own. He was a master of his material in every sense of the word, working at times with a rapidity that astonished even those who knew him; and he never hesitated in one day's painting to obliterate the labor of weeks—if thereby he could improve, even in the slightest degree, upon his first work.

As others were realists in fixed states of nature, so Inness was a realist in the moods of nature. The fleeting effects, the passing shadows, the coming storm, the twilight, the setting sun—all were themes for his brush. No phase in nature was too delicate, no phase too fleeting for him to attempt: the early spring, the misty morning, the rainbow, the changing colors of the fall; the greens of summer, the

frosty morning were a joy to him, and he revelled in their difficulties.

There have been poets, there have been painters, but few painter-poets that achieved his success.

In personal appearance Inness was slim, wiry, giving the impression of height, dark in color with strong features, piercing black eyes and hair worn slightly long. Although of Scotch blood he resembled the Norman English type. At times he reminded me of Dickens, then again of Tennyson, and again of Louis F. Day the remarkable English designer. If we look for a parallel in the American type, we would be forced to say "Yankee," although, perhaps, we would prefer to say Lincoln.

That Inness should have fallen under the influence of the Hudson River School was only natural. He followed their vogue, he studied their methods; but, interesting as was their work, it did not satisfy him. He painted realistically until, in his own words, he had painted every leaf on every tree, without result. The influence of Italy was strongly felt in America in those days. Story, Powers, Ball and a group of others were at work in Florence and Rome, and their work was constantly reminding us of Italy, that great storehouse of art. No wonder, then, that Inness should turn to Italy for his inspiration.

But, strange as it may seem, Italy, while it has endless material for figure composition, has little for the landscape painter. Still, he studied faithfully in this school and labored earnestly, producing many paintings of marked distinction. Yet he was not satisfied. The Barbizon School also and its products made a marked impression upon Inness. He knew them all, and his conversation was replete with statement, criticism and analysis of their work. An enthusiast, he was not sparing of praise. But in spite of this profound admiration one searches in vain in his paintings for any trace of their methods.

Inness the man was a fascination: simple and direct, clear of thought, quick of action, he was yet intensely human, and human with the simplicity which is the simplicity of a great mind.

The financial problem of his work he solved for himself in this manner: all the pictures of a certain size, on one side of the room, he valued at \$3,000; others, slightly larger and on the other side of his studio, he valued at \$5,000. The thought came to me that certainly some were better than others and therefore more valuable; but his point of view was explained a few days later when he came to my studio in a towering rage, claiming he had been insulted. It took several minutes to pacify him, after which he explained that a gentleman had visited his studio and after lengthy conversation, had left him a check for \$2,000, with the request that, if at any time he had a picture less valuable than the others, to retain the cheque and forward the picture. Then, in his staccato way Inness exclaimed: "Doesn't the — fool know that my bad pictures cause me a great deal more effort than my good ones?"

Again, late one afternoon, I was called to his studio to find him in great pain, for in those days he was a martyr to dyspepsia. He could hardly speak above a whisper, and, while his attendant and myself ministered to him to the best of our ability, there came a knock. I opened the door to find a butler waiting with the statement that he had come

for the picture. Inness, drawing me to the side of the couch whispered: "There is the picture, but do not give him the frame."

Emerson says: "Say what you think to-day in strong language, and to-morrow in equally strong language, even if it be the direct opposite." This was the way of Inness. He came to my studio one day radiant, with the statement that, at last, after all these years, he had discovered the right method of painting. Being interested, naturally, I asked what it was. "Paint your undertones," he responded "in warm, rich color; then go over them with cool tones."

The next day he reappeared, with a face equally radiant, to state that he had again found the right method of painting. Upon being asked what this was, he said: "Lay in your canvas in soft, cool tones, and finish with warm, rich color." When I intimated, very diffidently, that this was the reverse of the statement of yesterday, he said most emphatically: "Yesterday I was a — fool."

This intensity and abstractness of thought was one of his most interesting and charming characteristics. One day at lunch he spoke at great length of the action of the mind, and suddenly catching sight of a passer-by, said: "See that man? He is moving along the street with apparently no connected line of thought, and in a moment something may happen to change . . ."

Then, suddenly, Inness rose, took his hat from the rack, walked out and left us to pay for the lunch.

This singleness of purpose explains why, when once he had set his heart on some accomplishment, nothing could divert him.

He was good enough to admire some of the studies I had made while in Paris, and finally, through his brother-in-law, made me an offer to lay in certain figures for him in his landscapes. Realizing the impossibility of such a combination, I finally declined — only to receive the astonishing information that the dear old gentleman was very much offended. I saw that there was nothing left but an interview. Late one afternoon when the day's work was over I timidly approached the master. He was very gruff and demanded brusquely: "Why did you refuse my offer?"

"Well, Mr. Inness" I answered "it would probably be like this: the first day you would not say anything; the second day you would say 'umh' and the third day you would throw me out of the studio."

He sat for a long time in deep thought; then leaning forward he touched me on the knee and said: "You are right—you are right."

Many and varied are the stories told of Inness; but the fact that they remain fixed in the minds of his fellow-artists shows that each incident had it value as throwing some sidelight on his character.

A painting by a young man was once shown him for criticism. It represented a flock of sheep coming over a hillside with a few trees silhouetted against the sky. After gazing intently upon the canvas he asked for a palette, and in a few vigorous strokes had transformed the sky. A moment more of careful study and he said: "There is something wrong with those trees." Again a few moments work and the trees had taken their proper place against the sky. Then, nervously pacing the floor for a space he exclaimed: "There is something wrong with that

hill." Once more the brush flew to the canvas and the hillside was changed. A pause; the palette was set aside; with his eyes still fixed intently on the canvas, his hands clasped in his nervous way, he remarked: "Now, if you will paint out those sheep you will have a picture."

A friend, a young painter—for at that period his associates were mostly young—desired him most earnestly to come to his summer studio, look over his work and give him a criticism. All the young men were anxious to understand Inness' method of painting. The eventful day arrived, a Sunday, when Inness could spare the time. The young painter, knowing his guest's fondness for smoking, secured some of the best perfectos and awaited the visit. When Inness arrived he rushed at once to the studies and started to give his theories of painting. He was offered a cigar, took it nervously, biting off the end; then he lighted it, took two or three puffs, looked again at the canvas, threw the cigar in the fireplace and began his interesting analytical discussion and criticism. He spoke of color combination, showed methods of brush work and finally set aside both brush and palette. Taking his thumb he drew the color together with a few marvelous sweeps—as was often his habit—then excitedly seizing his friend by the lapel of his coat, he explained the reason at the same time leaving beautiful color combinations on the Sunday coat! At intervals this was repeated and when Inness left the studio his theories of painting had been explained, but the young painter's raiment was like Joseph's coat of old—one of many colors.

As to the merit of his different kinds of pictures there is much dispute and difference of opinion. Many admire his sunsets and claim them as his best; others his fall tones; still others the frosty morning, the passing storm, or pictures that were accidental as to theme—being the means of recording strong impressions received under unusual circumstances.

My impression is that the pictures painted toward the end of each cycle will live and obtain the greatest distinction. For he worked in cycles, and each cycle had some important problem to solve. Few speak of his green tonalities—yet I have seen some of his summer greens that to my mind far exceed many of the more popular, better known, sunsets.

In the later eighties Inness was in his prime. Picture after picture left his virile brush—each apparently more successful than its predecessor. No subject seemed impossible, no color combination too difficult; he worked with untiring energy and the work accomplished was of a volume difficult to

realize. Yet he had times when for weeks he would struggle with some abstruse problem without result; afterwards, in a flash, the whole thing would be solved, and the canvas completed in all its glowing color. He worked with an energy and rapidity of touch seldom equalled, and day after day the fading twilight would find him stretched on his couch exhausted. Then, as he raised himself for an instant on his elbow to gaze on his canvas, he would say: "If I had had two hours more that would have been my masterpiece."

His technique was distinctly his own. Although scientific to the least detail in reference to his craft, yet, while working, he completely forgot all theories and forced his hand to obey implicitly his mind. At times, however, he tried strange experiments. One day I found him at work with little spots of pure color at different points of the canvas. Inquiry developed the fact that these were his gauges and were to remain as a key until practically the last stroke of the brush.

Is it to be wondered at that, with such intensity of purpose and mastery of technique, he won admiration as the greatest of American landscape painters, or that, in recent auction sales, his pictures have brought the highest prices ever paid for modern American work? And the end is not yet reached, for the future will undoubtedly record still higher values.

And yet, he was a man of moods. Many of his canvases are far below the standard of the average painter. He had great courage and dared to paint many things that even his friends would rank as inferior; but those were stepping stones to greater things—the experiments that led to those marvelous results that have since made his name famous.

Toward the end of his life he was seized with an unconquerable desire to see the sunset again from the Bridge of Allan, and his relatives, reluctantly giving way to his wish, took him to Scotland. The journey was long and tedious. They arrived in the late afternoon, with hardly time to prepare for the evening meal. Inness would not wait, but must needs go at once to his favorite spot. Time passed, the meal was over, and still he had not returned. Anxiety took the place of inquiry, and his companions began a search, and finally found him on the bridge—dead! His face was toward the setting sun, his last wish gratified.

His intrepid energy had kept him alive until he had accomplished his wish; then, like the Norse kings of old, his spirit floated out on the sea of golden light, and he was at home and at rest!

Frederick Stymetz Lamb

IDEALISM AND REALISM IN ART

By F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.

THERE is no term so vague as *Idealism*. No satisfactory definition of the word has ever been made; because since Plato and Aristotle wrote, hundreds of writers on Metaphysics and Philosophy have handled the subject of Idealism in Life and Art, and so enmeshed and obscured the matter, that it is of no practical use for the layman to wade through the oceans of speculative and transcendental writing on the subject.

Idealism has often been confounded with style, as beauty and style have been confounded with art.

Style is a departure from the commonplace truth of nature, either in the *copying* or *representation* of form and in the composition of lines, by adding or taking away something from the form, or, by changing the direction or the proportion of lines. It is the *poetization* of form and line. But Idealism is a departure from the commonplace truth of nature in

subject and *idea*—it is the poetization, the spiritualization of *subject*, *thought* and *spirit*. Therefore, as both style and idealism are produced by a departure from the commonplace—by poetization—they are often confounded, though they are fundamentally distinct.

But, as neither style nor beauty are all of art, but only *parts* of art, so, idealism and realism are but parts of art.

All art may be divided into realistic, semi-idealistic and idealistic.

Plato is considered the father of idealism and Aristotle the father of realism. Let us speak of realism first.

Says Charles Bernard, in his "Aristotle," after speaking of Aristotle's idea of the aim of art:—"That is the aim of Art. What is the principle of it? This principle which has received such diverse interpretations and has furnished matter for so many disputes is: Imitation. The passage is specific, and seems devoid of equivocation: 'All the arts are imitations.' (Poet. I.) The arts do not differ except by the means of imitating, by the objects which they imitate, and by the manner of imitating them (Ibid. III). Some use colors and extension, others sounds, others the voice, or rhythm and harmony. The same expression returns ceaselessly, with the accessories of the vocabulary. It is clearly said somewhere that, among the arts, some *finish* that which nature has not been able to execute, and the others simply *imitate*. (Phys. II, VIII.) But this does not destroy the principle, it seems rather to confirm it.

"Imitation, is in fact the common principle of all the arts since called 'Fine Arts,' and which the ancients, Aristotle at the head, call 'Agreeable Arts.' It is their essence and their unity. Aristotle does not permit us to doubt it, he takes care to be precise."

He also says: "Tragedy represents men as better than they are," and further: "It should preserve the type and yet ennoble it"—all of which proves that both as to form and subject Aristotle believed in an *idealism* based on *imitation* of forms seen in nature, but *perfected*, or *embellished*; while Plato—who was often called a Realist—believed in a realism based on an *imitation* of the perfect models of things as seen by the artist in a *previous life in heaven*, and remembered by him on earth.

Thus, in a sense, Aristotle was the true idealist—because he believed in the *perfectionment* of experiences and forms of nature by the artist:—while in the act of *imitating* them; while Plato believed in slavishly *copying* the forms the artist has previously seen—in a previous life in *heaven*. Hence he called himself a Realist, because he believed everything in this life is but an illusion, and the real is found only in heaven.

Of course, the net result of following either Plato or Aristotle ended in idealism, since the copying of the more perfect types, forms and ideas seen in heaven, according to Plato, would result in more perfect forms than nature could show on earth; and a perfection of natural forms, according to Aristotle, would also end in more perfect forms than nature could show on earth. The difference between the two, I repeat, is simply this: that Plato begins his theory and train of reasoning in heaven, while Aristotle begins his on earth.

Realism in art, as commonly understood, means the copying or imitating, slavishly, of any object, scene, action or drama in nature.

In a large sense, there is no such thing as Realism in truly great art, there is only Idealism, which is but the realization of some kind of an Idea, or Ideal created by the artist. Therefore, no complete, great work of art can be categorized as a piece of realism in all its parts. Every human work, from a wedding cake to a cathedral, is a work of Idealism—because it expresses some idea, or conception.

Then why all this talk about Realism? Because there are some human works which do come under the category of, commonly called, imitative realism. For instance: such portraits as those of Denner, in which he aimed to copy every wrinkle and even the hairs on the face, one by one, as if the portrait had been photographed in colors. Further: such idealless, meaningless productions as the exact imitation of a squat frog, such as we find in Japanese art (or industry?) or the exact imitation in still-life paintings of bottles, swords, etc., imitated so exactly as to deceive the eye, and arranged without any idea of beauty of line, or having any idea back of it. Such works are exponents of the lowest realism.

Here we have nothing but technical copying, such as would be done by a camera in colors; there is no poetization, no lifting spiritualization, in one word—no CREATION. And what lifts the artist above a mere camera is just that one activity—Creation. And an artist is great in ratio of the originality and lifting beauty of his creations. Hence, the more power possessed by a work of art to lift the mind and soul above the commonplace, the more god-like is that work.

But, besides such crass realism as the copying of a mere head, or of a frog, or a cheese, wherein there is no sort of composition or idea—we have a kind of art in which there is a certain kind of composition, of a realistic sort, as if the figures and their surroundings has been photographed in colors—every inch realized with absolute photographic truth.

The lowest example of this kind was furnished by Teniers, in his pictures of vulgar, Dutch tap-room scenes. A higher kind are the street and court-yard scenes of Peter de Hoogh. A still higher kind is the familiar, high-life scenes of Terburg. As regards these, an anecdote is told of Louis XIV:—During one of his absences from Versailles some person hung a lot of these Dutch pictures in one of his rooms. When Louis saw them he said: "Take away those Baboons there!" They were too earth-earthly, not poetic enough for him, too real, not ideal enough.

Then there is another kind of Realism, which might be called Idealistic-Realism. For example: "The Coronation of the Virgin" by Van Eyck, now in the Louvre. Here we see an ideal subject or story, well composed, superbly "painted," with remarkable atmospheric truth and charming color, but in which everything is imitated with a truth to nature rarely equalled. The picture is ideal as to *composition*, and realistic in its execution. The artist imagined—created—nothing, except the composition. As regards all the *parts* of the composition, he slavishly copied, as closely as he could, not an ideal, heavenly Madonna and heavenly Child

Christ, but an every-day woman, one that he, perhaps, thought beautiful and so he copied her exactly as she was. He did not select for his model a beautiful child, but one that is not beautiful. Nor did he express any poetic or spiritual state of mind or mode of feeling, in any of the figures. Hence, this picture of Van Eyck is ideal in composition but realistic in its execution. And, since there is a class of art works which are Idealistic both in conception and execution, this work must be classed as Realistic art, because it is realistic in every element but one—composition.

Van Eyck, no doubt, thought that Imitation is the real essence and final test of a work of art. Most likely he had never heard of the word Ideal, seeing that he lived in Flanders, a matter of fact country, and at the beginning of the art of oil painting.

There is a second kind of Idealistic-realism, which consists in the choice of a human model for a figure, in sculpture or painting, and copying exactly its most perfect and beautiful parts, and then substituting for the imperfect parts, the perfect parts of some other model. For it is well known that it is very rare indeed that any human body is perfect in every part—according to the instinctive feeling of normal man as to what is beautiful and perfect.

In this connection an anecdote may be told: One Monday, in 1888, in Mercié's School of Sculpture in Paris, a number of us, students, were expecting a female model. She failed to come on time. But, a few minutes before class-opening, a girl, of about seventeen, timidly rapped at the door. "Entrez!" was the jovial cry. She timidly opened the door and said: "Bon jour Messieurs! Voulez vous un modèle?" "No! we do not want a model, mademoiselle!" She left with a smile. But, a prudent pupil called her back. When the class hour arrived, the other model having failed to appear, she was told to get on the modeling stand and disrobe. She did so.

She was sad to look upon. Her dress was greasy with dirt and her shoes seemed to have come out of an Egyptian tomb. But, as she kicked her handful of rags away from her feet and took a position, the entire, previously ribald and joking band of students, without one word or sign, became silent; and, then, under a wave of emotion, became awed, until each one seemed transfused, so beautiful was the body of this girl! Had she had a Greek nose she would have equalled the "Venus de Medici" statue. The entire attitude of the students became, at once, one of deep respect.

No sculptor on earth could have copied her, as she was, during one week. For, to copy all the beauty, from the chin down, in all its finesse would have taken him so long that she would, probably, have changed in form before he finished her statue.

The memory of this wonderful body has always lingered in the minds of every one of those students, as well as the pure delight which for days they felt, every time they beheld her, fresh in the morning, when she took her position on the stand. Nothing in all antique sculpture surpasses the extraordinary beauty of proportion, grace of line and exquisite delicacy of form in that girl of Toulouse!

Face to face with such a living model, as far as the body was concerned, all talk about ideal models and

types of perfection seemed grotesque. Each sculptor, as well as the Master, felt by instinct that no more perfect model of feminine grace ever was or ever could be made, even by Nature herself.

But—they all felt that it was a pity that her face was not quite as beautiful as her wondrous body; and, by common consent, it was decided that all she lacked was a straight nose. In so far only did she fall short of being a finished creation of perfect beauty.

Why did they arrive at this opinion by instinct? Because ages before, by a consensus of opinion of millions of men, it had been decided that the Classic face is the only perfect face. This instinct was strong in the students and so they quickly decided that the addition of a classic nose would render her perfect as a model of graceful beauty.

Now, the addition of a more perfect nose than her own, is an illustration of what is called "Idealization." This process is not suggested by a perfect "arch-type" of beauty, pre-existent in the mind of man, as Plato said; but is the result of the restless and instinctive search by man for the good, and for the better so long as an ever-better can be found, and independent of any arch-type anywhere in the universe. This blind, instinctive pursuit of perfection is the root and law of all progressive evolution, and even of decay.

According to this kind of idealism the artist must not, in any case, do more than substitute a more beautiful and perfect—but still a natural—part for an imperfect natural part. In other words, an artist may, in making his statue, first use for a model a man judged, generally, to have perfect general proportions, then another model believed to have perfect legs, and another believed to have a perfect torso, etc.; and so combine a perfect whole out of perfect parts. So that, whether the artist uses one or ten models for one statue, the complete statue must be true to nature in all its parts—but to nature in its greatest beauty and perfection.

This may be called "Natural-Idealism." The best example of this "Natural Idealism"—or idealistic-realism—is the "Venus de Medici." The body seems to have been copied exactly after a living body, while only the nose seems to have been idealized. Hence it is realistic in form—natural—all but the nose.

We may now define Realism as follows: REALISM IN ART MEANS, FIRST: THE CHOICE OF A SUBJECT DEALING WITH THINGS AND HUMAN ACTIVITIES OF A COMMONPLACE NATURE, AND, SECOND: THE REPRESENTATION OF THE FORMS OF NATURE IN ANY SUBJECT CHOSEN, BY IMITATING THOSE FORMS WITH THE UTMOST POSSIBLE TRUTH TO NATURE.

Idealism is the opposite of Realism. And, in analyzing it, we will begin by defining it as follows:— IDEALISM IN ART MEANS, FIRST: THE CHOICE OF A SUBJECT DEALING WITH THINGS AND HUMAN ACTIVITIES ABOVE THE COMMONPLACE IN NATURE; AND, SECOND: IN THE REPRESENTATION OF THE FORMS OF NATURE, IN ANY SUBJECT CHOSEN, IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO INDICATE THAT THE ARTIST SEARCHED FOR

AND CHOSE SUCH FORMS AS ARE UNIVER-
SALLY REGARDED AS THE MOST PERFECT
OF THEIR KIND.

Moreover idealism in art—which is often, I repeat, confounded with style—is a departure from the commonplace truth of nature in *subject, thought and spirit*, while style in art is a departure from the truth of nature in *form alone*. Like the spirit and body of a man, Idealism and Style are allied—but totally distinct.

An example of pure idealism in art is offered by the superb head of the "Jupiter Otricoli." As no man ever saw Jupiter, this subject is absolutely removed from the commonplace experience of our life and of nature. It is only the Ideal, called up or created by the sculptor, of a possible Jupiter; hence it is pure idealism. It is not a copying of any human head. It is a pure Creation. This magnificent head may have suggested to Plato his theory of "Realism."

As an example of a less abstract, but still pure idealization we have the "Venus de Milo." What a contrast to the "Venus de Medici"! The latter is so human—the other is super-human. All the forms and proportions of the "Venus de Medici" are natural, while all those of "Venus de Milo" are supra-natural. All the details of nature are copied in the "Venus de Medici." Especially is this noticeable in a cast in bronze in the St. Louis Mercantile Library; while in the "Venus de Milo" most of the petty details are eliminated.

Moreover the proportions of the latter are all "perfected," so to say—idealized. And finally the construction of the head is entirely idealized, so as to give her a supra-natural expression and character.

So here we have pure creation, creation by an ideal perfectionism, not only of the proportions but of the details of form. Still, it is a perfectionism built up on the known, natural human body. But as the Jupiter is more than a mere perfectionment of a human head, it is a still higher example of idealization or creation than the "Venus de Milo."

Now, this idealism is the most powerful force in all art, because it arouses in us a sense of haunting Mystery and so forces us to ask questions and to wonder and infinitely wonder! It lifts us toward the empyrean, toward the infinite, away from daily nature, from the earth and our commonplace experience. Hence it stirs our highest emotions: Delight and Awe, and gives us the loftiest and most spiritual pleasure we can experience. And the more deeply a work of art stirs these highest emotions in more and more people, and the longer it does so, the greater the work of art.

This kind of idealism was at the foundation of all great Greek and Renaissance art.

But there is now in vogue a so-called "modernistic" idealism. This consists first, of the choice of the most commonplace, even ugly and ignoble subjects; and second, of carrying them out in forms idealized or stylized downwards and thus uglified below the ugly in nature. This is called the "deformation of the form." It is a vulgarization and brutalization of form, according to an arbitrary, fanciful and bizarre system of exaggeration, modification or substitution of details, with the aim of obtaining so-called "intensity of expression." Above

all it consists of an "individual" or peculiar kind of treatment which will single the work out as the peculiar work of such and such an artist, recognizable at first sight—and in utter indifference to, or defiance of—Beauty, as that is understood and felt by all normal people.

The search for perfection and beauty, as mankind understands these words, is not necessary in this new, latter day "Modernistic idealism." On the contrary, not only does it not exclude the representation of the bizarre, the mystic, the ugly or the horrible, but it rather leans towards them.

The followers of this decadent idealism claim that every man has a right to his own idealism; that an artist must first of all be "personal," "individual" and even peculiar, and therefore can do whatsoever he pleases in the direction of realizing "his idea," be it beautiful or ugly; that an artist can change the proportions and the construction and the form of natural objects to suit his own taste and idealize (stylize) the things in nature, up or down, as he pleases, to the degree that an expression of his "personal" conceptions may require.

The "modernistic" artists and writers talk much about so-called "MYSTERY" in art. Says Turquet-Milnes in his "Influence of Baudelaire," speaking of Oscar Wilde: "The artist sets out with the clear idea of what he intends to create, otherwise the effect cannot but be vague, and 'To the æsthetic temperament the vague is always repellent.'"

"'The Vague' and not the 'Mysterious,' as Mr. Symons was careful to point out.

"Mystery, on the contrary, is one of the elements of Beauty—true Baudelairean formula. The artist must look upon art as a goddess, whose Mystery it is his province to intensify and whose majesty his privilege to make more marvelous in the eyes of men. 'It is the uncertainty that charms one. A mist makes things wonderful' (Wilde says) 'and from this it follows that art must be suggestive.'"

True—suggestive, but not "MYSTIC!"

Baudelaire, the great mystifier, so hated the Natural and so loved the Artificial that he also taught that "Mystery" is one of the chief charms in art.

Says he in his Poem—"Beauty":

I am enthroned in the azure like a sphynx not understood,
I unite a heart of snow to the whiteness of swans,
I hate the movement which displaces lines,
And never do I weep.

After much effort one gets some idea of what he meant. His lines have mystery. But still they are at least understandable.

His "Mystery," however, is nothing but what we understand by "Idealism," only in order to be different, as all charlatans love to appear, he used the word "Mystery" for that which we normal, simple people called "Idealism."

But, to show how soon a small artificiality degenerates into complete nonsense when a *tendency* is expanded to Excessiveness, listen to this, from a poem by Verhaeren, another Baudelairean disciple, and derided by Tolstoy in "What Is Art?":

ATTRACTIONS

Large masks of silver, by mists drawn away,
So strangely alike, yet so far apart,
Float round the old suns when faileth the day.

They transfix our heart, so immensely our heart,
Those distances mild, in twilight deep,
Looking out of dead faces with their spirit eyes.

All around is now silence, except where there leap
In the pallor of evening, with fiery cries,
Some fountains of flame that God-ward do fly.

Mysterious trouble and charms us enfold,
You might think that the dead spoke a silent good-
bye:

Oh! too mystical far on earth to be told. Etc., etc.

This is no longer mystery, suggestiveness, but simply adamant, impenetrable mysticism, childish nonsense, unworthy of a wise man, and waste, because it impudently takes up the time of mankind to unravel its meaning. It is idealism pushed to excessiveness in order to bewilder or bunco the unwary, and to *épater le bourgeois*, to astonish the plain citizen. Did not Baudelaire, the spiritual master of most of these big and little decadents, say: "The Beautiful is the astonishing?"

This may be called: Personal, decadent, mystical Idealism.

As for the men of the craft, it would be a useless task to try to establish the relative merits of Idealism and Realism as an inspiring point of view for an artist. Every artist will gang his gait, despite all suggestions from others. Some artists are born idealists and poets, and others are born realists and mere clever workmen.

For the public, for the laymen—it is different. Since there has been a constant war between the Realist and Idealist in both life and art from time immemorial, it is important to discuss realism and idealism so as to give the great public a chance to easily see the relative merits of the two points of view; especially as artists constantly appeal to public powers for money and for all kinds of encouragement. That being so, the public has a right to know what kind of art probably is most worthy of official support by city, state or nation.

That realism has produced many fine, though uninspiring things, momentarily appealing merely to the curiosity of the ever curious mind, cannot be questioned. But it has produced few if any truly

beautiful or poetic works, such as call forth and retain for a long time the love of mankind—by emotioning the soul.

To quote "Saint-Beuve," acknowledged to be one of the greatest critics of the 19th Century: "If, in remembrance of all these questions of reality and realism, you desire, absolutely, from me a more general conclusion and a broader significance, I would not refuse to express all my thought, and I would say again: 'Reality—thou art the basis of life, and as such, even with thy asperities, even with thy rudenesses, thou attractest serious minds and thou hast for them a charm. And yet, in the long run and all alone, thou wilt end by imperceptibly repelling and satiating; for thou art too often flat, vulgar and tiresome. It is already sufficient to meet thee at every step in life; but in art at least we wish—even in always finding and feeling thee present or near—to be occupied with something else than thee. Yes! thou hast need at all times of being renewed and refreshed, to be seasoned in some way, under pain of depressing and perhaps of wearying, as being too ordinary. Thou hast need at least to possess and to add to thy merits that imitative genius so perfect, so animated, so delicate that it becomes like a creation and a magic in its own terms, that marvelous use of means and processes of art which, without display or parading, breathes or shines in each detail as well as in the ensemble. In one word, thou hast need of Style.

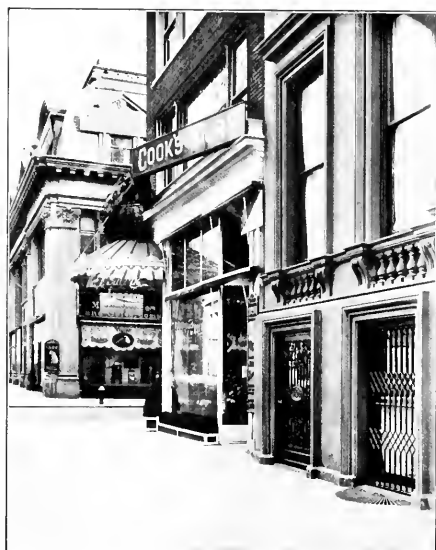
"Thou hast need also, if possible, of sentiment, a nook of sympathy, a moral ray, to penetrate and to enlighten thee, were it only by some crevice or some opening—otherwise thou wilt soon leave us cold, indifferent—and, human as we are, since we carry ourselves with us everywhere, and since we never quit ourselves, we become weary in not finding in thee our share and our place.

"Thou hast need also, and therein lies the great triumph, thou hast need, while being observed and respected, of a something—I do not know what—to complete thee and to finish thee, to rectify without falsifying thee, to lift thee without making thee quit the earth; to give thee as much soul as thou canst possess without ceasing to be natural, and which leaves thee recognizable to all, but more luminous than ordinarily in life, more adorable and more beautiful; in fine—thou hast need of the Ideal."

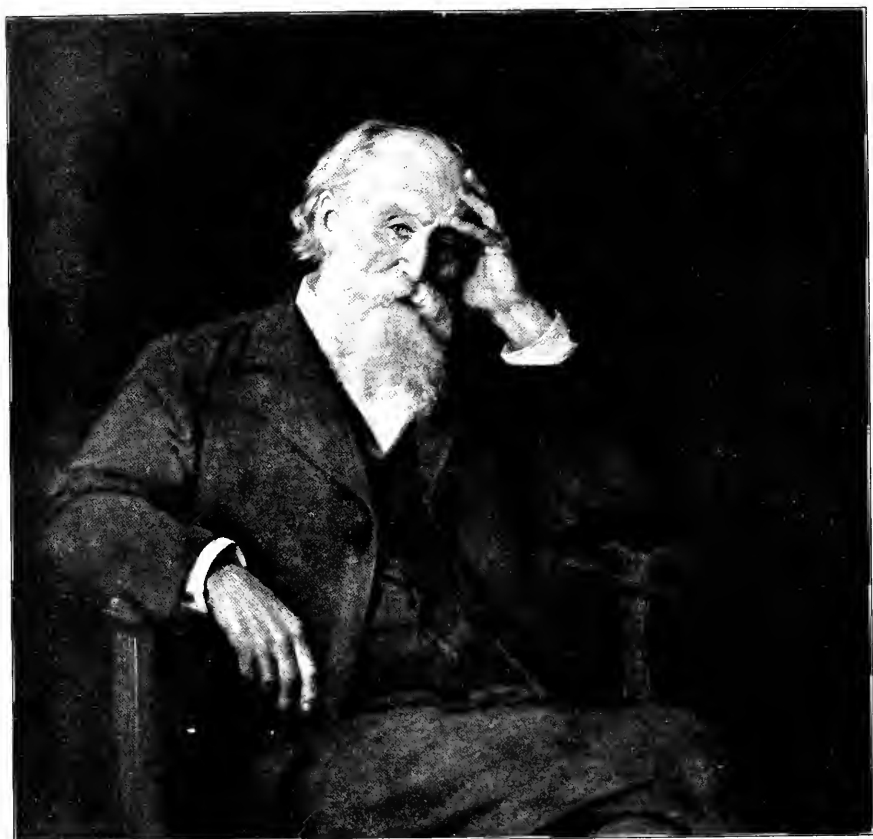
In truth, the crass Realist is but an imitator, like a magpie, and is master only of his own shoes, while the poetic Idealist, following in the footsteps of God, is a creator, and, therefore, rules the world!

F. W. Ruckstuhl





SIGNS WHICH SHOULD NOT EXIST IN FIFTH AVENUE



JOHN BURROUGHS. FROM A PAINTING BY ORLANDO ROULAND

See page 259



MEDAL TO JOHN BURROUGHS, JOINT MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS IN NOVEMBER

See page 259

"NATURA IN MINIMIS EXISTAT"

By JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THIS saying of Aristotle's is usually translated from the Greek as if it meant that Nature is seen only, or more fully, in "least," whereas it is more probable that Aristotle meant to say that Nature is as complete in the small as the great, that she is whole in all her parts—as much in evidence in the minute as in the gigantic, in the plant as in the oak, in the gnat as in the elephant, in the pond as in the sea. In the clay bank washed by rains, by the roadside, you may perceive the same sculpturing and modeling that you see in vast mountain chains. In California I have seen in a small mound of clay by the roadside, that had been exposed to the weather for a few years, a reproduction in miniature of the range of mountains that towered above it—the Sierra Madre.

A rivulet winding through a plain loops the same loops and ox-bows that the Mississippi makes traversing the prairie states. The physical laws at work are the same in both cases. Has not some poet said that the same law that shapes a tear-drop shapes a planet? The little whirlwind that dances before you along the road in summer, and maybe snatches your hat from your head, is a miniature cyclone, and in our hemisphere it rotates in the same direction—in opposition to the hands of a clock.

Mere size does not count for much with Nature, she is all there, in the least as in the greatest. A drop of dew reveals the rainbow tints as well as the myriad drops of the summer shower, and the bow hovers in the spray of a small waterfall as surely as in that of Niagara. The thunderbolt leaps with no more speed across the black chasm of the clouded heavens, than does the electric spark in your laboratory leap across the tiny spaces from one pole to the other.

But the big-lettered and startling headlines in Nature's book occupy the real nature lover less than does the smaller print. The big and exceptional things all can see, but only the loving observers take note of the minor facts and incidents.

Emerson in his journal thinks it worth while to notice the jokes of Nature. He cites the Punch faces in the English violets, the parrots, the monkeys, the lapwing's limping, and the like petty stratagems of other birds. He might have cited the little green Tody of Jamaica, which is pretty sure to make one smile, or the murrets of the Northern seas with their jew-like profiles and short legs. But of course Nature does not joke; it is man that jokes and experiences a sense of humor in certain of her forms, but all these forms have serious purposes. Inanimate things often behave in a way to excite one's risibles, but that end can be no part of the plan of Nature. When inanimate things act like human beings we laugh, and when human beings act like inanimate things we laugh; why we laugh it would not be easy to say.

Most animals certainly have a keen sense of play, but it is very doubtful if even so humanized an animal as the dog has any sense of humor. The grotesque is pretty sure to frighten him instead of amusing him. The sense of humor implies powers of ideation, which the lower animals do not possess.

The waltzing and saluting and other courtship antics of certain birds are very amusing to the human spectator, but it is all a very serious business with the birds. I always have to smile when I see a chipmunk come up out of his hole into which he has been hurrying his winter food supply, stand up straight on his hind legs, and quickly wash his face. How rapidly he passes his paws over that delicate nose and face, looking around the while to see if any danger is near! He does this at every trip. When we say on witnessing any act of an animal, "How cunning!" we feel, I suppose, a sense of its humanness; it suggests our own behavior under like conditions.

Last spring the vanishing of the deep snows from my lawn gave me a glimpse of the life and works of the meadow-mice in their winter freedom under the snow. At one place standing out very clearly was a long mouse highway, sunken into the turf and leading to a large dome-shaped nest of dry grass which it entered by a round hole on one side, and came out of a hole on the other; then it forked and became two highways leading off over the turf. It suggested a tiny railroad station with its converging lines. "How cunning!" exclaimed some school children and their teacher to whom I pointed it out. The mice had evidently enjoyed the privacy, freedom and safety there under the two feet of snow, as the record they left clearly showed.

I smiled one day last April when walking near the edge of a small pond, I saw a musk-rat on shore very busy stuffing his mouth with dry leaves, then take to the water holding his bedding well up till he came opposite to his hole in the bank, when he dived and swam to its under water entrance. My smile was provoked, I suppose, by the discrepancy between the care the animal took to secure dry leaves, and the necessity that compelled it to plunge under the wave in order to reach its chamber. I do not suppose the musk-rat could have interpreted my smile had he seen it and tried.

I was interested and amused by the behavior of the big garter snake I met in my field walk one October day. The day was chilly and I could not stir the snake into any considerable degree of activity. He was sluggish and made no effort to escape, though I teased him with my cane for a quarter of an hour. He presently woke up enough to scent danger in my cane. Probably he had a dim sense that it was another snake. He flattened himself out and became a half round, opened his mouth threateningly, but would not seize or strike my stick. He coiled beautifully and when I turned him on his back he righted himself quickly by a movement the whole length of his body. After a while I noticed that his body began to contract at a point about one-third the distance from the end of the tail; then, as I continued my teasing, he folded the lower part of his body back upon himself and twined it around the upper, like a vine doubling upon itself. If he was taking precautions against my stick as another snake trying to swallow him, it was good tactics; it would have made the problem of swallowing him much more difficult. I do not think it at all probable that the

snake had ever experienced such uncivil treatment before, and the emergency was met by the best resource the poor half benumbed creature had. "Swallow me, if you will, but I will stick in your throat if I can." I left him unharmed, doubled and twisted in self-defense.

Jokes in nature, no! but there are curious and amusing forms and incidents—grotesque shapes, preposterous color schemes and appendages, from our point of view, but all a serious part of the complex web of animal life.

The transparent trick of the ground-building birds to decoy you from their nests or young is very amusing, but the heart of the poor mother-bird is in her mouth.

The cock or mock nests of the house wren and marsh wren look like jokes; in fact the wrens themselves seem like jokes, they are so pert and fussy and attitudinizing, but whether these extra nests are sham nests—or whether they are the result of the overflowing measure of the breeding instinct, or decoy nests, serving a real purpose in concealing or protecting the real nest, is a question.

There are more tragedies in wild life than comedies, and fear is a much more active agent in development than joy or peace. The only two of our more common wild animals that I recall, in which the instinct or impulse of fear is low, are the porcupine and the skunk. Both are pretty effectively armed against their natural enemies and both are very slow, stupid animals.

When I stop to contemplate the ways of the wild creatures around me and the part they play in the all-the-year-round drama, my thoughts are pretty sure to rest for a while on the crow. From the wide distribution of the crow over the earth in some form, it would appear that Nature has him very much at heart. She has equipped him to make his way in widely diversified lands and climates. He thrives upon the shore and he thrives upon the mountains. He is not strictly a bird of prey, neither is he preyed upon. What is it in nature that he expresses? True, he expresses cunning, hardness, sociability; but he is not alone in these things. Yet the crow is unique; he is a character, and at times one is almost persuaded that he has a vein of humor in him. Probably no country boy who has had a tame crow has any doubt about it. His mischief-making propensities are certainly evident enough. His soliloquies, his deliberate cat-calls and guttural sounds, his petty stealings, his teasing of other animals, his impudent curiosity, all stamp him as a bird full of the original Adam.

Country people are now much more friendly to the crow than they were in my boyhood. He is not so black as he was painted. The farmers have learned that he is their friend, for all his occasional corn-pulling and chicken-stealing. His is the one voice you are pretty sure to hear wherever your walk leads you. He is at home and about his own business. It is not his grace as a flyer that pleases us; he is heavy and commonplace on the wing—no airiness, no easy mastery as with the hawks; only when he walks is he graceful. The pedestrian crow! how much at home he looks upon the ground—an ebony clod-hopper, but in his bearing the lord of the soil. He always looks prosperous; he always looks contented; his voice is always reassuring. The farmer may be disgruntled and discouraged, his crows are not. The country is

good enough for them; they can meet their engagements; they do not borrow trouble; they have not lived on the credit of the future; their acres are not mortgaged. The crow is a type of the cheerful, successful countryman. He is not a bird of leisure; he is always busy, going somewhere, or policing the woods, or saluting his friends, or calling together the clans, or mobbing a hawk, or spying out new feeding-grounds, or taking stock of the old, or just cawing to keep in touch with his fellows. He is very sociable; he has many engagements, now to the woods, now to the fields, now to this valley, now to the next—a round of pleasure or duty all the day long. Not given to solitude and contemplation like the proud hawks, not pugnacious, never or rarely quarreling with his fellows, cheerfully sharing his last morsel with them, playing sentinel while they feed, suspicious, inquisitive, cunning, but never hiding; as open as the day in his manners, proclaiming his whereabouts at all hours of the day, looking upon you as the intruder and himself as the rightful occupant. The stiller the day the more noise he makes. He is never a sneaker, never has the air of a prowler. He is always in the public eye or ear. His color gives him away, his voice gives him away; on the earth or in the sky he is seen and heard afar. No creature wants his flesh, no lady wants his plume, though a more perfect and brilliant ebony cannot be found in nature. He is a bit of the night with the sheen of the stars in it, yet the open day is his province; publicity his passion. A spy, a policeman, a thief, a good fellow, a loyal friend, an alarmist, a socialist, all in one. Winter makes him gregarious, as it does many men; at night he seeks the populous rookery in the woods, by day he wanders in bands seeking food. In spring he establishes a crow network all over the country and is rarely out of ear-shot of some of his fellows. How we should miss him from the day! Among our community of birds he is the conspicuous, all-the-year-round feature. We do not love him, there is no poetry in his soul; but he challenges our attention, he is at home in the landscape, he is never disgruntled. Come rain, come shine, come heat, come snow, he is on his job and is always reassuring.

II

The book of nature is always open winter and summer and is always within reach, and the print is legible if we have eyes to read it. But most persons are too preoccupied to have their attention arrested by it. Think of the amazing number of natural things and incidents that must come under the observations of the farmer, the miner, the hunter, that do not interest him, because they are aside from his main purpose. I see a farmer getting his cows every morning in the early dawn while the dew is on the grass and all nature is just waking up, and think that during the twenty or more years that he has been doing this, what interesting and significant incidents he must have witnessed in the lives of the wild creatures, if his mind had been alert to such happenings! But it was not. He noticed only his cows, or when his fences needed mending, or where a spring needed clearing out. What a harvest Thoreau would have gathered during that score or more of years! From ant to bumble bee, and from bumble bee to hawks and eagles, he would have

caught the significant things. Rarely can the farmer tell the poet or the naturalist anything he wants to know, because he has not the seeing eye, or the hearing ear. The fox hunter can tell you of the foxes he has killed or pursued, and just what it was that turned those that escaped him from their runway, but he can tell you little about the lesser game—what the mice and squirrels are doing, or the chickadees or wood-peckers are saying; his interests lie elsewhere. A Downy might be excavating his winter retreat in a dry stub or branch over his head, and he not know it. A chipmunk might be digging his hole in the field the farmer is plowing in September, and he none the wiser. The poet can say to the farmer:

One harvest from the field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song.

And an Audubon or a Fabre would bring home an equal and a different harvest.

Our interest in nature is a reflection of our interest in ourselves—Nature is ourselves extended and seen externally. We experience a thrill of interest when we learn that the plants breathe and sleep as we do—that they have ingenious devices for disseminating their seed and for securing cross-fertilization; that there is competition among them and among the trees for the light and air and moisture and fertility of the soil; that they protect themselves against the sun and the cold, and against the wet. They all have their struggles and their enemies as we do, their youth, their maturity, their ripe old age.

How curious it is that the air plants should be able to get their mineral elements from the air as if this all but impalpable fluid were a soil full of lime and magnesia and silica, and the plant pushed invisible roots into it! In Florida how often I used to pause and regard them when I saw them growing upon gate-posts or dead tree-trunks and flourishing so luxuriantly! I burned some of them up to see if they left any ashes and was surprised at the amount. Is this semi-tropical air, then, so loaded with all these mineral elements? How much I wished to see the mechanical or chemical devices by which the plants seized it or strained it out of the air! A Russian chemist says that "if a linen surface moistened with an acid be placed in perfectly pure air, then the washings are found to contain sodium, calcium, iron, potassium. Linen moistened with an alkali absorbs carbonic, sulphuric, phosphoric and hydrochloric acids." The presence of organic substances in the air can be proved by similar experiments. The cosmic dust in the air from the wear and tear of the vast sidereal machinery, not detectable by any of our human senses, may also be a source of some of the mineral elements in the air plants. It is evidently by the aid of the acids in the leaf that these plants trap and appropriate the iron, the potassium, etc. The atmosphere, then, seems like another and finer earth possessing nearly all the mineral and gaseous and living organisms—a finer world superimposed upon the world in which we live. It is the watery vapor in the air, as it is the liquid water in the earth that holds in infinite division the various earth salts upon which the plants feed. An

air plant, and an earth plant, then, do not differ so fundamentally as would at first seem—the former has its roots in the air and draws about the same elements thence that the latter does through its roots in the earth.

Is not distilled and evaporated water supposed to be absolutely free from mineral elements? How then do all these minerals get into the air, if not through the vapors that rise from the sea and the land? It is curious, if true, as is alleged, that stagnant water anywhere near air plants seems to be injurious to them. They need the purest air.

Wait long enough and Nature will always have a fresh surprise for you. I have seen in my life only one big maple tree utterly destroyed and reduced to kindling wood by a thunderbolt. I have never yet known lightning to strike a beech tree, but probably if I wait long enough I shall see it or hear of it. I have only once in my life found a plant called the whorled pogonia, and only once found a plant called the Devil's bit, but in time I hope to find another of each. I have only once seen a wild bird turning over her eggs in her nest as does a hen. I have never but once seen the Golden Eagle soaring above my native hills and that was seventy years ago. No wild animal of the cat tribe other than the ordinary wild cat had been seen or heard in my native town in the Catskills in my time, till a few years ago, when a new cry was heard. Let me tell about it:

One still moonlight October night, as I was sleeping on the porch, a bit of natural history on four legs which I had never heard before, let out such a cry and wail under the hill within a stone's throw below me, that I was startled and puzzled beyond measure. I thought I knew the natural history of the Catskills pretty well, but here was a cry absolutely new to me. There was first a loud, strident, murderous scream, such as a boy might utter when utterly beside himself with fear or pain, followed by a long tapering moan and wail, like the plaint of a lost soul. It was almost blood-curdling. Five times, with less than half a minute interval, the creature or lost spirit rent the midnight silence with this cry, followed by the wail of utterly hopeless despair. I raised myself up on my elbow and listened. Each scream echoed off in the woods a few hundred yards away, but the moan faded away in the moonlight and became a mere wraith of sound. I could not help visualizing it, and see it mount up toward the moon and become fairly blue and transparent in its beams. I was partially disabled from the kick of a horse around whom I had become too coltish in the field the day before, and could not get up and run to the brink of the hill, below which the creature seemed to be. What could it be?

The next night it came again at about the same hour, but I was sleeping too soundly to be awakened. A young couple from Kansas were sleeping in separate beds in the chamber above me; they heard it and the wife was so scared that she got up and crept in the bed beside her husband, when her fear was communicated to him and neither of them slept any more till morning. The next night we all lay awake listening till after midnight, but the performance was not repeated. Not long after I visited the Zoological Park at the Bronx and described the sound I had heard to the Director. "A puma" he said, "probably one escaped from captiv-

ity and calling for her mate." The Director had heard them cry hundreds of times and he repeated the cry. "Was it like that?" "Not a bit" I said. "No human voice could give the scream I heard, or imitate the hopelessness of that wail." The only sound that I had ever heard that was at all like the cry, was uttered by a young man whom I caught one night stealing my grapes. I suddenly rose up amid the vines, draped in black, and seized him by the leg as he was trying, half paralyzed with fear, to get over the wall. He gave forth a wild desperate-animal scream, as if he had found himself in the clutches of a veritable black fiend. Only the wild animal which slumbers in each of us, and which fear can at times so suddenly awaken, was vocal in that cry. As for the utterly forlorn and heart-breaking crescendo of the midnight wail I heard from my sleeping-porch, I have never heard anything approaching it from man or beast.

There were traditions in the neighborhood of some such mysterious cry having been heard here and there for the past seven or eight years, frightening horses at night, causing them to tremble and snort and stop in the road, and almost paralyzing with fear a young fellow and his girl crossing from one valley to another on their way home from a country dance.

Six years ago, on a warm July night, a woman friend of mine and her son, of sixteen or eighteen, were passing the night in hammocks in my orchard, when near midnight they came hurrying to the house in a great state of agitation; they had heard

a terrible blood-curdling cry. I laughed at them as city tenderfeet, told them they had probably heard the squall of a fox, or the cry of an owl, or a coon. They did not care what it was, but they would not return to their hammocks, or even try to pass another night there. They have since told me that the fearful cry they heard was like the one I described.

An old woodsman and hunter has told me that I heard the cry of the Canada lynx. And he is probably correct, though I can find no record in the books that the lynx has such a cry. In the winter of 1915 a similar cry was heard late at night on the hills above the village. It set all the dogs in town barking and people thrust their heads out of their doors and windows to see or hear what had caused the sudden rumpus. The following September, while a young man whom I know was plowing in a hill field near the woods, a large, yellow, cat-like animal came down and lingered near him. His description of it, and the fact that it had a short tail, convinced me that he had seen a lynx, and that this was our mysterious night-screamer. The young farmer ran to the house to get his gun, but when he returned he saw the big cat disappearing in the woods. Yet no one has seen its track upon the snow, and no poultry or lambs or pigs or calves in the neighborhood have been killed by it.

One need never expect to exhaust the natural history of even his own farm. Every year sees a new and enlarged edition of the book of nature, and we may never hope to turn the final leaf.

John Burroughs

DREAMS

Since Eden's moonrising come they as either the
 Guests or the ghosts of men's sleep,
 Though wrinkled soothsayers warn us that neither
 the
 One name nor other they keep;
 Children of mystery,
 Fiction or history,
 Dreams flourish best where the shadows are deep.

Strange are they never until they are gone for us,
 Jangled, yet not out of tune,
 Thrilling us as if at twilight should dawn for us
 Some other side of the moon.
 No man their master is
 And our disaster is
 Waking, and marring their magic so soon.

Could we once win to the place of their tarrying,
 Mystical, hidden, unknown,
 Suddenly come on them red-handed harrying
 Dingles of Slumberland's zone,
 Could but our wearying,
 Questing and querying
 Find them and bind them, 'twere worth a king's
 throne.

None the less pray we in vain for their finishing—
 Who knows the end of a stream?
 And though their phantom floods flow on unminishing
 With their wild glories a-gleam,
 Still with the morn again
 Are we forlorn again—
 Night's done, and Life's done, but never the dream.

William Hervey Woods



A REALM OF BEAUTY FOR ARTISTS TO EXPLORE

By CHARLES DE KAY

See page 267

FOR centuries Art has never thought, or, if some individual has thought for her, Art has never dared to think of setting foot on many a fruitful plain, many a range teeming with beauty though nothing stood in the path. That is because the arts are close to man and dependent on his religious or philosophical bent, his notions of what is in good taste or in bad, his preferences and his prejudices. Art is ridden by fashions, and disaster awaits him who dares contravene them. Brown landscapes of the summertime were once the thing. But who cares nowadays for woodland and meadow painted in tobacco juice—paintings all *chique*?

No, at present we must have our summer landscapes served in green, and not monotonous green either—green split into several of the dozen *nuances* of that difficult color. Again, save as a curiosity already half satisfied, who wants the art of Polynesia passed through European hands, although Gauguin did find congenial souls who accepted his lack of grace and defective color-feeling as a new gospel. For a time some of the novelty-seeking, bored Parisians applauded—how long ago it seems! Cézanne the obstinate and clumsy may have consoled himself with the dream that he was inaugurating a new school in painting; there are those who say that he has; but it is hard to believe that a painter deficient in composition and a sense of beauty of line, and also without any real charm of color will ever be accepted as a path-breaker. What is needed is not so much fresh methods of painting as fresh fields in which painters can disport themselves.

We look back and, through the misty prehistoric, discern the attempt that man once made to picture wild beasts that furnished him food and clothing, and observe at the dawn of history his efforts to delineate his fellowman, culminating in Assyrian, Chinese, Egyptian and Greek art. Observe that man did not drop the animals in art at all, but carried them along and mingled them in various ways with his pictures of the supernatural, as in the bird and beast-headed divinities on the Nile, Euphrates and the Ganges, as in the Gorgon, Sphinx, Chimæra, Centaur and bird-coadjutors of the gods of the Greeks and Etruscans; and, still later, consider the famous animals in sculpture by Myron, the impressive statuettes in bronze by Barye.

Finally we see landscape and townscape emerging along with the figure, until in centuries not so far away—in Italy, France and Holland, in China also and in Japan—certain artists began to specialize as painters of nature at large. So our latest times produce landscapes that embody far more than a mere copy of Nature as it is; they approach music in their power to evoke moods of feeling—æsthetic trances, indescribable perhaps, but infinitely appealing to finely constituted souls.

Novelty is supplied by study of different and unworked parts of Nature rather than by methods of rendering Nature; by turning to insufficiently explored by-ways rather than technical processes. These, to be sure, are not to be despised or ignored, but they necessarily and rightfully leave the public cold, because the public should not be bothered with

the workman's training; it is a matter concerning results. They talk, they argue, they gesticulate; but meantime they do not paint pictures. Some console themselves by saying that artists after them will profit by their inventions—a pathetic plea, at which the generous-minded cannot fail to drop the obligatory tear.

MARINE LIFE IN EARLY ART

This exordium would indeed be sterile if it does not lead to something better than mere glimpses of the past in art, if it does not prepare the way for a suggestion by which lovers of art and nature, as well as artists themselves, may possibly profit.

As we look about us we find that for its prey art has taken mankind and the animals round about man who form his food, his servants or his foes, also the towers and turrets and humble abodes of man, the home landscape, the primeval forest and the awful solitudes where man seems a petty intruder on the abodes of gods and demons, such as the Himalayas, the Sahara, the Grand Canon of the Colorado, the haunts of the ice giants "beyond the uttermost of the Hyperboreans." Yet there is a realm that Art has scarcely stirred with the outer feathers of her wing—the Ocean.

Though we have made the ocean a broad path for pastime and commerce, though we have forced our djinns of steam and electricity to bear us not only over but under the dangerous sea, we have not availed ourselves of the beauty that lurks disregarded and misprized among its denizens. Along with landscape and shorescape, but later, rose marine views; and there at least we observe in modern times certain artists devoting themselves to painting the ocean itself for its inherent beauty. But the creatures that dwell in the deeps and shoals have only incidentally caught the attention of mankind as objects fitted to delight our æsthetic side.

Here then is a part of the globe, far greater in size than the land, the home of the largest mammal this planet has ever produced, teeming with the most varied life, nourishing millions of men with its incredible stores—and yet in sooth a realm which has been almost ignored in the search for beauty!

Even the Pelasgians and Phœnicians and Greeks, who for the most part were nothing if not islanders and seafarers, did but scant justice to the charms of sea-creatures in their sculpture and painting, though in justice to them we must admit that they did not fail to point the way for their spiritual descendants who were too dull to heed.

For surely one must acknowledge: the oldest art of the Ægean of which we have examples, call it Mykenian, call it Pelasgian, call it Cretan if you will, proves that the builders of Knossos and Phais-tos could recognize the beauty of marine growths, of coral, of shells, of fish, dolphins and the octopus, perhaps also of the seasnail that furnished the "Tyrian dye." All these are pictured on the ancient pottery of Crete. At a much later date—several thousand years later—we find the sea-serpent, representing the perils of the deep, on a coin of Itanos in

eastern Crete. At this period the octopus appears on a silver piece struck at Eretria on the island of Euboea not far from Athens. Aigina, close by Athens, seems to have been the first to start coinage on the European side, and that in the seventh century when under the control of Pheidon of Argos. The oldest type displays a sea-tortoise, perhaps in honor of the sea-sprung Aphrodité who had a temple there. Other towns placed other creatures of the sea on their coins, like Messina in Sicily and Kyzikos far to the northeast near the Dardanelles and Etruria in mid-Italy; these show the little hippocamp or seahorse like the one we find in New York waters.

IF ELEPHANT, WHY NOT WHALE?

Kyzikos in Mœsia, Agrigentum in Sicily and Kos off the coast of Karia put the crab on their coins, in connection with which we do well to remember that Cancer the Crab belongs in exalted spheres as an honorable duodecimal of the zodiac, whence it looks down upon us all. Even the succulent lobster occurs on old Greek coins. The fish, and particularly the tunny, is widespread about the Ægean as an embellishment of coins, and it occurs even inland on the bronze pieces of Psophis, a town on a river in Arcadia; while on the Black Sea at Olbia off the Crimea (founded by a colony from Miletos) coins have been discovered in the shape of fish, pointing to the likelihood that in still earlier times fish constituted a standard of value in those parts, just as in early Europe cows made a standard for exchange among landmen. Few are they who have not seen and admired the silver pieces from Syracuse with their playful dolphins springing about the head of some god or hero. And the nautilus, if it has not much hold on coinage, was greatly honored by the poets, so that Pope, who knew his classics, felt bold to say:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.

Though the sails are poetic in license, the oars are there, and the fairy argosy is a thing of beauty; for it is the "paper" boat in which Madame Argonauta cradles her brood. Even the scallop and the mussel did not escape these wide-awake islanders and fishers, any more than the cicada, the grasshopper and the bee—all was fish to their æsthetic net, to speak in Irish hyperbole—whether on land or in the air, whether in the foliage or the deep sea. Nor did they fail to note the beauty of the growths marine, as the very ancient vases found in Crete testify, not to speak of the later ceramic paintings at Athens and on the Ægean isles.

But all this was incidental and without far-reaching results. Greeks put the Indian elephant on their coins, but not that bigger beast the whale. They made the Triton "wind his wreathéd horn." They imitated that beautiful jellyfish the *cestus veneris*, sparkling with iridescent gleams and ever-rolling and unrolling itself as it swims; they imitated it in the *kestos poikilos himas*, the embroidered and gemmed strap which Greek ladies of the Homeric age wore under the bosom as a breast support; but the fashion disappeared, only surviving in statues of Aphrodité. As time went on the marvels of the sea interested art less and less. During the Renaissance it remained for the dolphin and conch and the scallop to recall the beauty that lay unexplored below

the busy keels that carved their way into the remotest seas, discovering again Cathay, and finding for the first time the new world of the West.

The Chinese and Japanese were more observant, though we are pleased to blame them for an arrested development and a conservatism that excludes all that is new. Their artists, however, were not afraid to reproduce the glorious colors of fishes and revel in the brilliant hues of coral and mother of pearl, follow with studious brush the lines of moving fish, and paint the likenesses of tortoise and toad, without imagining for a moment that such subjects were derogatory to artistic dignity so long as the outcome was beautiful. Like the ancients they imagined a realm beneath the sea and pictured its palaces and attendant ocean life, while in Europe such charming speculations had to retire to the humble abode of peasants where folklore survives in many countries to the present day. Ireland, Brittany, Finland retain these primitive tales of abodes of beauty underneath the brine.

BEAUTY THAT MODERNS IGNORE

Strange, that such broad hints as the Ægean art gave the world should have been lost to Latin and later art! It is for us to correct the shortcomings of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance because we know far more concerning the life within the ocean, and here and there, notably in New York, have capital arrangements for keeping marine creatures alive where they can be watched. The Aquarium in Battery Park, Manhattan, yields to none in Europe or the Americas for variety and quantity of contents. Where formerly the naturalist and nature-lover had only the fish markets and his own unaided efforts among fishermen to help him, the sculptor and painter now can find many fresh water and pelagic subjects at hand.

At our seagates we have the smooth dogfish (*mus-telus canis*) a fellow of elegance clad in fine gray tones, alert and clever looking, who seems to ask to be sculptured and painted; and for a whimsy we have here its cousin the hammer-headed shark. The sea-cat also is a fish of beauty and so is the short-nosed sturgeon with its tail and fins edged in white, rows of white pearls studding smartly its side streaks. In fresh water lakes we have the arrowy pikes, pickerels and gars and the silvery white fish, and in Central Park lakes the loveliest little pearl-roach with red-tipped fins and tail. Off Sandy Hook not infrequently swims the big ruddy pompano and trim, smartly moving crevalle (*caranx hippos*) not much to boast of as to nose, but full of style and vim, exquisite in silver tones and beautiful in lines of body and tail. Along sandy bottoms crawls the sea-robin like a gorgeous moth, having moth-like legs in place of certain fins—a fish with a sly and knowing air if ever there was one! It runs along and stops once and again to look round just as our American Robin does. Its big fins suggest a fish that might well fly through the air; 'tis indeed a quaint creature and deserves the attention of the artist.

The pelagic shark which visits New York Bay at times has infinite beauty of moving lines when at play. And here we may recall how Winslow Homer, scorning the popular distaste for the shark, dared again and again to paint the singularly beautiful action of the man-eater in water-colors as well as oils

—note them in his "Gulf-Stream" at the Metropolitan Museum winding about the dismasted sailboat with its forlorn sailor. But he was a man indifferent to prejudices who painted what he thought beautiful, and the public be hanged! He loved the sea and could appreciate not only its bigness and solemn glory but the creatures within it and their beauty.

Among the little creatures at our boat-house doors is the pipe-fish and the sea-horse, the latter consecrate to art since the Greeks depicted earth-shaker Poseidon drawn by hippocamps on his wave-borne car. Then there are the wonders of line, of mass, of color in the sea-shells polished by the sand and surf, which draw to them the fresh and unprejudiced eyes of children at the beach. "Porcelain" is the outcome of a sea-shell; the word comes from the Italian for "little porker," name of a certain shell which the first endeavorers who tried to compete with the Chinese strove to imitate in firmness and density and brilliant fracture—and all this by firing the amalgam of rock and clay. Belleek ware is an attempt to repeat the firm golden glow of certain shells.

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.

says Dryden in one of his plays, long before soft-paste porcelain was made at Belleek on Loch Erne. The whelk, the seasnail and the scallop, the boat and butter and razor shells of our sandbanks have beauty of color and shape that might be utilized on larger, even on the largest scale, by those who can extract the lesson without slavish imitation. A jelly-fish often cast on our strands is a singularly beautiful creature, though 'tis well not to approach it in the water. This is the "Portuguese man o' war" of the sailors that rises to the surface during calms and floats merrily along in fairy fleets. These fleets, mind you, are loaded with torpedoes hanging by filaments below; woe to you if one touches you; there's no explosion, yet a mighty pain ensues!

So Drake sings of:

. . . the jellied quard that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings.

Even when dead and stingless this jelly-fish is still lovely in color, but when alive it is a marvel of changing hues.

HAVE WE NOT AN AQUARIUM?

For more gorgeous fish, not jelly-fish, we must turn to dwellers in coral groves, the finny folk of the West Indies, and there we find the squirrel fish with its great black eyes and its suit of marbled red, veined with white, the spade fish with its gold-rimmed eyes that shift to and fro and its vertical zebra stripes, the rainbow parrot with circles of deep blue round mouth and eyes, the red hind with a disgusted grouchy look but a fine exterior, the Nassau grouper ever slowly changing its colors. On these fishes that are continually making "a sea change into something rich and rare" Mr. Townsend, the director of the New York Aquarium, has written an entertaining brochure called "Chameleons of the Sea" originally printed in *The Century Magazine*. A colored print shows the queen triggerfish in four different color-schemes, each one apparently depending on the will of the fish and representing a different mood, as of eagerness or indifference, or

fear or distress. It can be had separately printed at the Aquarium.

It is in this splendidly equipped but already overcrowded museum, the New York Aquarium, that artists can find abundant proof of the beauty lost to us because we cannot follow life in the water and watch marine creatures at our leisure. We can study here the lithe stealthy undulations of the green moray, that wolf of the rocky ranges under sea, the curious wavy fringes of the hellbender, the color pulsations in the groupers, the golden-framed eyes of the spot snapper, the pale, exquisite hues of the blue striped grunt, the sheen of the silvery moonfish with its long thin ventral fin and fine-cut tail, the parrot fish with a reddish or brown network over pale green body and bright green eyelids and lips, the rock beauty with the forepart of a pale gold and the rest of the body to the tail from behind the fins, black, the borders of the fins pale-red and the tail pale-gold. This last is *holocanthus tricolor*—red, black and gold. Then there's the butterfly fish from Bermuda, and the lovely little ladder-fish from the Amazon that makes one think of the luna moth.

Some of these minin fish, shown by a special society once a year in the Natural History Museum, are worthy of the study of artists. They come from South America and Africa and India and offer the most enchanting patterns of color.

BEAUTY IN THE BIGGEST AND SMALLEST

There is beauty to be found in the great mammals of the ocean—the white whale, the narwhal, some of the seals, true dolphins and porpoises—and there is material for sculptor, painter and etcher in the great sea and lake fishes—the sail and sword-fishes, the tarpon, the "dolphin" so-called, that changes color as it dies, the great moonfish (despite its eccentric profile) and beauty lurks in those whose very names suggest rapacity—the shark, the thresher, the dogfish, the pike. Would that the novelty-hunters among artists had spent some of their energy outside the studio in an effort to introduce some of these magnificent creatures to the world of art lovers! Louis Agassiz Fuertes paints marine beauties by which mermaids are not meant—and the big game fish have been painted by Mr. Mielatz, it is true, and their fine forms and colors incidentally pointed out. They are not only delightful to contemplate when alive, owing to their superb action and coruscating hues, but such details as their eyes and separate scales are often remarkable for shape and color, as remarkable as the eyes and feathers of birds.

For elegance of form certain shells can scarcely be surpassed by flowers and funguses on land, for example the long fine spiral of the spindle shell (*Jusuf longicauda* of the Indian Ocean) or the *calcar triumphans* of Japan and [for color plus form] the Harp of David (*harpa ventricosa*) with its lengthwise ribs of a rich red, its cross bars of brown and white, its ground hue of lilac. The Indian Ocean has splendid shells in *conus imperialis* and *murex inflatus*. Australia has a singular seahorse that mimicks the waving fronds of seaweed; it has ragged appendages that stream from its odd, horselike head and erect body; it is called the leaf-wing (*phyllopteryx eques*). Still stranger is the winged seahorse of the Muses (*pegasus chiropterus*) a little creature

that spreads veritable wings, but not, like the flying fish, to beat therewith the air.

The star fish and sea urchins of our waters present us with shapes and patterns by no means to be despised, but other waters are even more lavish of lowly animals of this type whose structure is exquisite in composition and whose colors are often strikingly fine. Some are shaped like a cross, like a Y, like a shield, like a combination of five serpents, like a butterfly with outspread wings. The old questions force themselves on us—why are these colors and forms poured forth? who sees them? for whom this hidden beauty? have they been waiting myriads of years for us? and if not, are there other eyes than ours who do see and approve and enjoy them? Fabre in his lifelong devotion to the ways of insects kept running against such unanswered problems. Beauty in the depths of ocean and land is as insoluble a problem as that of the "instinct" which guides the creatures that cannot possibly think along our lines of reason.

WONDERS OF COLOR AND FORM

Marvels increase as we descend the scale of being in the ocean as on the land. Here are the sponges and six-ray corals, the sea-tangs and crinoids near the borders between animal and vegetable. What graceful stalks and fronds and lily shapes, what splendid domes of dazzling white, what picturesque branches of pink and red! And among the minute life in the sea, what an endless treasure of intricate yet stately shapes—hats and helmets and pierced-work tiaras, purse and box and halo—patterns that a hundred silversmiths might draw from without exhausting the models—basket and flower-holder,

cup and bowl, leaf and spiral and umbrella, vase and platter; wall-decorations novel in pattern and line, novel in color combinations for tilework and screen—these in endless profusion are revealed to the seeker after beauty; yet are they things on a plane of existence not greatly if at all higher than that of the sensitive plant!

Professor Ernst Hæckel has figured some of them in *Kunst-formen der Natur* (Leipzig 1899) and others will be found in the magazines of scientific societies. Their colors are not less marvelous than their patterns. One thinks of the designs that hoarfrost and snowflakes assume, of crystals, of constellations, of charted shapes in geometry. Forms there are: of sphere within sphere, like the ivory puzzle-balls of the Chinese—how the devil, one thinks, did they get the one openwork, filigree ball inside the other? Moving jellies of no small size belonging to the disklike Medusæ are similar to a basket of flowers or rather an inverted basket formed of flowers, pink and red and blue and lilac. Others are golden, others green, others white—like congealed moonlight. Some suggest bells and are called *campanaria*; another, and a very voracious one, is like a Persian cap with fine red lines on a pink ground.

Thus the visible and microscopic life of the sea presents an almost infinite variety of objects for man to choose from. Is it not a singular thing that artists do not avail themselves of the goods brought to their doors? It makes one think that the mere pursuit of technique has a withering effect on man's brain. By the time he learns to handle brush, chisel or burin he has lost his keen eyes for beauty—and contents himself thereafter with following the paths beaten into highways by those who went before.

Charles de Kay

THE ARTIST'S PRETEXT

By PAI-TA-SHUN

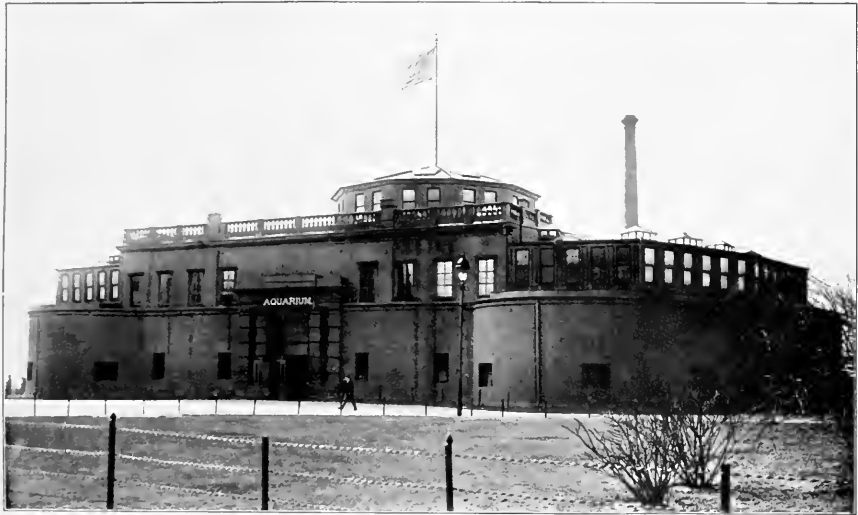
I would not paint a face
Or rocks or streams or trees
Mere semblances of things—
But something more than these.

I would not play a tune
Upon the sheng or lute
Which did not also sing
Meanings that else were mute.

The art is best which gives
To the soul's range no bound;
Something beside the form,
Something beyond the sound.

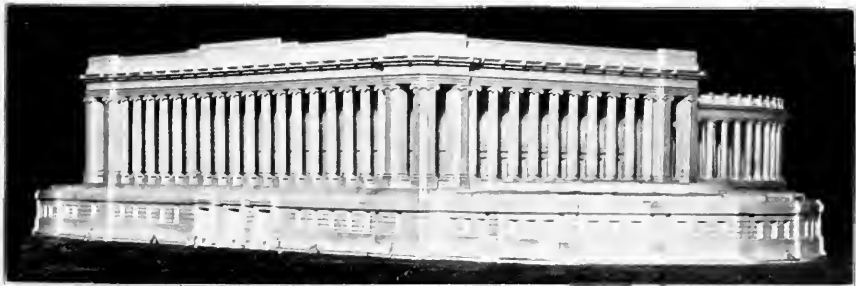
From "Chinese Lyrics" of Pai-Ta-Shun.
New York: Scribner's.





THE AQUARIUM (OLD CASTLE GARDEN) AS IT IS

See page 263

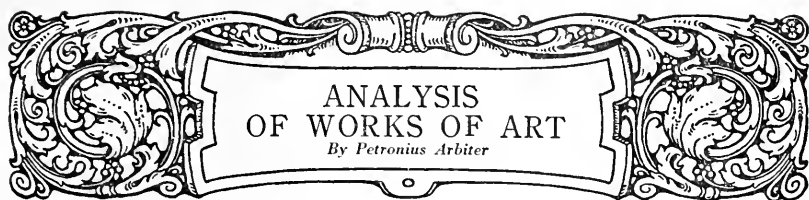


THE AQUARIUM AS PROJECTED

See page 263



A GREAT WORK OF ART: "A VISIT" BY GEOFFROY



A GREAT WORK OF ART "A VISIT" BY GEOFFROY

See page 268

RESUMING our analysis of works of art we again state:

OUR CREED

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of Works of Art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The Greatest work of Art in the World is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject, which is socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception;

Second: In which the Expression—on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the world is supposed to express;

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime;

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all,—ideal Life;

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich;

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate and un-offensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so co-ordinated, as to insure a Style, at once Personal yet Universal, in which a Subject is Expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art Great or Trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this Standard.

Judged by this standard the picture we offer on page 268, "A Visit" by Geoffroy, of Paris, is a great work of art.

Moreover, it is a most convenient work to show the difference between a Modern and a "Modernistic" work of art.

Modern art dates back beyond 1804, as far as its roots are concerned, but it is usually dated from that year, because Baron Gros turned his back on the Classic school of France, by painting his large picture of "Napoleon Visiting His Pest-Stricken Soldiers at Jaffa," thus choosing a strictly modern subject instead of a classic one, and thereby nearly breaking the heart of his master David, who had begged him to relinquish his project and to choose a subject of universal significance.

"Modernistic" art, on the other hand, begins to date from the day, about 1835, when Delacroix announced, that beauty of color is more important in art than beauty of line or fine drawing.

As a consequence his own greatest weakness was a slipshod drawing, now and then, in many of his pictures. And as he became celebrated in spite of his occasional bad drawing, there followed a slow but sure stream of tendency to pooh-pooh fine drawing, until to-day the continuation of that tendency has resulted in this—that the modernistic artists have lost even the notion of beauty of line and of form.

That is the first fundamental difference between Modern and "Modernistic" art.

This picture by Geoffroy is a *modern*, not a *modernistic* picture. It is modern because it represents a modern every-day subject, even a commonplace subject, conceived and composed in a modern way, and is painted in a modern technique. It represents a poor workman paying a visit to his sick little son in one of the hospitals of Paris. That and nothing more. On account of its many angles, it is not a very beautiful picture in composition, and it is entirely devoid of any style—because it in no wise departs from the truth of nature, so realistic and true it is in every way.

It is not a large picture, scarcely more than two feet by three. And yet it is a great and enduring work of art. Why?

First: The artist could easily have taken the subject, "A Visit" and *conceived* it in a commonplace, decorative manner, even made out of it a comic thing. But he chose to make it a solemn thing and one so universally appealing to the heart of mankind that the picture has a tremendous lifting and socially binding power.

Second: While the picture can scarcely be said to be composed, its *composition*—though not very beautiful—is so perfect that we do not think even of any desire to change the arrangement in any way.

Third: But here we come to its wonderful power—its *drawing*. This is so truthful yet so unostentatious that the two main figures, the father and the boy, are alive. Fullness of life in any work of art can be achieved only by fine drawing of the form, and here we have that fullness of life.

Note the marvelous expression on the face of the boy, and in the entire body of the father. There's no more sweet, tear-compelling, pathetic child-face in the entire reign of art of the world. See the dear boy, sick and white unto death, struggling to deceive his father with a faint smile, as if saying to him: "I am glad to see you, papa."

Then note the loving father, with what an anxious, heavy heart he looks at his beloved sick boy. Oh, so white and weak, as he notes the advance-signs that the angels will probably soon gather in his dearly beloved child. The whole scene is so heartrending that it is impossible for a normal father to look long at this picture in the Luxembourg Museum without a mounting sob in his throat.

When we reflect that this profound expression of paternal anxiety and love is obtained through the body, the poise of the head and only a fraction of the face visible, we are amazed. Then one is soon convinced that there are scarcely any pictures in the world which surpass this truly satisfying and deeply emotion-stirring picture in profundity of truth and charm of *expression*.

It is this marvelous expressiveness of the two figures which will insure to this work of Geoffroy a life and a love as long as the canvas lasts.

We need not speak much of the color—it is mostly white and very sober as a color-scheme.

And as for the last element of art power, its manner of painting, or *technique*, it is so simple, so straightforward, so un-egotistic in its personal quality, so devoid of all puerile tricks of painting, so unostentatious and yet so clever in its effective refinement, that it is worthy of Velasquez.

The eye cannot wander away from the faces of the father and the child, such is the concentration of effects. Thus, we are held captive by the force of the composition and the utter absence of any peculiarity or "stunting" in the painting. And the

more we look, the more we are emotionated and captivated by the poetic pathos of the story. It is this completeness of the telling of the story in this amazing work that makes it truly great and immortal.

The man who effaced himself so completely in order to make this, his spiritual message in paint, more and more effective, produced here a work of the highest social import. It dignifies French Art and the French nation and is proof that in France the truly modern artists of the higher class have in their ranks great men, who refuse to abdicate their position—that art is a religion, a sacred region, which should never be soiled by anything savoring of the meretricious, the vulgar and the immoral.

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "THE CONCERT" BY GIORGIONE

See page 271

WE present our readers on page 271 a reproduction of "The Concert" by Giorgione.

This celebrated picture has served more than any other we can recall to condone the making of immoral pictures, and other works of art, by sensation-mongering artists. Notably, in the mind of Manet, did it serve to justify him in painting his licentious picture "Lunch on the Grass" of which we give a reproduction on page 272.

It may shock many to hear that "The Concert" is not an entirely great work of art, and that it really belongs in the class of the merely clever works or to the class of the only almost great. This is because to be entirely great a work of art must not be defective in any of the six elements of art-power mentioned in our creed as above.

The work falls short of greatness in *conception*, in *expression*, and in *drawing*.

It scores heavily in *composition*, which is extremely beautiful, and in *color*—the beauty of which must be seen in the original in the Louvre to be appreciated. We will not discuss its surface *technique*, which may please some and not others, and is too unimportant to be quarreled about.

As a conception it is trivial. It is called "The Concert"; but, since the musicians have all ceased playing, it would better be called "The Intermezzo."

As for *expression*, it aims at nothing in particular, and the faces tell us nothing. There is no drama!

But its chief defect is the bad drawing of the form of the seated woman. Her right foot is very badly drawn, and the whole body is poorly constructed. There are other trivial defects in drawing. Besides this the woman is too fat and therefore out of harmony with the rest of the poetry with which the picture is filled. Since correct drawing and purity, and elegance of form are the very foundations of all greatness in any work of art, any slouchiness in this direction is unpardonable. And that Giorgione knew how to draw remarkably well is proven in his "Sleeping Venus" in the Dresden Gallery. Therefore we are compelled to put this work in the class of "clever" works by great artists.

But, what will immortalize it, is its entrancing beauty of line and pattern composition and color-

scheme, which lifts it into the realm of poetry, and makes it so fine that one is beguiled to say: "Well! you are so nearly great that, because you are so lovely, we will just push you into the class of the entirely great."

Why any artist should ever justify by this picture, any immorality in his own work, as for example Manet did in his vulgarly realistic "Lunch on the Grass" with its insidious suggestion of licentiousness, because in this picture we also have two nude women, passes understanding.

In this picture the action takes place in the open air, near a dwelling house, by the side of a public highway and a public well. So open is it that a shepherd and his flock pass by, as everybody would do who walked abroad. This openness indicates that everything in the picture is in the pastoral land of poetry, in the heroic ages when, as once in Greece, every one went either nude or half nude.

Here the mind is not forced to ask questions in morals. In Manet's picture, however, the mind cannot escape asking such questions, nor fail to see instant that the relation between the couple represented in his picture is a questionable one and socially evil—whatever Bohemian artists of the "Café du Chat Noir" may say about "naturalism" so strenuously preached by Zola.

The fact that the two men, in this picture, wear Renaissance costumes does not disturb the poetic atmosphere of this picture, nor arouse one glimmer of suspicion as to its moral intent as, on the other hand, Manet's work does. Hence, the work is absolutely moral in intention and in spirit.

Finally, since it is superlatively beautiful and lifts us into the realm of poetic delight, it is doubly a moral work, because it is in harmony with the supreme law, laid down for all artists—"Go and create the Beautiful!" and nothing can exceed the intellectual and moral blindness of poor Manet, and of Duret his eulogizer, when they justify his, only moderately beautiful, but licentiously suggestive work, through the precedent of this picture of Giorgione because, in an entirely different spirit, Giorgione used two women who, though nude, are



A CLEVER WORK OF ART: "THE CONCERT" BY GIORGIONE

See page 270



A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART: "LUNCH ON THE GRASS" BY MANET

not naked, the one indeed having a face of exquisite and ideal beauty, while Manet's woman—evidently a portrait—is, to say the least, coarse.

All the casuistry in the world will not prevent the sane public from seeing that the spirit in which Giorgione worked was entirely more lofty than that which actuated Manet. As Goethe said: "The spirit in which we act is the main matter, for spirit alone can transform action."

Giorgione's picture is simply a piece of poetry—

poetry of line, poetry of color, poetry of spirit. It tells us nothing definite, it is true, like the "Sistine Madonna" of Raphael, and therefore, is not in that highest class of poetic works. But, like Poe's "Raven" which, unlike Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn" also tells us nothing definite, but is of immortal poetic charm, because of its lifting beauty; so this picture of Giorgione has a deathless poetic attraction which will forever make it, if not worshiped, at least cherished by all mankind.

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART "LUNCH ON THE GRASS" BY MANET

See page 272

MANET'S "Lunch on the Grass" of which we give a reproduction on page 272 must be put into the class of degenerate works of art, and for the following reasons:

Civilization means—a getting away from the animal.

To do this we must travel towards the Ideal, the spiritual.

To get away from the animal man must reverence something—either God or the Beautiful.

The worship by man of the one or the other, if done in all simplicity and sincerity, will bring him not only spiritual but material salvation.

Therefore, a sincere, beauty-loving priest and a sincere, beauty-loving artist are both lieutenants of the Almighty. The one in the world of Religion and the other in the world of Art.

Both the priest and the artist, when true to their mission, will regard their particular world as sacred.

The first command in the world of Religion is: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!" and the first command in the world of Art is: "Thou shalt not defile thy temple!" Manet and his clique of artists forgot this first commandment, nailed on the temple of Art. Hence, their tears.

This picture of Manet is neither beautiful nor ugly. And, singular to say, it is flatly "academic" and conventional in its composition—and he so hated and fought the "Academy"!

There are some clever and some clumsy painting and drawing in it.

But what puts it in the class of degenerate art is its—vulgarity. It is that which takes it out of the class of refined art. The picture is not indecent, but it is more insidiously immoral than if it were, because it is not nude, but naked, and coarsely so.

The picture explains itself. Two couples, evidently free lovers, have rowed in a boat to a sylvan spot in a forest. While the two women bathe in the stream and disport themselves nakedly before these men they look on and afterwards have their lunch. And, while one of the men pretends to talk, two others of the party are represented as if posing for their portraits, the woman being particularly self-conscious in her look. Moreover, she is plain to coarseness.

If a good citizen should happen to run onto such a scene suddenly by mistake, he would be shocked stiff. Why should he not be doubly shocked when such a scene, violating all the conventions of society and implying a whole story of illicit social relation,

is publicly exhibited in the shape of a painting in a great art exhibition to which the public of the world is invited in full confidence of finding here nothing suggestive of immorality and to which he takes his unsuspecting wife and adolescent daughters and sons?

Would it not be shocking if he and his family were not shocked? Would not the failure to rebuke this work be a tacit condoning by the plain citizen of all illicit social relation and a proclamation to all men—Go, run riot, wallow in sensuality in the open forest to your heart's content, "After us the deluge!" as the Pompadour said?

Is not the picture a distinct invitation to retrograde back towards animality from which mankind has worked its way through so much pain and tears?

That is exactly the view the plain French people took of it, and the Jury of the Salon of 1863 promptly refused it. But in that year the "Modernistic" party, of which Manet was—in painting—the standard-bearer, raised such a row against the many rejections of works by the Jury that Napoleon III felt constrained to accede to their demand for a place of exhibition right next to the official Salon, and this was called "Salon of the Refused." Of this we find in the biography of Manet by Duret, a collector, the following:

"The Lunch on the Grass," by its size, occupied a large place in this 'Salon of the Refused,' so that it was seen nearly as well as it would have been in the official salon. Also it attracted attention, but in a violent fashion, in arousing a veritable clamor of reprobation. Because it differed really, in technical processes (?), in choice of subject and in æsthetics from all the traditions held then for good and worthy of praise. . . . If the 'Lunch on the Grass' shocked by its system of coloration and its technical processes (?) it aroused a still greater indignation, if it was possible, by the choice of subject and the manner in which the personages were handled. At that epoch, in fact, there was not only a manner of painting that the public, after the artists, had accepted and regarded alone as good, there existed also an entire system of æsthetics in the studios and of which the public was a partisan. They honored what was called the Ideal. They conceived great art as belonging to a sphere regarded as elevated, embracing historical and religious painting, the representation of classic antiquity and mythology. It was only this form of art which seemed pure and of a noble character in

which the artists, critics and public were interested. . . . "This grand art had become the object of a national cult. It was an honor for France to perpetuate it. France there showed her superiority over the other nations which, in this sort of art, were inferior to her and remained backward. Thus the love of traditions, the pursuit of what was called the Ideal, anxiety for national glory, combined to make of this art the object of a unanimous respect."

"Manet, however, by the choice and the treatment of his subject had attacked all the sentiments that the others respected, he had flouted the grand art, honor of the nation. . . . That is to say—for the public there was here a *défi*, a veritable provocation, an audacious display of what all reproached as crass realism."

"As if there had not been enough causes for arousing the indignation against the picture, it offended against decency in the eyes of the public."

No better testimony, than this, from Duret himself, could be found to prove that, even though a portion of the artists of the time were corrupt, the heart of the plain French citizen was morally sound, then as always.

It is a credit to France that, no matter how corrupt may have been the Imperial Court and its satellites, in all fields of art and politics, the great middle-class, which is too often lampooned by the Bohemian artists and critics, was quick to scent the evil tendency of this large and pretentious work of Manet and to protest against it because it would not support the Bohemians of that epoch in their mental divagations and moral tergiversations.

It was not Manet's new system of painting which shocked the public, but the insidious suggestions of licentiousness in his picture. The clique of artists Manet croned with wanted a revolution in art and he, a Norman, stubborn, red-headed fighter, in easy circumstances, his father being a prominent judge and a man of influence, undertook the lead in the preconcerted campaign of—shocking the public out of its devotion to noble and ideal art. And then he had the stupidity to expect that same public to take him to its heart and call him good and great!

Duret continues: "The idea of thus associating in an open air scene a nude woman by the side of two men in clothes came to him from the Venetians. It was the 'Concert' of Giorgione, in the Museum of the Louvre—see page 271—in which two nude women are shown with two men in clothes, in a landscape, which had suggested to him his combination, and it was in good faith (?) that he asked, when he was violently attacked, why he was blamed for doing that for which none reproached Giorgione. But, in the eyes of the public, between the nudes of Manet and that of the Venetians of the Renaissance, there was an abyss. The one was, or was believed, idealized, the other was pure realism, and as such offended decency. This nude woman had thus added, a superaddition, to the other elements of reprobation which was presented by the 'Lunch on the Grass.'"

Thus is Manet condemned by his own defender. For this sentence of Duret's proves one of two things, either his defense of Manet is a cynical piece of hypocrisy, which he hoped the public would swallow, or that his moral obliquity is so profound that he cannot see that Manet's action was pure and simple social rebellion and his picture a morally

degenerate work of art, because: he attempted at one sudden and fell swoop to force down the public's throat the idea that a realistic representation, and even in the form of portraits, of two, not nude but naked women, picnicking on the grass with two men, with whom they had evidently questionable relations, was a legitimate thing to do in the world of art. If we assume that Duret is an honest man, he is to be pitied that he cannot see that the picture is fundamentally licentious in spirit, whether painted by Manet or Giorgione, even though it is not actually indecent.

Giorgione's picture "The Concert," reproduced on page 271, is charged with an entirely different spirit. The landscape is entrancingly beautiful; the shepherd and his troop passing by show that the group of musicians had gathered together on a knoll, by the side of a public highway, as if it had been then the fashion, like in Greece of old, or in some mythical land, for women to go half nude.

The whole is pervaded with an idyllic, poetic spirit. It is at least refined, while Manet's is vulgar, and vulgarity is, in Art, the sin against the Holy Ghost!

In Manet's picture the scene takes place in the seclusion and secrecy of a deep forest, which makes the action surprising, while in Giorgione's all is open and aboveboard and on a roadside, in full view of people living in the surrounding houses and of passers by.

Giorgione's work is un-moral it is true, because it does not pretend to didacticize, but Manet's is immoral, because it is gross.

That Duret could not see this accuses Duret.

When women in this epoch lolled about the seashore in bathing costumes, showing nearly their entire body, no one thinks anything of it—because it has become, by slow degrees, a convention and is tolerated as long as women do not, in gesture, do anything that is suggestive; but should they appear thus appared in Fifth Avenue, in broad daylight, they would be arrested as violators of public decency.

Manet, in spurning this morally binding convention, violated the fundamental moral law which holds the civilized world together, created a picture the tendency of whose spirit is to counteract the striving of mankind to get away from the animal. Thus he defiled the sacred temple in the world of art, compromised his fellow artists, and he was forced to pay the penalty he richly deserved.

Says Duret in conclusion:

"Therefore, the picture excited an immense railway, it became in its way the most celebrated picture of the two Salons. It procured for its author a noisy notoriety. Manet became on the spot the most talked-of painter of Paris. He had counted on the canvas to bring him fame. He succeeded much more than he had hoped, his name was on every lip. But the kind of reputation which he had won was, however, not the sort after which he had longed. He had thought that the originality of his forms and spirit, reunited in one large work, would bring to him, with the attention of the public, the recognition of his talent; that he would be regarded as a master from the start; that he would be hailed as an innovator, and that he would thus enter the path to success and public favor. What really came to him was a reputation for being a

rebel and an eccentric. He became known as a reprobate. Thus there was established between the public and himself a profound separation, which was destined to keep him, during his whole life, in a perpetual battle."

Was anything else to be expected, above all when we reflect that his "Nana" was even more licentious, and his "Olympia" the most vulgarly naked nude ever forced into the Louvre Museum?

Poor Manet! a man of profound promise but a perpetual disappointment. As Gérôme truthfully said: "Manet might have produced great works of art, but never produced any." None of his works have any poetic charm, all are either coarse or offensively vulgar. There is one exception, which we have here in the Metropolitan Museum. While on the one hand we have his "Christ," an atrociously stupid creation, nearby we have his little "Sword-bearer" which, in subject, color, painting and spirit, is a perfectly charming gem, and probably the only really lovable work Manet ever created!

When we contemplate that work and think what Manet could have done with his really fine talent, had his soul been attuned to winning a place in the

hearts of mankind, by serving it, by lifting it to realms of grand beauty—no matter in what style or what manner of painting—instead of bulldozing his fellowmen with his coarse or vulgar would-be pagan creations, one's heart sinks within one and makes us pity him.

But he was the crony of a band of talented individuals, all of them mentally warped and morally twisted and denatured by the corruption in the air at the time, called forth by the low ideals of the Second Empire until morals in art were spurned. They and their works were expressive of their age.

Therefore, about the only pictures for which the public will care, after the speculative dealers and interested critics will cease to make noise about him, in order to boost the price of his remaining unsold works, will probably be his "Bon Bock"—a good glass of beer—and the little "Sword-bearer"—trivial baggage indeed for a man with which to go down the corridors of time and about whom so much noise has been made.

Manet might have become a great artist, but moral myopia doomed him to remain in the ranks of trivial though clever craftsmen.

AUTUMN BY THE SEA

The morning makes a light upon the sea,
Curving before me like a crescent moon
With slender violet waves that gradually
Kindle into the fiery fields of noon.

Line upon line, out to the farthest rim
They reach immeasurably, pale as the breast
Of a sick child, and tremulous and dim—
Save where the wind has kissed them out of rest

So hard it leaves a mark all foam and white:
O delicate, violet, autumnal sea—
Like a wide field made for the sheer delight
Of the cold wind to walk on and be free,

Like a clear harp made for the eager hands
Of the September wind, chilly and pale!
There is a wistfulness about the lands
When summer ebbs and all the flowers fail.

Therefore I come to you that guard and keep,
O changeless one, the memory of all things,
The dreams of all the world, in the vast sleep
Of the pale waters drowsy with murmurings.

Here deep Eternity has conquered Time,
No trace of ruthless autumn lingers here;
But on the shore the roses cease to climb
And fading wings ebb with the tidal year.

Love leaves the body as summer leaves the lands,
But the waves like the heart remembering moan,
Therefore I sit beside you on the sands
That I may mix my memories with your own.

And the wide, level fields of the flat sea,
Always the same, reach to the farthest bound,
With waves lifting and lapsing endlessly—
And the eternal heavens all around.

John Hall Wheelock



THOUGHTS ON ART AND THE ART COLLECTOR

By WILLIAM SARTAIN

THE feeling of admiration for art is inherent in all finer natures. In all epochs of the world's history when nations rose to higher level of civilization the Fine Arts flourished. The Greeks were superior to their contemporaries in all branches of philosophy and literature; so the plastic arts, sculpture and architecture rose to the highest level. With them it was not merely the handmaid of luxury, but was employed in *celebrating* the greatest things of life.

When the Macedonian prince Demetrius was laying siege to Rhodes in the island of that name a deputation of citizens came to point out that on one side of the city was the Temple adorned with the great paintings by Polygnotus, and if he attacked there, they would be ruined. Demetrius shifted his attack to the other side of the city in order not to destroy them, saying, he would as soon smash his own father's portrait as to injure them. Such was the feeling for art among the Greeks . . . it was almost a Religion. It ministered above all to the devotion of the people to the gods and heroes. At Delphi there were almost as many statues as there were people. The Romans were not artists in the sense that were the Greeks. But they loved art sufficiently to carry off thousands of Greek statues after they had conquered the country.

Seven conflagrations destroyed many of them, yet there have been sixty thousand statues dug up at Rome.

Beauty of color, above all of form, is found in all the great periods of art. The harmony and rhythm of music and poetry have their counterpart in painting, sculpture and architecture. They are sister arts and in every epoch we find them all expressing the deeper feelings of the time.

One may admire *Skill* in the representing of objects, but the deepest admiration is only given to what, by its skillful technique, expresses something beyond a mere *copy* of nature. We enjoy skill in athletics and dancing; but only when *beautiful* pose and action are combined with the skill are we greatly impressed. Beauty must predominate. A work of art must be a work of spiritual beauty as well as of intellectual skill. It is the *combination* of the *two* that makes a work of art Great.

As a great work of art appeals, primarily, to the soul—far more than to the intellect alone—it is not the professional artist only that is moved by and appreciates it, but all superior natures gifted with capacity for being emotioned by the beautiful or sublime. We have seen skillful "stunts" attract attention, and a certain admiration called forth by technical talent, but they never hold their sway for long over other than inferior natures devoid of the finer feelings for higher things. Of talent as compared with genius Hawthorne says: "It lacks that indescribable something, that inestimable something, that constitutes the life and soul through which the picture gets its immortality."

This is true of all the arts. Most of the greatest works of literature are enjoyed by the cultivated as well as by professional writers. Shakespeare, for instance, does not awaken the enthusiasm of the litterateur alone—all who read his works feel, more

or less, his greatness. The Venus de Milo would be ranked high by men of taste as well as by the professional sculptor. The great cathedrals appeal to all who have a soul—they inspire an admiration and an awe that does not fade, . . . it becomes stronger the more we see them.

The test of the greatness of a work of art is this *continuous* hold that it has on the feelings—and its hold on successive generations. It does not depend on surprising us by its *novelty*—and such a superficial surprise is invariably an indication of superficial excellence only. Too many are apt to be lured by the fad of Novelty. There are some who read the popular novels of the day who have never read "Don Quixote," one of the world's greatest books, not an abstruse or dry sort of fiction.

DELAY IN RECOGNITION OF ART

How often have we seen great art wait so long for recognition that the unhappy artist passed away before it came. Heine says: "The artist is the child of fable whose tears were all pearls. Alas! his wicked stepmother, the World, beats him the more unmercifully—that he may weep plenty of pearls." How true is this allegory! We can all recall names of those who attained great worldly success and reputation who are now ignored and their works forgotten—and of others whom we now honor most, the real artists, who were long neglected or but scantily recognized.

It must be admitted that the born artist has in him much of that divine impulse that *impels* him to do the work which nobody will purchase or praise. Like the religious saints, he feels he has a mission that urges him on to *express what is in him*. It is in both cases an irresistible striving towards an ideal, nowise connected with his material well-being, but an inborn impulse that he cannot, nor would not, stifle. Hence, when the world has come to appreciate his work, it gives an unstinted admiration to the martyr for a noble ideal, a homage to the man as well as to the achievement.

We are better and greater in proportion to our appreciation of what is fine and noble, and by the cultivation of our finer taste we are helped to see and enjoy the beauties of nature . . . it poetizes us. Surround yourself with fine works of art, read the greatest works of literature, hear the finest music—and you increase your capacity for understanding and enjoyment and are ennobled by the emotions they call forth. By ignoring the gratification of such instincts the latter become atrophied—as the fishes of the Mammoth Cave, living in darkness, have lost the sense of sight.

In his autobiography Darwin has an oft-quoted passage. After speaking of his gradually increasing *distaste* for Poetry, Pictures and Music, he says: "This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books and essays on all subjects interest me as much as ever they did. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding out general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which

the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for, perhaps, the part of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

This proves that some interests and amusements simply wipe out part of your existence, others leave you no finer, or less fine, in character. Hence, it is of the highest importance that the Finer Art should be constantly within reach.

Therefore a good Museum of Art educates the better part of our spiritual nature, just as the common schools educate our ordinary mental faculties. No one neglects the latter, for it is absolutely necessary for our material existence. But there is not enough appreciation among the Public of what can be done for the higher education of the world. This is the more difficult to be realized from the fact that it is not something tangible. But it must not be forgotten that, in proportion as it is intangible, it is a higher and nobler part of our nature. Religion, be it in the form of any of the established creeds, or a vague, ceremony-lacking aspiration toward higher ideals, is of this nature. All these emotions are such as cannot be analyzed or defined. This mystery is not of the sort that puzzles us, but one that we accept with rapture and gratitude.

We can now understand why mere technical skill, a merely *intellectual* rendering of form or color, while accepted as the perfection of aesthetic knowledge and craftsmanship, can never be ranked alongside of the inspired art in which this un-analyzable *art quality* exists. As Walter Pater says: "In the proportion in which, in pottery, or any other art, the worker asserts his *sense* of the thing, rather than the serviceable *fact* or *thing only*, it is fine art. Art is the reproduction of fact, color, etc., as connected with the soul."

Though the artist's power to render the artistic and faithful treatment of his theme, is all he has to consider, yet his work will be all the greater in proportion as his *soul* is expressed by the technique; it must assert itself. For, unconsciously to the artist, he is giving us a chapter of his autobiography. "What we are" says Emerson "that only can we see. The artist who is great sees the great things and reproduces them in his work." It is an intellectual and spiritual as well as an optical *vision*, an elimination of his ordinary mortal and material aims when he is at his work; while creating he is a being apart from his ordinary self, as seen by the world. Hence, we speak of the *inspiration* of an artist.

We see the long training and the laborious study of form and technique, but it is only the *language* which is being perfected—for the purpose of more freely *expressing* something else—a complete Work of Art. We see no signs in the skillful musician of his long playing of mere "scales." The music seems far away from any such mechanical drudgery, which is only the *road* by means of which to reach a goal beyond, and is nowise artistic in itself. Speaking of the superior merit of French poetry Goethe says: "It is because the French poets have knowledge, while our German simpletons think they would lose

their talent if they labored for knowledge; although, in fact, all talent must derive its nutriment from knowledge and is thus only enabled to use its strength."

The greater the talent, as a rule, the less likely it is to achieve *early* recognition. It has been truly said: "the original artist must not only create his *works*, but must also create his *Public*." The struggle is often too much for the artist, especially if a family be dependent upon him. This perpetual conflict of material needs and the impulse to do what their artistic nature cries out for them to accomplish often ends in death or madness.

Must we not then claim again that the world owes the talent a debt which should be paid while the artist lives? Could we but earlier learn to appreciate the genius that lies hidden owing to the want of public recognition!

RARITY OF THE CONNOISSEUR

The true connoisseur is rare, for he may be defined as one who can recognize talent before it is heralded from the house-tops. In proportion as people are more capable of seeing this early, so are they the wiser and finer. It has always been the case that, when too late recognized, there is a feeling of remorse at not having perceived what genius was offering us and recognizing our blindness that leads to a favoring of petty works that gained public attention at the moment.

Familiar intercourse with what museums of art offer to us, a study of the reproductions of the great works of genius and—instinctively trusting to the emotions these arouse in us—not listening to the contemporary art *fashion* too blindly, would do much toward cultivating a more elevated taste in the nation. The judgment of the crowd and of art critics has always played too great a part in the success of an artist—in his co-temporary and temporary success I mean. It would be an interesting thing to collect the opinions expressed on some of the artists whom we now rank high, when they first showed the works we now all accept as great art. Rarely would it correspond to the judgments of to-day. Whistler's "Mother," his greatest work, was exhibited in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. What did the art "critics" say of it? Did they get excited over its merits? It was marked for sale at \$1,200. Did any of the "connoisseurs" offer anything for it? George Moore in his "Modern Painting" says that the Royal Academy only hung it when one of the Academicians vowed he would resign if they rejected it.

So also of a large number of the best things of the last century. The greater men struggled in poverty to the end, or almost the end, of their careers. Does it not seem almost incredible that a work of art selling to-day for thousands could with difficulty, during the life-time of the artist, find a purchaser for a fraction even of as many hundreds? A painting by Degas, for which he received but one hundred dollars, was recently sold for ninety thousand! The *want* of a "reputation" made its first selling price too low, and a *manufactured* "reputation"—boosted the price too high!

Art, in its best sense, being a sort of Religion, its aims are as elevating, its history similar. Hence it can show its martyrs, its devotees to things above

the material aims of common humanity; and, as in religion, the finest are the most prone to meet the martyr's fate. Does "the world beat the child of fable to make it weep plenty of pearls"?

Reputations are now and then made by ordinary men. But little by little the voice of the better judges is heard and eventually prevails, and then the great come into their own. Time at length converts the error of the moment and makes the greatness of an ideal and the splendor of its expression visible to all. Always, at a distance, petty things are not seen and the bigger things stand out in strong relief. So this fate possibly, to a certain extent, may always be in store for genius.

We have seen that the artist is born not made. The same is true of a wise and successful Art Collector.

OF THE ART COLLECTOR

There are things a collector thinks he must have, and it is often for reasons independent of the intrinsic value of the object. Every work of Art has a real intrinsic value that will be established in time. Meanwhile Stendhal's saying is true: "All that laymen require in their enjoyment of art—and it is much—is to dare to think for themselves." What touches their souls they would then buy, and if it does so touch them—it is worth the price. Too often they may admire the work, but do not venture to buy it, unless they are familiar with the name of the artist.

The successful Art Collector *naturally* appreciates the great qualities of a work of Art as a *matter of feeling*. He does not know why. Unfortunately he is often too diffident to trust his *feelings*, because he has no knowledge of the technique. And art, Great Art, is judged from other things than knowledge. Are there not many who love and enjoy Music through the emotions it arouses in them, and not from any acquaintance with its *science* and *technique*? A similar sympathetic admirer of the other arts is far less trusting to his intuitions.

This is unfortunate, for the collector should buy *only* what appeals to his *own soul*. A celebrated name on an inferior specimen of an artist's work too often satisfies his feeling of vanity; and only too often he buys works of art like sacks of wheat—in the hope of a rise in price.

Although a collection of works of art correctly made should reflect what the owner *felt* and honestly admired, a public museum must be omnivorous and

contain things to satisfy different tastes and not gratify one sort of nature only. It is also proper that it should, historically, present the different schools of art.

As the collector sometimes buys what he ought not to, so some artists, in the same spirit, often paint what they ought not to, but what they think they should. Such art is never fine. Decamps several times tried to paint in the style of the day, thinking his own style might be wrong. He could not do it, and was compelled to return to his own style. His genius conquered him and he gave in.

One may doubt oneself, but he is great whom art has taken up and will not drop—not he who takes up art and is not enslaved by it.

But now and then it is the spirit of the charlatan that dominates some artists. These have no convictions and seek success with the vulgar. For in the art world, as in the religious world, there are false prophets and they have their temporary following.

There is to-day such a spurious art movement, attracting the attention of the masses, who go to examine its falsity more out of curiosity, or for amusement. Being insincere, it will fail. For the collector should never forget that what is not sincere cannot touch us deeply, nor can what are mere artistic "stunts" of the abnormally eccentric endure long in the estimation of the world. For man is to-day of the same nature as of old. Material conditions may change enormously, but the soul of man does not become transformed. Hence, what we call Primitive art, largely on account of its less learned technique, may appeal to our highest emotions and be inspired by this same finer impulse, which is the eternal and universal element of all great art. The Greek robes are as noble and beautiful to us to-day as they were to the Greeks. What is consonant with beauty is never old fashioned, for it appeals to the soul from generation to generation.

Therefore the collector as well as the public must endeavor to judge all art by this higher standard and to appreciate more quickly those works which appeal to this soul-judgment, and not yield, in their purchasing or collecting, to the passing fads of the day. In so far as we can apply this higher standard of judgment will we have a finer Art and a finer Life around us. Thus the collector may become a far more active factor in the raising of our general civilization to that higher plane of which we all think of when we plan to lend our aid to the development of the Art of the Nation.

THE CONNOISSEUR

The connoisseur—pray what is he?
Clear let the definition be:
Collectors buy what all do know,
No unknown names *their* pictures show.
The connoisseur more early buys
Nor waits until the plaudits rise.

William Sartin

THE LOST POET*

ECONOMICALLY speaking, there never was a time when it was more desirable than now to recognize and conserve whatever literary promise there may be in this country. The Great War has made serious gaps in the ranks of intellectual Europe, and, so far as America is capable, she will have opportunity and obligation to contribute to the rehabilitation of the Old World in this field as well as in that of material affairs. It would be absurd to claim that we are as resourceful in the one regard as in the other. Compared with European countries we are lamentably deficient in trained thinkers and writers and shall continue to be so as long as among our influential classes the cultivation of the mind and the taste is looked upon as a luxury.

America can ill afford to lose one of high promise from the company of those who "sparkle still the true Promethean fire" and when it is a young man the loss is doubly regrettable. Such a loss to Poetry we deem to be the death of Alan Seeger, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1910, who fell fighting for France and civilization in the Foreign Legion at Belloy-en-Santerre in July 1916, at the age of twenty-eight.

In two respects Seeger resembled Rupert Brooke—his counterpart in youth and in devotion to an ideal: First, that he gave memorable expression to premonitions of his death, and second, that, having passed through a boyish phase of excessive Romanticism, he came out, by an undeniable uplift of war, into a saner sense of the values of life, and developed rapidly into a ripe and wholesome art. Persons who knew him as a boy recall him as a lad of gentle and introspective nature, remote from his fellows, not sharing their games, growing early into the sufficiency of books and music, but with a quick and sweet responsiveness to sympathy along these lines. At the university he was for a while reserved and lonely without being morose, and was greatly concerned with "brooding on things to come." He did not "buck the line hard" in the words of Mr. Roosevelt, who, by the way, is the subject of an overwrought eulogy by Seeger which from sheer fervor fails of poetic appeal. Here he was caught in those roily currents of opinion that sweep down upon the ardent, imaginative and rebellious youth of to-day. After leaving Harvard he lived first in New York and then in France, for which he came to have the passion that has suffused the hearts of all Americans who have perceived the strength and beauty of the best French ideals. As child and youth he had lived in Mexico and the richness of that experience is found in the earlier poems.

The volume reveals an abounding sense of the joy of existence, in which every happy experience is reckoned as an asset of life; a predominant love of beauty, sometimes to the exclusion rather than the defiance of moral values; and a devotion to the principle of liberty as illustrated by the example of France in the present conflict of the nations. The joy is never dimmed by the unglorious aspects of a soldier's routine, which were but a foil to it; beauty he found everywhere—in Nature and in all natural relations; while the culmination of his artistic and spiritual development is found in a beautiful "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for

France." Thus the author presents no inconsiderable range of emotional power.

Seeger's technical equipment is remarkable. To match it one has to go back to Shelley, Keats, Byron or Swinburne, by all of whom he was greatly influenced, though not to the swamping of his individuality. His work has buoyancy and flow, transparency without obviousness, a fine unartificial alliteration, well-balanced construction, richness of imagery and allusion, a free and flexible treatment of the sonnet, a large palette of color, a feeling for contrast, including a forcible use of the negative, together with good phrasing and a pervading musical sense.

Some impression of this endowment may be had from these stanzas of "The Deserted Garden," a mellow and sustained pictorial rhapsody, of a Mexican setting and atmosphere, manifestly in the manner of Keats, and full of beautiful images and lyrical luxuriance:

Thrice dear to them whose votive fingers decked
The altars of First Love were these green ways—
These lawns and verdurous brakes forever flecked
With the warm sunshine of midsummer days;
Oft where the long straight alleys intersect
And marble seats surround the open space,
Where a tiled pool and sculptured fountain stand,
Hath evening found them seated, silent, hand in hand.

When twilight deepened in the gathering shade
Beneath that old titanic cypress row,
Whose sombre vault and towering colonnade
Dwarfed the enfolded forms that moved below,
Oft with close steps these happy lovers strayed,
Till down its darkening aisle the sunset glow
Grew less, and, patterning the garden floor,
Faint flakes of filtering moonlight mantled more and more.

The two poems of the collection which are likely to survive longest were written in the shadow of the fate that overtook him. If he had produced nothing else, his name would deserve to live in the anthologies. The first of these is entitled "I Have a Rendezvous with Death":

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still:
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

*Poems by Alan Seeger. With an Introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
 Pillowed in silk and scented down
 Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
 Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
 But I've a rendezvous with Death
 At midnight in some flaming town
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

The other, pitched in the poet's highest key, is the ode above referred to, which the event has made the author's dirge. It is almost faultless as poetry and entirely so as sentiment. It is beautifully conceived and constructed and moves to a climax, as an ode should, with ceremonial stateliness. Here is the last strophe:

There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
 Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
 They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers,
 Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
 Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
 Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
 Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
 Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing
 moon;

And earth in her divine indifference
 Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
 Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.
 But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
 Is that incomparable attitude;
 No human presences their witness are,
 But summer clouds and sunset crimson-hued
 And showers and night winds and the northern star.
 Nay, even our salutations seem profane
 Opposed to their Elysian quietude,
 Our salutations calling from afar,
 From our ignobler plane
 And undistinction of our lesser parts!
 Hail, brothers, and farewell! you are twice blest,
 brave hearts:
 Double your glory is who perished thus,
 For you have died for France and vindicated us.

The volume contains several poems that a mature and responsible taste might well have omitted in whole or in part, but even these are marked by generosity and sincerity. For the rest, the book is a record, not only of promise, but of genuine performance and is an inspiring example of devotion to the poetic art not less noteworthy and noble than the author's devotion to the cause of liberty, for which he gave his life.

Robert Underwood Johnson

THE SEQUEL: HE KEPT HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

After reading "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" by Alan Seeger, who was killed in battle at Belloy-en-Santerre in July, 1916:

He kept his rendezvous with Death
 At fateful Belloy-en-Santerre,
 Though Spring had passed all unaware
 And Summer scents were in the air.
 He kept his rendezvous with Death,
 He whose young life had been a prayer.

We strain our eyes the way he went,
 Our soldier-singer, Heaven-sent,
 We strain our eyes and catch our breath
 But he has slipped from out our sight;
 He kept his rendezvous with Death
 And then emerged into the light
 Of that fair day that yet may be
 For those who conquer as did he.

God knows 'twas hard for him to go
 From all he loved—to make that choice,
 And leave for them such bitter woe!
 But his high courage was his breath,
 And with his greatest work undone
 He kept his rendezvous with Death.
 Brave Hero-Poet, we rejoice
 That Life and Art with you were one,
 That you to your own songs were true:
 You did not fail that rendezvous!

Grace D. Vanamee

WHAT WE OWE TO GREECE

By PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER of Oxford University

HUMANISM AND MEASURE

WE are all in these days believers in evolution, alike in the history of the physical world, and in the history of mankind. But we have to acknowledge that evolution does not proceed at an even pace; that there are periods and countries in which during whole centuries we find only stagnation or even retrogression; and other times in which the rate of evolution is suddenly accelerated and the whole race or society moves on to new level, making in a few decades the progress which normally might seem to demand centuries.

Of all these times of quickened and overflowing life, the most remarkable in the ancient world was the sixth century B. C. There was a sudden quickening of the human pulse, a rapid rise to a higher stage, especially in southern Europe but also in the East. This is impressed upon every reader of Herodotos; and it is confirmed by researches of which Herodotos knew nothing. In the near East we have the rise of the civilizing Persian empire, the return of the Jews to their own land, the prophecies of Isaiah. In the far East, Buddhism was taking its rise in India and the wisdom of China was being formulated by the great Confucius.

But the flower of this world change was the rise of Greek civilization. If a visitor from another planet had come to the lands bordering the Ægean Sea in the middle of the seventh century B. C. he would have found civilization concentrated in the old world empires of Egypt and Babylon with their immemorial conservatism. Greek Colonies were rising on the shores of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, but they were small, little more than trading stations. If our visitor had returned a century later, he would have been astounded. From Italy on the West to Asia Minor on the East the Greeks were everywhere rising into a new life, breaking through the crust of tradition, producing works of art and poetry such as the world had not seen. The art of writing was coming into general use, coinage had been invented, commerce was developing. Great temples with rich sculpture were rising at Ephesus, Miletos, Delphi, Athens. Pottery was no longer adorned merely with decorative patterns, but painted with scenes from mythology and heroic legend. The drama was arising in Sicily and Attica. The great Ionian school of philosophy was beginning to discuss the nature of the world and man. Lyric poets, Sappho, Anakreon and the rest were pouring out their burning verses. The Olympic and Delian festivals were developing into splendid occasions for pomp and song.

And only a century later we have the age of Perikles and the Parthenon. The plays of Aischylos and Sophokles were being performed on the stage at Athens. The great pictures of Polygnotos and the sculptural masterpieces of Myron and Polykleitos, some of which are still our great instructors, adorned the temples and the market-places. Sokrates was beginning to fascinate the youth of Athens; Herodotos was reading aloud his history to en-

tranced audiences; Olympia, Athens, Delphi had become great repertoires of historic inscriptions and museums of art.

PERIOD OF THE RENASCENCE

The only age of more modern times which can be set beside the early age of Greece as a time of the awakening of taste and intellect, of thought and poetry is the time of the Renaissance, when the literature and art of the ancient world came once more to the light of heaven, and a magnificent day-break arose upon the dark ages of the suppression of intelligence and the hard domination of the organized Church. But the Renaissance, however splendid, was but a revival of the long-forgotten glories of Greece, as the Reformation was but a return, or at least an attempt to return, to the freshness of early Christianity.

Such is the historic sequence. In one century a complete change in what may be called the focus of civilization, the rapid moving in a few bright spots on the world's surface towards the development of a brilliant civilization. And in the next century the rise of a few dwellers in the great cities of Greece to an intellectual, artistic and even ethical level, which has rarely if ever been attained by groups of men since. In science, in mechanical invention, in width of outlook, in experience of the world, the modern people are infinitely above those of the ancient world; but are they superior to the Greeks in taste, in charm, in wisdom?

LOVE OF BEAUTY, LOVE OF MEASURE

My purpose is to sketch, so far as it can be done in a few pages, the particular features of Greek civilization, which made it what it became in relation to the past and the future. The three qualities which I would select as especially marking all the productions of the Greek genius are *humanism, love of beauty and love of measure*.

Humanism comes first in order of importance. The great empires of the East had acquired vast power and wealth, they had built great cities and palaces, they had established social discipline, they were devoted to the worship of the gods; but there was one thing which they had not grasped—the beauty and charm of humanity. On the walls of Assyrian palaces we see representations of battles and sieges, endless trains of captives; we see the king hunting in his parks; we see deities, partly human and partly animal, receiving worship and gifts. On the walls of Egyptian temples it is the cultus of the gods with all its ceremonies, and the judgment of souls at death which especially impress us. The Greeks brought art down from the level of divine cultus and the prowess of kings, not indeed to the level of ordinary humanity—that was yet to come—but to scenes of human pathos, the victory of civilization over barbarism, presumption in the presence of the gods and its punishment, crime and remorse, love and hatred. It loved to depict the labors of divinely inspired heroes in the service of

mankind, the prowess of athletes, the beauty of highly trained young men and the loveliness of women, scenes of farewell on the brink of the grave, feasting and dancing and the joy of life. When the Roman poet wrote "I am a man, nothing human can be alien to me" he was but echoing, as the Roman writers do, a Greek feeling.

When Sokrates turned away the attention of thinking men from investigations of the phenomena of nature, which have but a superficial effect on life and happiness, to the study of humanity itself and the deeper sources of life, which are not poured in from without but which arise from within, he established for all time the pursuit of moral good and reasonable happiness as the chief object of a wise man's search.

NIHILISM IN ART

Humanism we have always with us; but there is humanism of various kinds. The study of man and the love of what is human may take nobler and baser forms. There is a kind of naturalism only too familiar to the modern world which puts all manifestations of human energy and life on the same level, which discards the notion of better and worse, and regards the portrayal of what is ugly and base as equally attractive with the depiction of what is noble and beautiful. There is a kind of nihilism abroad which tries to free art from ethical and æsthetic considerations, until artists choose by preference to portray bodies distorted by vice and bad habits, putrified corpses, abominable deeds. At the opposite pole to this morbid naturalism is the bright idealism of the Greeks, who took no pleasure in anything distorted or diseased, not even to the extent of parodying it. It was life, not death, for which it panted, more life and fuller that it ensued. The free exercise of mind and body, forms made beautiful by rigorous training or full of natural charm, attracted the brush and the chisel.

One cannot, of course, deny, especially when one looks from the Christian point of view, that an art of healthy naturalism is necessarily limited and must often fail to render the higher strivings of mankind. The worn and lean frame of an ascetic, burned out by the fire of an inward aspiration, or a body hardened and deformed by incessant physical toil, would not attract the Greek artist, though in the later age of Greece we do find wonderful studies of shepherds or old women who are dilapidated by time. To me, however, it seems that such subjects are more appropriate to the art of painting, which can more freely deal with the transitory, than to sculpture, which has in it the element of permanence, and stereotypes all that it portrays. To sculpture which has the quality of charm we recur again and again, and are delighted to have it near us: but sculpture which portrays ugly forms, however it may interest and impress us at first sight, becomes by degrees an incubus, if we see it again and again. If we cease to care for a picture, we need not look at it again: but a statue forces itself upon us by the mere occupation of space; and every defect in it becomes clearer to us day by day.

GREEK BALANCE AND PROPORTION

I have set down as one of the governing conditions of Greek art the love of balance and measure; and

certainly to the modern eye and mind this is one of its most marked characteristics. The pediment of a temple is a noteworthy example. Many modern sculptors have tried to fill the triangular tympanum of a gable with figures; but I am not aware that any of them has won a real success. But to the Greek artist no conditions for the exercise of his art could be more suitable. The main interest of the subject naturally centered in a set of figures, three or five in number, under the peak of the gable; and on either side, figure balancing figure, gods or heroes or men approached or receded from the central group, their poses adapted to the space at command, which grew narrower and narrower as one approached the corners; these could only be filled by recumbent figures.

But to the Greek artist these fixed spacial conditions, which to the modern artist often seem merely irksome and difficult, were grateful restraints, suggesting a pleasing treatment of a well known theme. It was in sculpture as it was and still is in poetry. Except the rhyme, nearly all the forms of poetry were devised by the Greeks, and without them poetry would be like a diamond uncut and rough. But every one who has tried a match with the Muses knows that the stricter the form in poetry, the easier it is to produce pleasing verse. To succeed in what has been called the fatal facility of blank verse is scarcely possible except to a Milton or a Wordsworth; But thousands of people can write a tolerable sonnet.

Certainly balance and proportion were preserved in all the productions of Greek art to a degree which the modern eye only by degrees recognizes: not only in sculpture and vase painting but in all branches of art. What could be more symmetrical than a tragedy of Sophokles, with chorus interposed at intervals to separate the groups of dialogue, and the chorus divided into strophe and anti-strophe? The rhythmic dance which the chorus performed in front of the stage, to emphasize the action of the play, fitted in perfectly with that action and with the words and music which accompanied it, while the forms of the actors in the background moved in such quiet and ordered fashion that their groups might well seem a series of sculptured reliefs. Even the works of the great historians Herodotos and Thukydides are ordered in the fashion of a tragedy, the events moving on with ebb and flow toward a terrible tragedy, the collapse of the Persian invasion of Greece, or the destruction of the Athenian army at Syracuse.

GREEKS BEFORE THE GREEKS

The brilliant discoveries of Dr. Schliemann and Sir Arthur Evans in Argolis and in Crete have made it clear that in the second millennium B. C. there dwelt in Greek lands a non-Greek race, cultivated and pleasure-loving, devoted to religious pomps and athletic sports, and capable of producing works in metal and pottery which reach a high level of merit in the art of decoration. We may even find in some of their representations of such scenes as battles and lion-hunts more promise of humanism, more sense of the pathetic than we can trace in the more highly developed productions of the great empires of the East. But they had not yet started on the road which leads to high art,

because their productions were spasmodic, unbalanced, wanting in rhythm.

It was the coming in of the Hellenes from the north, which, as it were, crystallized this diffused sense of art into definite forms. The Hellenes and Dorians were simple in manners and backward in outward civilization compared with the race which built the palace at Knossos and the lion-gate of Mykenai; and for centuries the visible surroundings of the combined peoples seemed to become more barbarous. But the invading race had precisely that love of measure, that self-restraint and purposeful will which was needed to develop out of a chaos and cosmos what we call civilization. They worked not loosely and at random, but in regular ways, ways not indeed

consciously thought out but developed from within by the innate genius of the race. And so the Greeks set out, not like their predecessors on roads which led in a circle, but in a direction which moved toward a new and a higher world. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Thus humanism had to be infused with the love of beauty, and both had to be guided and restrained by law and a sense of order before the Greece could be formed which to every man of sensibility and education seems the mother of his spirit and the directress of his thought, though her influence may often come into his life not directly but through modern channels.

Percy Gardner

VICTORY

They picture her as all a-wing, her hands
Outstretched to take the laurels and her face
Upturned in triumph; she has won the race:
Eager, alight, erect and proud she stands. . . .

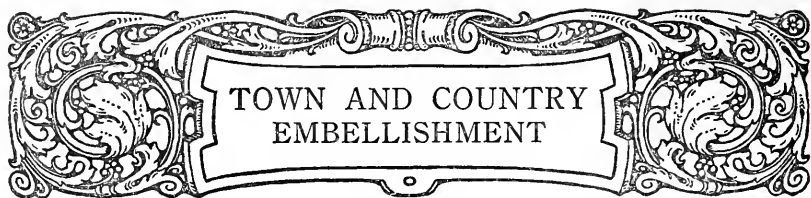
Ah, Victory! Time has dropped his silver sands
Till all these likenesses have nobly changed,
And some day there shall be your symbol ranged:
A later likeness, for our younger strands.—

A woman with a quiet strength and poise
Standing alone, looking not up, not down
Upon the World she holds within still palms:

A trust upon her face which naught alloys,
With quiet brows that never knew a frown
And lips a-smile, as though she breathed an alms.

Marie Welch





"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION"

By G. GLEN GOULD

See page 257

A FEW years ago a new hotel in Paris on the Champs Elysées when completed was found to be of such a height that, while it did not exactly dwarf the Arc de Triomphe, it materially reduced the dominance long held by it over that splendid panorama from the Garden of the Tuilleries through the Place de la Concorde, embracing the glorious Arc and sweeping down the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The authorities could not have the dominance of the Arc interfered with in any such manner, so the owner of the building was compelled to remove two stories from his hotel.

Now New York has no street to compare with the Champs Elysées, but it has one of the finest streets in the world, the *Fifth Avenue*, as the old residents were wont to speak affectionately and respectfully of it. It is the consensus of opinion, not only of the best element of New Yorkers, but of the whole country, that this, the finest and most celebrated Avenue in the whole Western World, should be beautified and protected from encroachments of the ugly, as is the Champs Elysées.

Through the whole of our land millions of people are looking forward to a visit to our greatest city. As Paris is the heart of France to every Frenchman, so to every American New York is the heart of the United States. As to every Parisian the Champs Elysées is the heart of Paris, so to every New Yorker, Fifth Avenue is the heart of New York.

It is more fully realized now than ever before that we should do what we can to foster and promote a love of the beautiful and an abhorrence of the vulgar and ugly in our vast cosmopolitan population. This is a well recognized element toward the cultivation of a fine idealism and the development of a higher spirituality such as has been found to be latent in the depths of the French nature, an idealism which to-day, in her hour of awful stress, is supporting the nation and urging her on to a magnificent and sustained effort which will ever be her crowning glory. To this end we should try to prevent the spread of any form of ugliness, particularly to Fifth Avenue which is unique among the streets of the world. It should never be allowed to degenerate and run down at the heel as has Broadway, with its own special form of hideousness—projecting signs.

Broadway is now a jungle of horrors; from having been the finest shopping thoroughfare, the *Ultima Thule* of amusement and the symbol of elegance, just as the Bowery at one time was the symbol of poverty, squalor and crime, it has degenerated into a shoddy, third-rate resort; where clap-trap signs flare their blatant appeal to the eye, even

as in the Bowery once upon a time barkers used to scream their cries abhorrent to the ear.

The first projecting signs have begun to appear in Fifth Avenue. If this tendency is not stopped and the present signs upon the Avenue removed, we shall sooner or later have the same horrible state of affairs that obtains on Broadway. Formerly the City ordinance regulating projecting signs permitted them to project only three feet from the building line, but some time ago it was changed to one permitting electric signs of any width under eight feet extending to the roof of the building. Most of these signs are now absolutely useless from an advertising point of view, for they have become so thick as to hide one another. That awful abomination, the electric sign with jiggling lights and intermittent flashes, fulfills all the requirements of a wedding present in being large, ugly, clumsy, heavy, expensive and useless. It has made New York one of the most unprepossessing cities, whereas it should be one of the most beautiful. Such common ugliness cheapens a city and Fifth Avenue will lose all dignity and look like a street in Coney Island if these signs are allowed to multiply.

There is no other city in the world which has a street so monstrous as Broadway between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth Streets, for no self-respecting city would allow such a horrible nightmare to become an established fact. A trip through the weird canyon of Broadway after dark leaves upon the mind the impression of having spent untold ages in a limitless journey through some horrible depth of Hades, where the soul has been wearied and the eyes dimmed to semi-blindness by the insistent protrusion upon the mind of glare and ugliness. Broadway seems lost beyond redemption—for our people speak of "The Great White Way" as if it were something of which to be proud! If Fifth Avenue is allowed to degenerate as has Broadway, it will be a disgrace to our City. The thoroughfare is now probably the finest business street in the world, and the business men of The Avenue and its vicinity should, as a mere matter of self-protection, take up seriously the work of preventing the encroachment of projecting signs of any size or description; it will ruin the avenue just as has happened in the sad case of Broadway.

The suppression and obliteration of the ugly signs which disfigure our streets would be a benefit to the whole community. The New York Art Commission should pass upon all signs to be erected, or lay down certain restrictions as to signs, and be empowered to condemn such as are almost a menace to the sanity of the population. Its work should be heartily aided and abetted by all persons using or erecting

signs, as the good of the whole city will be greatly and competently served thereby.

The Parisians would not approve any structure which would render Paris unsightly, and we should have and show as much interest in our City as the French do in their capital. Some years ago an American insurance company wished to build what would not seem to us an unusual monstrosity, the plan being, as we remember, for a building eighteen or twenty stories in height. But the Parisians would not hear of it. They would not have the generally harmonious contour of the skyline of Paris ruined by such a structure. We should have more of the same spirit which France has. Much the same occurred in Berlin when the plans of an American insurance company were curtailed.

A movement should be inaugurated to obtain the passage by the Board of Aldermen of an ordinance prohibiting any projecting signs from being installed on the Avenue. The co-operation of the different civic associations should be obtained, and the aid of the daily newspapers should be invoked to educate the people to the idea of the great public calamity it would be, to see Fifth Avenue ruined. Thus we could obviate the outcry which might otherwise be raised that legislation against or in favor of a particular locality was being attempted. Of course the electric light companies and the sign manufacturers might object, but it should be possible to show them that anything which will harm Fifth Avenue, and thereby the City, will not benefit them in the larger business sense.

Several months ago the writer inaugurated a campaign to save Fifth Avenue from this incubus and enlisted the interest of merchants' associations and of individuals. It now suggests itself that a preliminary Committee be formed to take up the matter *de novo*, to propose and consider suitable names for

membership upon a Permanent Committee to determine Ways and Means for the regulation of objectionable and projecting signs. This would probably result in some effectual accomplishment.

"Now Augustus was a wise ruler and Rome prospered under him, and he greatly embellished the City." Thus as children we used to read in our histories of the great emperor of the Romans, and who has not had his interest awakened by all of the great constructive monarchs who improved and embellished their cities? The age of Perikles lives ever in our memories as being also the age of Pheidias, when Athens was at the zenith of her intellectual and artistic development. The splendor of her architectural achievements has made her name the synonym of all beauty, refinement and grace throughout the ages; "the glory that was Greece" will be the wonder and admiration for all time.

We are glad to have our great City great as she is in commerce, in development, in mental activity, in philanthropy and in the many, many ways by which she is pre-eminent among cities; but we certainly do not care to have her great in ugliness! New York should grow in comeliness as in other respects; it behoves all New Yorkers to take such pride in her as to use their influence to aid in constructive work looking to the betterment of the City's appearance.

The mental attitude of the population is reacted upon and influenced by the surroundings upon which its eyes rest, to a much greater extent than is generally realized, and we must have the elevating influence of a harmonious environment to aid the regenerating influences which the best element of the community is constantly pouring forth into the public consciousness. Instead of ugliness the people should have ever before them the highest possible concept of beauty, symmetry and proportion, if they are to realize these in their lives, for, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

G. Glen Gould

THE ÆSTHETIC IDEAL CONCEPTIONS OF THE IDEAL

By FR. ROUSSEL-DESPIERRES

Translated from the French

BOOK I—CHAPTER III—*Continued*

THE superiority of the æsthetic ideal resides in this, that at one and the same time it is an attractive and optimistic ideal and a very pure moral one. One could scarcely prove this superiority better than through the imperfection of the other conceptions of Destiny; this alone fulfills in fact that double condition of optimism and purity by which we recognize an ideal worthy of mankind.

When one takes a rapid review of the most characteristic among the conceptions of destiny, it appears that the latter may be grouped in a general way into three grand categories having somewhat uncertain boundaries.

The first includes the naturalistic, materialistic conceptions which, by way of altruism as well as egoism, tend toward the satisfaction of terrestrial interest, and in which the optimistic principle is

affirmed. The second embraces pessimistic conceptions, in general the super-naturalistic, whether they belong to a religion or to a spiritualist philosophy. In the third we will group the systems based upon the pure idea of morality, for the most part inclined to a disgust or disdain of real life which is common to them and to religion.

Initial optimism or final optimism, the first of these doctrines reposes on this double belief: that life is not an evil in itself and that it can and should some day become perfectly happy. These place the golden age, the Eden of primitive religions, not in the cradle of vanished races but on the threshold of a future more or less rapidly approaching. The grand hope which invigorates them is that of progress.

Taken all in all, pagan antiquity was an age

of philosophical optimism, but an optimism more simple and immediate than ours. It expected no less of the present moment than of that future to which we adjourn our most beautiful hopes. Antique philosophy (and this also is the principle of Chinese wisdom) considered the greatest good of contemporary man. Ours, which has without doubt received from christianism the poorly pondered lassitude of present times, strives to prepare for future and distant generations a happy life—the conception of which, in truth, will be completely out of fashion after one or two generations. It is educational, politic, social. The other dreamed more of the individual. We dare not decide which is the wiser. Perhaps while occupying ourselves concerning the lot of future generations which are one with ourselves, and concerning which we assume a heavy responsibility, a complete philosophy ought not to forget the living generation, the only one whose needs, aspirations and faculties it understands.

What we owe as a duty in especial to the coming generations is liberty. Like us, they will have an ideal, and we have no right, we have no power to prescribe to them their task. Like us, our grandsons will wish to live their own life, apply their own conception; let us not embarrass their initiative. We shall have fulfilled our duty as forebears by leaving them the example of a morally happy, pacific society.

What remains of the least forgotten systems? A principle, a hypothesis, a formula, which, thrown into the melting-pot of doctrines, combines these into unexpected forms. What remains of so many books, so many efforts? Some pages, the phrase of a man of genius which gathers a school about it! The remainder is nought but an echo, a somewhat confused echo of numberless cries of hope—vain indeed if one should measure it against the explosion of our ambition, but not in vain, not useless—for it contributes to the creation in humanity of a confident mentality, that desire for the best which always brings forth some good.

The first interest of man is to live—and that is also his fundamental instinct. Certain philosophers propose to human hope the expansion of life as an ideal. But nothing is vaguer than such a formula. Expansion of life—is that anything else but the instinctive blossoming of the caprices or the wishes of desire? Must we then obey all the temptations which assail us? Or ought we choose among them? But, choose with what right? And, besides, how exercise a choice? The free expansion of life does not admit of sacrifices. Recognizing that there are necessary sacrifices is, in a way, to cut short the life, to mutilate it. Thither indeed conduct those doctrines which despise and oppress life. Is there no other aim but to preserve and increase the multitude of living organisms? Then one would reduce human activity to the satisfaction of material needs. That would subject us to an infinite misery, for the limit of needs and desires is ceaselessly moving back, and torture accompanies them. Besides, what employment of our faculties, save service of that in us which is the humblest of all? Thought would not find its solution there; our dream will always pass far beyond that! Such a life would have no value. Now the value of life, as Guyau has very justly said, is very variable; it may be reduced to zero; and on

the contrary there are certain moments for the sake of which it is not irrational to sacrifice a whole existence. Verily life is not an aim; if it has any price, it is because it is the means to a more distant and lofty goal.

Expansion of life! Doubtless this formula implies a respect for all the existences, all the individualities? But it also admits the struggle for life, which, given to human energy as a theme, would be the most revolting of moral theories. Life, in fine, meets in nature with resistance; life opposes life; its expansion drives against limitations, if no other, then those of habitat and subsistence. From many a point of view a similar conception is inferior to the intellectual ideal or the moral ideal, which, one and the other, propose to our activity a field without limits.

Desire, or pleasure which is only the realization of desire, does not fill the destiny of man any better. One may satisfy a desire, one cannot satisfy the soul. Servitude to pleasure is perhaps the worst slavery of all; even if it were not deceptive, voluptuousness would not even offer the most seductive of chimeras: apostles, scientists embrace their ideals with an ardor singularly more lively than the passion of voluptuousness borne along by the fury of enjoyment. Pleasure is short-lived; an infinite ideal is the only one which never deceives.

But happiness? The original dream of man, is not that his real end? In effect, is it not the strongest instinct of nature, after the will to exist? Has it not indestructible roots in our physiological constitution? Is not the idea of happiness thus one of the conditions of thought, and would it not be necessary that the latter should be extinguished, in order that the desire in us to be happy should cease? It is an almost paradoxical boldness to question the value of an ideal in happiness, when in effect it seems to be the sole reason for life.

But what is happiness? And first of all, what definition can one give of it? Does it consist in love, glory, power? On the contrary, is it not merely an expectation, never satisfied, never tired? The hope that lasts, the dream that begins again, do not these offer more return than the reality of happiness? Are they not indeed the whole of the reality which they contain.¹²

Besides, how may one formulate a common ideal of happiness? To every man his own dream; but the idea of individual happiness is a kind of nonsense. As soon as we look for it outside of our conscience it depends upon too many causes and too many persons. We are part and parcel of humanity as a whole; so long as the sum of evil in the world shall surpass that of good there will be no happy exceptions. Every suffering has an infinite repercussion in the feelings of all beings. Evil makes people wicked; a bad action is the source of an infinitude of cruelties and miseries. In order that a single being may meet with the conditions sufficing to happiness, it is therefore necessary, that humanity as a whole should be happy. In order to be happy it is necessary first of all that the happiness

Note 12.—Happiness probably is merely the adaptation of the being to its surroundings and to external circumstances. Thus it is only a result; but it is that very result which the æsthetic life dares to promise, since, with its ideal of beauty, our faculties and social conditions harmonize better every day.

should be moral. Until that point is reached, individual happiness can only be an accident, the intellectual satisfaction of the results reached in the pursuit of the Ideal. Ah, truly, happiness—if it is here than to dissipate our powers in its conquest! If not to be illusory—we have better things to do down life has any value, if human will possesses any empire over inert things, we are worthy of a nobler ideal!

Follow nature! said certain ancient sages, and some modern. But it is a battlefield that nature offers us: nature herself makes war on us there. Can we submit the conceptions of our thought to the brutality of natural powers? One single will reveals itself in the sub-human universe, the triumph of force. Is it not precisely the honor of mankind to dominate little by little the blind violence of nature by the power of the ideal? But everything is met within nature; everything that exists is born through the play of its law—good as well as evil—thought and the moral will, as well as the grosser appetites and bestial ferocity. Oppose nature and the Ideal? Nothing more irrational! Morality and the Ideal are merely the loftiest limits in the evolution of nature.

Nature progresses. One might say: progress, there's the Ideal! I will agree, if one considers progress as the intellectual, æsthetic and moral ascension of humanity. But the entirely materialistic idea which our contemporaries assume in progress—that I reject. I like much better the passion, somewhat low, of pleasure, than the more and more exacting egoism of well-being and the madness of the industrial miracle. Science has a finer part to play than covering the earth with workshops and factories.

What nobler ambition for human creatures could there be than the conquest of truth? An infinite ideal which the world offers to scientific curiosity! A collective ideal and for that reason singularly peacemaking. Could humanity make a more beautiful dream than that of sovereign power which science promises? Absolute knowledge—so long as power is not attached to it—would not that offer to the human soul an enjoyment lofty enough in order to fulfill our need of an ideal? Has not science intoxications equal to the most profound emotions of nature?

Is she not that Ideal, at once the highest and most attractive, which we seek? It is hard to answer, no. The scientific ideal would be an immense deception for humanity. The creation of science could not be the work of the whole of mankind; the great crowd would not collaborate in it; how then could it be interested? As soon as it leaves the laboratory of the learned, science becomes an entirely egoistic pleasure. In reality it is a privilege in a society where the material task of earning one's livelihood allows of so little leisure to the greater number of people. For them close study would be a fatigue over and above, added to the forced pains of getting one's bread. Now a truly philosophical ideal ought to be universal—one that is accessible to all. Knowledge can only be an individual idea. Must we add that science does not include a single moral element, that no sympathetic energy radiates from it, and that it leaves the will-to-good inert in the soul?

Among the different optimistic conceptions which

I have passed in review the greater number are materialistic—one, namely science, entirely intellectual. Now it is a moral ideal which humanity needs.

Modern philosophy has presented the terrestrial hope of happiness as a principle to morality. The moral ideal constitutes itself with altruism, humanism and the religion of humanity. But humanity—even if conceived of as a grand eternal Being or as a Providence keeping watch over itself—can humanity inspire that enthusiastic love which fills the whole soul and fecundates it? One may be allowed to doubt that. Scarcely do we love mankind; we see their imperfections too clearly. Grand passions suppose a certain recoil of the vision, that crystallization of isolation which social life makes impossible. Our egoism is clumsy; we love ourselves very badly, without boldness and without grandeur. How could we be compelled to love mankind? Love is free. It is by tricks that beneficent acts are obtained from us; in our good deeds it is ourselves whom we love and admire. The feeling sprung from the beauty of a gesture is much more efficacious than a cold love. The æsthetic is the secret of devotion. What moral culture is able to teach us—and here it borrows from the idea of justice a singularly lofty element—is the duty of considering the happiness of others as equally important with our own. In this respect humanity will come to admit an arithmetic or happiness.¹³

The arithmetic of happiness will cause the exigencies of egoism to incline before the greater happiness of a single person or the larger sum of happiness of the many. But altruism is full of pitfalls. To charge oneself with the happiness of others is to arrogate to oneself a hateful despotism over them. Our nature has made us the arbiters of our own happiness, and if it be true that the pursuit of happiness promises more joy than its conquest, the tyrannical benefactors who deprive us of the pleasure of that pursuit dilapidate our treasure. In truth people can never preach altruism too much, profoundly hostile as it is to the egoistic instincts of nature. But nature does not put aside its instincts; one can only transform nature by seizing upon the instincts, through directing their evolution. An eternal law charges us to assure our good through ourselves. Arithmetic of happiness cannot be a constant principle of conduct; only then does it find its application, when, in a conflict of interests or passions, the altruistic solution can be reckoned by results at once positive, certain and more moral than the egoistic solution.

Some thinkers propose an even broader ideal than humanity: collaboration with the universal society of the worlds. I ask nothing better than to collaborate in their task. But what can the object be? I needs must know, and no one dares to tell me!

Thus, of all the theories which I have attached to the optimistic principle, sometimes by fragile connecting links, not one appears to me worthy to be proposed as an ideal to humanity. Lacking a lofty moral inspiration or unprovided with that seduction which exalts the will, all these solutions are impotent.

Note 13.—In England Mr. Sidgwick has evolved from this conception of altruism an ingenious theory which Spencer criticises in his *Evolutionary Morality*.

The conceptions which pessimistic sentiment inspires are stamped with the same sterility. Religious and spiritualistic philosophies sacrifice our miserable terrestrial existence to the life of the future, so serious, nevertheless, that an eternal sanction is suspended upon our daily faults. We will not say that one or the other is illusory, for this not a work of polemics. But it is still needful to observe that by instituting a sanction—even though it were not infinite—spiritualism, whether philosophical or religious, renounces veritable sanctity; that by invoking an obligation, constraint and threats, it abdicates that sovereign power over souls which only appertains to passion.¹⁴

The grand modern religions of every ancient origin—Buddhism and christianism—both lack the perfect purity and the truly moralizing influence which we seek.

Mournful is the philosophy of the Buddha. Its moral of love extends to the entire creation, even spares the savage beasts; but it can imagine no farther goal for perfection, no other hope in life than Nirvana, which at one and the same time is the end of desire and the definitive annihilation of the being, the supreme stage in the long pathway of souls across wretched existences. Lofty doctrine, of a verity, which conceives of the world as a vast moral hierarchy, as an infinite becoming, the good of which is eternal aspiration! But the morality of Chakya-muni, entirely alien as it is to the idea of God, nevertheless admits metempsychosis and preserves a sanction: if good, then we climb a few rungs on the ladder of being, the last rung of which, reserved for the most saintly, for the Buddha, is Nirvana: if bad, the falling back into evil and misery. The doctrine of Buddha is entirely diminished by that sanction; it is not a pure morality, it is an atheistic religion—sublime, but one that will not escape the corrupting influence of apostles and priests.

Perhaps still mournfuller is christianism with its Paradise inaccessible and morose, and its eternal hell—that religion of terror where, through the involuntary fault of the first man, every man is born a criminal, where life and eternity unroll themselves beneath the never-appeasable menaces of punishment, all the symbols of which evoke suffering, where suffering itself is a virtue, a duty, a ransom! Sweet, I agree, was the soul of Jesus, sublime his doctrine of love. But how shall we recognize the divine word among the furious dogmas of the Christian religions? If at least Jesus had not said: "My kingdom is not of this world!" There would have remained of him (but that would have been enough to fill all the human soul) only the adorable precept: "Love one another!" By adjoining the hope Jesus has adjourned love. *Love one another!* That word had resounded in China, in India six centuries before Jesus, perhaps yet earlier in the night of the ages. Why was it necessary that the supra-terrestrial interest should have debased the practice of charity, the brotherly works of love, in order to forge I know not what letters of exchange on the Creator? With its sacraments, penitences, its disproportionate penalties and indulgences, its devout fetishism, its prayers, offerings that imply a corruption of the god-

head, Catholicism has rotted the doctrine of Jesus.¹⁵

How much loftier, at any rate in their initial aspirations, are the systems of pure morality!

Pure morality is that which borrows nothing from metaphysics or psychology and remains alien as well to the idea of a rational finality, as to one of sanction. It does not ask that it shall be realized, or whether it can be; it exists, in a way, for the nobility of existing.

It is irreligious and sometimes atheistic. It does not know whither man goes; it finds its end in itself and only hopes in its own self. If vulgar morality is an interpretation of the meaning of life, pure morality disdains to inform itself concerning that.¹⁶

Moral will it is that gives a meaning to life. Let them prove it by psychology, by the eternal evolution of things; it affirms the meaning *a priori*. It does not know nature until the moment that it combats nature. Should false logic deduce a moral law, a will of nature from natural selection, from the struggle for existence, it rises up against that brutal law, against that immoral will. Nature? Gladly it suppresses the instincts of it, forgets the exigencies of it. Oftenest it ignores them. That is because it sees beyond and aims higher. Its function is to erect above the wills of nature—which, often malefic, are in themselves neither bad nor good—the moral and beneficent will of man. It dares to assign to us an end independent of divine decisions, and even conceives the possibility of a moral revolt against the injustice of God. No doctrine more hostile than this toward an experimental demonstration; it is capable even of ignoring human malignity and only divines it in order to display before it the magnificence of a sublime ideal. The aim of pure morality is absolute morality.¹⁷

Note 14.—One of the most energetic causes of the dissolution of religions is the condemnation which they pronounce against terrestrial hopes, which life reveals at every moment, and which the imagination cannot do without.

Note 15.—One can hardly say which is the more pessimistic, a belief that lays its hope in the nothing, or a religion that opposes to a gleam so feeble the desperate shadows of eternal damnation. It is difficult to believe that any other doctrine has brought into alliance, like Buddhism and christianism, the exquisite feeling for charity, and the most atrocious metaphysical imaginings.

Note 16.—The meaning of life? An ambiguous expression which ought to be cleared up. It signifies, in fact, at once the explanation of life—that is to say, of the entirety of causes which govern life—and the direction of life.

At bottom the two significations of the word singularly flow together. Every direction is determined by causes; causes start a direction; final cause and first cause cannot abstract themselves one from the other; principle and consequences are indissolubly united. Pure morality is preoccupied with knowing neither by what laws life is explained, nor what direction these laws impress upon it.

Note 17.—I admit that this name of pure morality does not satisfy me. I would have preferred the appellation of independent morality. But it has been given to systems of morality liberated without doubt from metaphysics, or at least from religion, yet founded on psychology, and thus deriving the law of conduct from our own powers. So I hold to the name of pure morality. Kant made use of it in the same signification which I intend here; that is justification enough?

To be continued

MISCELLANY

PICTURE, PAINTER AND PATRON

Place: Cold, bleak hillside overlooking a valley. February. Snow heavy on the ground. The painter stands courageously before a great canvas. He wears heavy boots and a fur coat. A large cap is pulled over his face, leaving apertures for the eyes. His hands are protected by thick woolen socks. The right hand has a hole in which a huge brush is inserted and held tightly with the fingers.

Painter: "If I can't get it now I'm lost. My hand is nearly frozen. I can't get the feel of the brush." He takes the stiff, half-frozen paint and applies it like mortar to the great canvas. A single stroke draws the foreground tree against the white snow. He runs back, stamping his feet to bring life to his numb body and looks at the picture from a distance of fifty feet.

"It carries wonderfully. It has the strength of nature. That figure coming up the hill is bully. Just in the right place! I'll put him in."

Figure approaching, to himself: "Damn fool! He's nearly stiff. Why don't he do something worth while? Can't grow anything on a thing like that. And they tell me he gets two thousand for one of 'em. Painted in a morning! More than all my land and the crops and all on it's worth. God, what fools them city people are!"

To the painter: "Cold day standin' out."

Painter: "Just the day for my effect. If it will only last ten minutes more!"

Figure: "What's that you're putting in?"

Painter: "That's you."

Figure, after a pause: "Ain't me neither, 'cause I'm here" (disgusted). "Too cold fur me standin' still." To himself, passing on: "Don't look like anythin' to me more than white paint. That ain't worth much by the pound. He calls them black things trees. Wouldn't ever sprout any leaves this spring. I'll bet. And that daub he said was me! Two thousand dollars! I'd paint a whole house for twenty-five. His effect! Hum! It's got me."

In a New York studio—Painter: "Did it in three hours and nearly froze."

Artist's friend: "Great stuff! You'll make a hit with it. It'll carry across the Vanderbilt Gallery like hell! Strong thing."

Second artist: "That's the last word. It's the real thing. Get away from it fifty feet and it's like looking out of a window. You'll pull a prize with it. Don't touch it again."

Painter: "God, no! I never paint a thing indoors. No studio sauce for me."

In the Gallery—admiring group—Lady: "Stunning! Brilliant achievement. A past master with economy of means. Isn't it thrilling?"

Friend: "Who is it by?"

Lady: "Don't you know? Why, my dear! No other painter could do a thing like that. It's got 'Blank' written all over it." (Pause.)

Friend: "Yes, isn't it simply wonderful—to see a thing like that? Would he be classed with the Impressionists?"

Small Boy (doubtfully): "Mother, you couldn't make snow balls with that, could you?"

Mother: "Sh, no, it's too heavy."

The patron is ushered in by the salesman. He has an air of importance. His limousine waits outside. People look at him. He is corpulent.

Patron (to salesman): "That's by Blank, is it? And it won the prize?"

Salesman: "The greatest thing he ever did. A modern of moderns."

Patron: "Yes, it's a big thing." (To himself) "Place of honor. Won the prize—hmm. I guess it's all right." (To salesman) "Come and see me at my office. I've got a business engagement just now. It's a great picture. I'll take it."

The Passer-by—before the picture: "I wonder why he paints his things out of doors? It looks to me just like his others."

E. C. the Passer-by

IVORY AND ITS PLACE IN ART

In a generously illustrated volume of 527 pages published by Doubleday, Page and Company that tireless worker Dr. George F. Kunz has brought together a wealth of facts about Ivory, embodying a large part of ancient and modern lore concerning the elephant and its precious tusks, without forgetting other animals alive and extinct that help to swell the output of ivory for the benefit of industries and the arts. Even vegetable and imitation ivories are considered. Illustrations have been selected with great care and in no narrow spirit, since they include recent objects wrought in ivory and bits of ivory primeval, scratched with designs by prehistoric man. Particularly interesting is Chapter X on the evolution of the elephant and the extinct mastodon and mammoth, showing their relation to other animals. Other chapters treat of the qualities of elephant ivory and the methods of working it; ivory from narwhal and walrus tusks, from the tusks of boars and other beasts, materials not always thought of as ivory. The beautiful or grotesque objects carved in this material by Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, by Chinese, Indians of the East and Japanese are liberally figured, so that the volume is attractive to art lovers as well; it is in fact a little library of information concerning the origins of ivory and the uses to which it has been and is being put.

OLD PAINTINGS FROM CHINA

The singular charm which some people discover in ancient pictures by Chinese masters, after the oddity has worn off through familiarity with them, is exerted by a goodly number of the paintings on paper and silk collected by Mr. Edgar Pierce Allen, an American lawyer who has been practising his profession in Tientsin since 1900. His pictures and miniatures may be seen at the Herter Looms. The largest is a big unframed picture, a large kakemono of a mythological subject painted by Huang Yintang under Shun Chih, the first emperor of the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1662). On the left an Immortal stands upon a sea of clouds in a romantic yet conventional landscape of rocks, gnarled old trees, hills and lakes. She is a goddess named Hua Sheng-Ku, a graceful figure with a fan. To the right a man of high degree receives his devotees in a grove. Very beautiful and poetic are some of these views of sylvan sports, landscapes with figures, pictures of birds; full of rollicking fun a well-composed, very lively group of old men and four boys with the "peach of fertility" elevated like a banner on a crooked staff. Some of the books are delightful specimens of handiwork, big and beautiful manuscripts with pictures, and a text in which each Chinese character is a minim work of art.

SAN FRANCISCO ART PALACE

It is now definitely assured that San Francisco is to keep as a permanency the Palace of the Fine Arts which was part of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The Art Association has taken over the building and will conduct it as a museum and gallery of the fine arts, proposing to raise a fund of several millions for its management and upkeep. Since the Exposition closed the exhibits in the Palace have been so well patronized by the public that the objections made to the locality seem to have been removed. In any case the grounds about it are to be cleared and laid out for a residential quarter with ample restrictions, in which this prize structure of the whole Exposition will be the center of interest. There was at one time a possibility that factories and tenement houses would occupy the site, but this is no longer feared. The building will be used for exhibitions of painting, sculpture and industrial arts, for concerts, meetings of musical societies and lectures on the arts, beside housing the permanent objects of the Museum of Fine Arts. While it was hoped that the Palace of Art of the Exposition would revert to the city after the fair was over, there was no certainty about it. The transfer of property seems to clinch the matter.

EXHIBITS—VARIOUS

December has been a very look-alive month in the way of art exhibits at the public galleries, at those of art dealers and in clubs, not to speak of the stations of the elevated and underground railways, which have been selected by one wide-awake sculptor as the proper places in which to advertise by large placards the latest of his statues. The artists are coming on. No shy sequestered violets found in some of them, no bashful waiting for applause, but the big colored placard outside the tent, the drum and

the barker to call the crowd! No shyness about writing his own eulogy for the public prints—everything Parisian and up to date!

Many artists having a slender baggage in the way of education to begin with proceed to Europe at an early age and live there during their formative years. Perhaps the art schools they find there are more thorough than those at home; certainly they drop into an atmosphere charged with zeal and partisanship with respect to art—that makes for enthusiasm. On the other hand there is a seamy side, because insensibly, being ignorant and young, they imbibe the prejudices and misconceptions of the ignorant foreigners among whom their lot is cast. Now among these misconceptions are many that refer to Americans. Foreigners believe that money-chasing and boastfulness and self-advertising are the rule in this country and for the most part the students from this side know too little about their own land to refute them. We may try to explain this unattractive example of placards and self-advertisement on the ground of ignorance produced by too long a stay abroad.

* *

The Arts Club has held its very practical and convenient gathering of the most decorative books published for the season and then the exhibit of the National Society of Craftsman, the eleventh annual. At present the galleries are filled with a varied and attractive loan exhibit, paintings and sculptures by members of the club. In February they will contain the exhibit of the American Water-Color Society. The Century, Lotos and Union League, the MacDowell and Cosmopolitan clubs have had their share. At the Public Library a very noteworthy display of prints and books having to do with the drama is running side by side with another show, that recalling the work of the old English collector of ocean travels, Hackluyt.

* *

In Edmond Dulac, whose colored drawings appeared in the Scott and Fowles gallery a little before Christmas, we have a talented Frenchman with a keen sense of the good points in old Persian miniature work as well as in Aubrey Beardsley and Arthur Rackham. He is an eclectic well equipped as an illustrator of *The Thousand and One Nights*; for he manages Afreets and ghouls with a fine feeling for the terrific. Japanese and Hindoo suggestions are not lacking. Some of his Biblical or religious pictures exhibit an uncommon breadth and simplicity of composition; they possess to a very remarkable degree the very quality which James Tissot, for example, conspicuously lacked—a feeling of reverence if not exactly of awe. This versatility in Dulac is somewhat bewildering. It is understood that we owe the treat to the taste of Mr. Martin Birnbaum, until recently manager of the Berlin Photographic Gallery in New York. To a fine feeling for composition and mass-balance Dulac adds an unusually attractive sense for color. Apparently he has not obtained a mere *succès d'estime*, for the clever and fantastic little creations have found plenty of buyers. Like Bakst this versatile artist would be a capital hand to design robes and decorations for pageants and spectacular plays.

Christ Church, Short Hills, N. J., is enriched by an important Memorial Window, unveiled on Thanksgiving Day. The five panels are filled with the subject of "The Transfiguration" from the designs and cartoons of Frederick Stymetz Lamb. In them Mr. Lamb has carried out the scheme in a rich, deep tonality of color. The composition lends itself in light and shade to this gamut of color with its rich reds, greens and purples in the robes of the Apostles; they lead up chromatically to the central figure of Christ with the attendant figures of Moses and Elias. At the base of the central panel frame is the inscription: "In Memoriam. Juliet Graveraet Kaufman." Another window by the same artist was unveiled in the baptistry as a Christmas present to the congregation of Christ Church.

At the Goupil Gallery on Forty-fifth Street West a series of drawings by Hugo Ballin, A.N.A., has proved a treat to connoisseurs. Spirited, delicate in touch and lovely, the little gathering made one understand how much hard, conscientious work goes into the preliminary phases of Mr. Ballin's large decorative compositions. The Winter show at the Academy of Design offers a large oil painting by Ballin called "The Bird Lovers" which reflects his liking for composition of the old noble type, though inferior in richness of color-scheme to many of his previous works.

Mr. Charles P. Huntington who designed the home of the Hispanic Society, also the Spanish Chapel, the Geographic and Numismatic buildings, all on Broadway at 156th Street, has received a handle to his name; he may be addressed now as Sir Charles! The King of Spain has created him a Knight of the Order of Isabel the Catholic as a compliment for his architectural work. Certainly Spain has reason to feel gratified that New York has taken such an interest in her literature and art. What other city in the world has done the like? By the time the Heye Foundation has finished the museum of the American Indian next to the Hispanic we shall have the Cervantes Gate, reproduced in our October number from the architect's designs, rising in close connection with the buildings mentioned.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters begins the new year with a course of public addresses at the Chemists' Club, 50 East Forty-first Street, on the corner of Park Avenue. On January 4th Mr. Paul Elmer More will speak about the Spirit and Poetry of early New England; on January 25th the painter, George de Forest Brush, will give an address on Art. On February 15th Professor Iloratio W. Parker of Yale will talk about Orchestras and on March 8th Mr. William Gillette will give an address on a topic to be announced later. Cards of invitation may be had from Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary of the Academy, at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Metropolitan Museum has decided to form a new department of prints and enlarge its present

holdings. Mr. William M. Ivins, son of the distinguished lawyer of that name lately deceased, has been appointed curator. Like his father Mr. Ivins has been trained to the law, but his hobby has been fine prints while his father's hobby was fine books. It is a fortunate choice, since the junior is young, active and energetic. Under her maiden name Florence Wyman his wife has been known for charming work in black and white and colored crayons, for portraits and portrait groups, illustrations and designs for books and magazines. Mr. Ivins is likely to conduct his department with taste and skill.

Since the appearance in our November number of strictures on the ugly water tanks that spoil the skyline of buildings, and especially buildings in New York, various letters have appeared in the daily press urging a reform in this part of the townscape. For instance Mr. C. Warde Trevor asks "Why do architects build palatial apartment houses with gilded lobbies and swell fronts, often richly covered with stone carvings and then perch unenclosed and stilted high on the roofs, water tanks generally painted red or black that can be seen from almost every direction?" Why indeed! But when he adds "Will some architect please start the reform? Other cities might follow after a while"—he is not quite fair to those architects who already have persuaded their clients to allow space for the inclusion of water tanks in the design itself. The inference is that this is not done at all. If he will read Mr. C. I. Berg's article, he will see that there are exceptions. Certainly it would not be so very difficult to design a variety of water-tank treatments, not necessarily to conceal the receptacle but while acknowledging its presence on the roof to give it an agreeable outline in harmony with the rest of the building. Good architects can accomplish that, if the property owners request it. The latter should remember that beauty in a building is distinctly an asset because it attracts and keeps tenants.

THE HELPING HAND

Friends of the Young Artists is an organization of some years' standing in New York. It began when the World War broke out and brought hard times beyond all precedent to a host of artists here and abroad who found themselves stranded. Beginning with the sculptors, the society held public competitions in turn for painters and architects, with prizes for the best work submitted. This year it has taken quarters in the Gainsborough, 222 West Fifty-ninth Street, where it hopes to establish a center for the exhibition and sale of works by young struggling artists, bringing the art objects to the attention of buyers. Meanwhile a fourth competition is being held at the above address, Mr. Otto Kahn offering a prize of \$200, Mr. C. J. Charles another of \$150, Mr. Paul Baumgarten one of \$100, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney ten honorary awards of \$25 each. Mrs. Whitney suggests as theme for the competition a "decorative and appropriate panel for the lobby of a theatre," the drawing not to exceed eighteen by twenty-two inches and the frame not to exceed one inch or, if a mat, three inches. This for decorators. The Society plans three more com-

petitions this year for sculptors, painters and etchers respectively. With a large representative board of advisers composed of art lovers and artists of renown the Friends of Young Artists proposes to enlarge its scope hereafter, give scholarships and have its own building.

MURALS BY TABER SEARS

A one-man show at the Century Club's galleries revealed the fact that Mr. Taber Sears has been decorating churches with murals of no little impressiveness. The five large panels for the Church of the Nativity in Brooklyn Borough, designed by Almirall and Cusachs, architects, offer a frieze of figures the size of life, together with the first and second studies and a perspective showing the position of the frieze in the church. They are figures of the Apostles in varied pose and gesture, standing against a gold background, on which hills and dales and the walls and towers of Jerusalem are indicated in a summary fashion that does not interfere with

the figures by too much realism. The intention to keep these disciples in harmony with an architectural interior is evident from the management of the robes and draperies. Great richness of color is obtained by the reds, greens, yellow and orange of the gowns; difference of character and age assists in varying the figures, while the addition of distinctive emblems has been judiciously employed.

Replicas of the triptych in the choir school of Grace Church, New York, showing Joshua as he leads the host of Israel out of the wilderness into the promised land; the altar painting in Trinity Church, Buffalo (Bertram G. Goodhue, architect), representing Christ with the doctors of law in the temple at Jerusalem, also studies for an Adoration of the Magi in the Chapel of the Intercession, New York, and sanctuary paintings for the Church of the Epiphany at Pittsburgh (J. T. Comes, architect) afford the same evidence of thorough workmanship. Interesting to artists are the careful detail drawings of heads, hands and feet. Among the drawings is a fine group of "Philosophy, Ideality and Aspiration."

AS TO BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Keats

He hath made all things beautiful in His time.

Solomon

A genuine perception of beauty is the highest education.

Fuseli

The BEAUTIFUL—is better than the Good, for it is the good made perfect.

John Stuart Mill

The Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: . . . yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it!

King David

Without the great Arts that speak to his sense of beauty, man seems to me a poor, naked, shivering creature!

Emerson

Spirit of beauty, . . .

Thy light alone,—like mist o'er mountains driven,

Or music by the night wind sent

Thro' strings of some still instrument,

Or moonlight on some midnight stream,

Gives Grace and Truth to life's unquiet dream.

Shelley

In brief, with perhaps bolder grasp, we should claim that abstract and absolute Beauty extends her mighty wing over every department of creative plan or constructive life, divine or human, in proportion as the immortal and celestial principles retain their sway.

John Ward Stimson

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN THE HOME

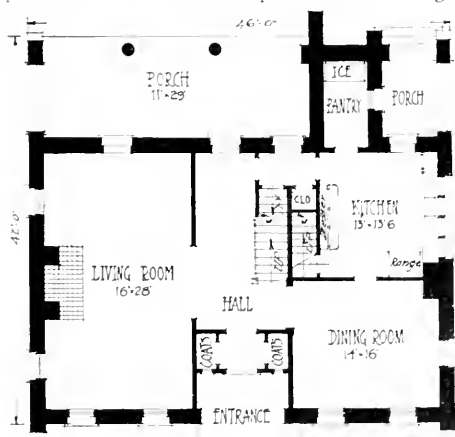


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-TWO

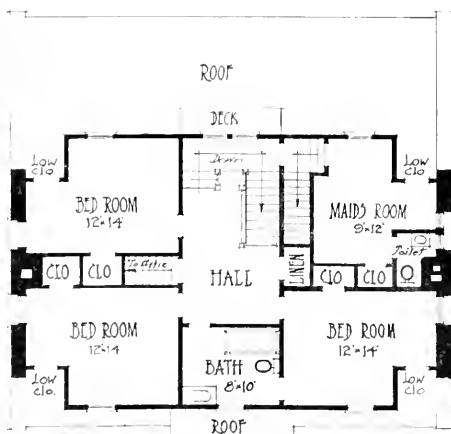
THE CRAFTSMAN has constantly called attention to the beauty that comes from graceful lines and good proportion. No amount of porches, pergolas or carved detail will endow a house with beauty if its main lines were not right in the first place. Our idea has been to put all effort of design

and all resources of capital into substantial worth rather than superficial ornament.

The two houses shown this month are additional examples along this same line. The first one, Number Two Hundred and Twenty-two, has been designed for split field stone. In laying up the walls



HOUSE No. 222: FIRST FLOOR PLAN



HOUSE No. 222: SECOND FLOOR PLAN



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED TWENTY-THREE

of this house the stones should be chosen so that the final effect will be of long, narrow courses. The idea is to gain great strength, so the base of each stone must be greater than its altitude. One nearly square stone may be put against two narrower ones, and thus the whole wall be keyed together in a way that gives great strength as well as an orderly beauty. In laying a rough rubble wall the choice of stones need not be so carefully considered as in a wall of this kind, for the surface must be more or less even. The colors of the stones will suggest of themselves the color for the wood work. In some localities the stones are of a decided brown tone, in others blue-grey predominates.

A study of the exterior of this house shows that shutters have been provided, so that the house can be safely closed for the winter months. In these shutters is a fine opportunity for the introduction of some rich color such as dull peacock blue. The shutters for the second floor should be made with the lower half of each one in the form of a blind, so that a little light and ventilation may be given the upper story while yet it is securely locked. The blinds on the first floor are made more substantial, merely given a cut-out of a little pine tree or any other motive which may be preferred.

An extreme sense of rigidity and strength has been given this house by the slight buttressing of the wall. This would be especially effective if the house were built upon the crest of a slight eminence. From the broad foundation to the tip of the chimney, crowned with its two oval chimney pots, there is a rapid diminishing which gives it rather an exalted look. This is further emphasized by the lay-out and grouping of the windows.

A study of the floor plans shows that the main doorway is indented somewhat. On either side of the front door, which opens into a small foyer, are closets. From the foyer one steps into a hall, at the left of which is the main living room.

As in every CRAFTSMAN house, we have arranged an open fireplace, which we believe to be one of the most important features of a living room. The fireplace in this instance is seen immediately upon entering the room. On either side of it are windows, so that the first view into the room is a bright and inviting one. Bookcases may be built-in if desired.

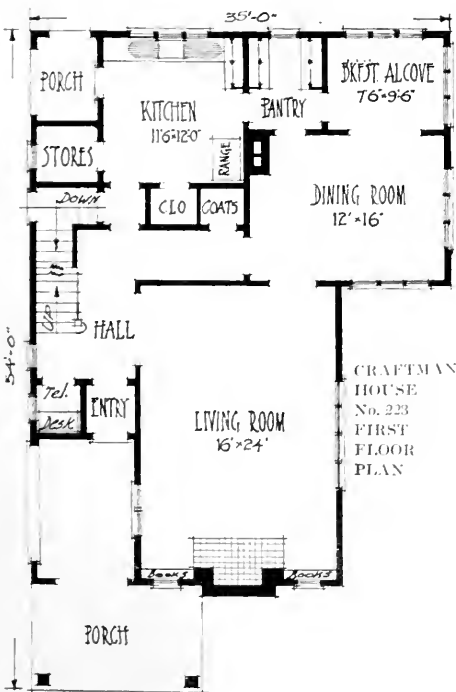
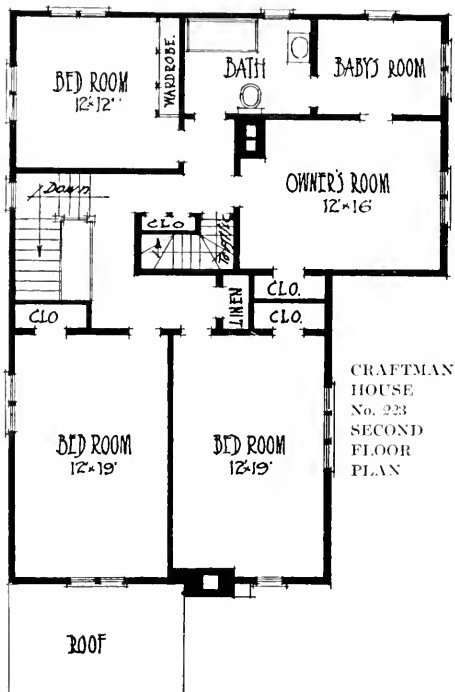
At the right of the entrance is the dining room and next to it the kitchen, with its convenient arrangement of sinks, kitchen cabinets, range, etc. The kitchen can be reached either through the dining room or through the back hall. From the kitchen is an extra large pantry with shelf room enough for a large food supply and many dishes. There is also an open porch. In accordance with the CRAFTSMAN idea of a general plan, which may be altered to suit individual needs, this plan has been arranged so that the rear of the house is capable of adjustment. For instance, the porch and pantry could be thrown together if a maid's room is preferred, or made into one large dining porch. There is another large porch at the back of the house that could be used for a dining porch or outdoor sitting room, or even enclosed in glass for a conservatory, and heated from the main house heating plant.

Upstairs the owner's room opens into a small dressing room, and there are also two other large rooms. There is a maid's room with toilet, which can be reached from the stairway without having to

pass through the main upper hall, thus giving the maid privacy and easy access to her room from the kitchen. In case the housewife prefers to do her own work and does not care to make use of the maid's room with its toilet, then this space could be converted into a dressing room and bath opening out from the owner's room, thus making an attractive suite. The bath, as shown, could then be converted into a sewing room. The plan of the upper floor holds several possibilities of adjustment.

The second house, Number Two Hundred and Twenty-three, can be developed either in hollow tile and stucco, or frame construction with metal lath. The outer effect, of course, would be the same. The main difference is in the cost of construction and durability. A distinguishing feature of the exterior of this house is the graceful curve of the roof, which gives the necessary softening. One of the charms of stucco houses lies in their trim, neat appearance, but if this is carried too far, the result will be a cold formality not at all desirable. To prevent this, vines should be planted which will form a tracery of color and soften hard corners. Also the foundations should be well banked with dwarf evergreens and flowers. The cement should always be tinted a little, for its natural grey is cold and unresponsive.

The beauty of the old Italian houses comes about to a great extent through the soft coloring that age has given them. If those Italian houses should receive a bright coat of fresh new paint, their charm would be utterly gone. A cement house, unless skilfully handled, is distressingly new and raw looking. The older they get, the better they look. The ideal of weather-stained Italian houses should be



ours. Therefore, roof and wood work should be stained in some soft tint of greys or browns, and then in the course of one or two years, the new house will be beautifully unified in tone, will be mellow and look as though it had become a part of the country.

The interior of the house is planned first of all for comfort. By keeping the thought of comfort uppermost in mind, beauty was also obtained, for "beauty rests upon necessity." The need for a convenient arrangement of rooms, for stairways that ascend from the best possible position, for ample closet space, for abundance of light, proper ventilation, convenient working facilities of kitchen, a reasonable separation of the working and the resting parts of the house has resulted in a most attractive interior.

The hall is entered through a small foyer which has been divided to make a place for a telephone booth. If this is not needed and a larger foyer is preferred, then the division wall may be omitted. At the right of the entrance is a large living room. With its groups of great windows, open fireplace and uninterrupted view into the dining room, an unusually spacious effect is obtained for a small house.

Upstairs there is the master's bedroom with a small room off that can be used for a nursery, or if this is not desired, then it would make a most excellent dressing room. In this event the doorway could be made wider or done away with entirely. There are also two other large rooms and servant's room, besides a good bath. Closets are provided in every room, and a stairway leading to the third floor storage room or garret.



AN AMERICAN NOTE IN HOUSE FURNISHING

CONSISTENCY is not more often to be met in architecture than in character, and yet how satisfying and delightful it always is!

William Morris, in a lecture on "The Beauty of Life," gives a most interesting glimpse of his idea of the fittings necessary to the "sitting room of a healthy person." "Beside the table that will keep steady when you work upon it," he says, "and the chairs that you can move about, the good floor, and the small carpet which can be bundled out of the room in two minutes, there must be a bookcase with

a great many books in it, a bench that you can sit or lie upon, a cupboard with drawers, and, unless either the bookcase or the cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, pictures or engravings on the wall, or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful and restful pattern, then, a vase or two, and fireplaces as unlike as possible to the modern mean, miserable and showy affairs plastered about with wretched sham ornament, trumpery of cast iron and brass and polished steel, and what not—offensive to look at and a nuisance to



PORCH ROOM OF AN OLD PHILADELPHIA FARMHOUSE REMODELED BY DUHRING, OKIE AND ZIEGLER.

clean. To these necessities, unless we are musical and need a piano, in which case as far as beauty is concerned we are in a bad way, we can add very little without troubling ourselves, and hindering our work, our thought and our rest."

A frank expression of individuality is always interesting whether in speech, in dress, a house or the furnishing of a room, and such fearless out-picturing of a vigorous man's strong preferences or prejudices must always please the heart and fire the imagination of the beholder, create enthusiasm and inspire desire for an equal expression of honesty.

A home plan is not just the shaping of house walls and grouping of rooms, but the making of those rooms livable and the spot upon which the house stands, beautiful; the work being done, as needs no explanation, in accordance with the owner's preference, the architects being chiefly concerned in understanding and carrying out the client's ideals of beauty and comfort.

People should furnish rooms according to their own ideas of beauty and comfort instead of according to the æsthetic convention of the day. Rooms, like people, would then show a wholesome rough sturdiness, a fine courtly elegance, an austere simplicity, or a fresh, open outdoor breeziness. Through devotion to art the professional interior decorator is apt to discourage the expression of unpolished individuality in favor of faultlessly artistic draperies and color schemes, but what normal-minded person would wish to live in a room, perfect though it be from an æsthetic standpoint, furnished according to some one else's idea? It would be impossible for an honest person to feel at home in such a place.

We now see signs of a return to the simple, early American enjoyment of home life. All through the

country new houses are springing up or old ones are being remodeled that are reviving the spirit of old Colonial days. We are treasuring the things that we had erstwhile scorned. Some of the houses are fashioned after the best of the old homes, not only in form of the exteriors, but in arrangement and in furnishings within and all New England has been diligently searched for old furniture that the full flavor of the romantic past might be had in the new houses.

Could any place be more perfectly in keeping with an old homestead in the rich farm country about Philadelphia than the porch room we illustrate? The lovely painted farmhouse chairs about the round deal table, the fine old fireplace with its swinging crane, rush broom in the corner conveniently ready should blowing ashes need to be whisked back from the hearth, the old mantel clock, and lanterns handy in case one wanted to walk down the long dark lane for a neighborly chat some night when the moon was not shining, the rag rugs and slat curtains are all reminiscent of the good old affluent days of farm importance, dignity and comfort.

Messrs. Mellor and Meigs, Philadelphia architects, have designed for Dr. Francis H. Murray, South Ashfield, Massachusetts, a wonderful, great rambling Colonial house, the simple, pure, true beauty of which may be guessed at by a glance at one of the illustrations of this article.

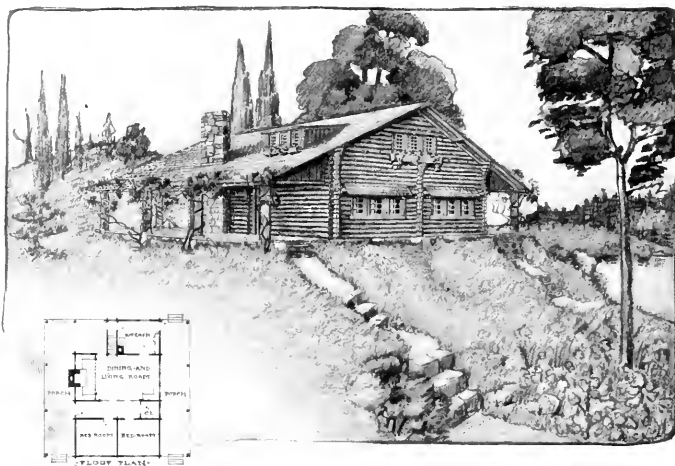
National pride should prompt us to preserve a simple sturdy American home atmosphere in every way possible. The photographs which accompany this article show that the modern home makers and architects can create rooms as simple and charming as those of the past that we will always hold in reverence.



FIREPLACE IN A GREAT RAMBLING HOUSE, DESIGNED BY MELLOR AND MEIGS OF PHILADELPHIA

POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

“WHERE can I see Craftsman house designs?” In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month four Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request.



No. 48: CRAFTSMAN LOG COTTAGE FOR SUMMER CAMP OR PERMANENT COUNTRY HOME

THE Craftsman log house offered this month, was, of course, designed primarily to be built for a summer home in the woods or mountains by those who are fortunate enough to spend a good part of their time in the open. It would however be equally desirable for a permanent home in any country place which might retain enough of its original wildwood look to be in harmony with a log house. All sorts of traditions and memories are associated with the log house and there is hardly a man or woman who enjoys life in the woods or mountains, who would not like to own one.

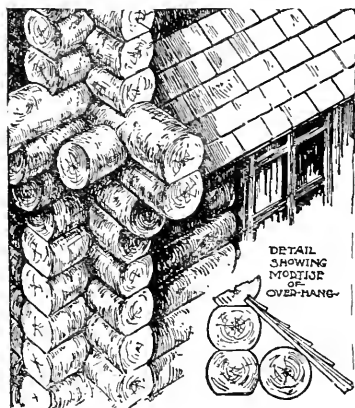
The lines of the house we illustrate are simple to the last degree and in its proportions and construction it is free from pretence. It is essentially a log house out in the woods and it looks just that. It is a warm, comfortable and roomy building, perfectly ventilated and drained and so constructed that it ought to last for many generations. The foundation of stone is concealed by terracing the soil to the top of it and the first log of the walls rests directly upon this foundation. The broad, shallow-pitched, wide-eaved roof spreads out like sheltering wings.

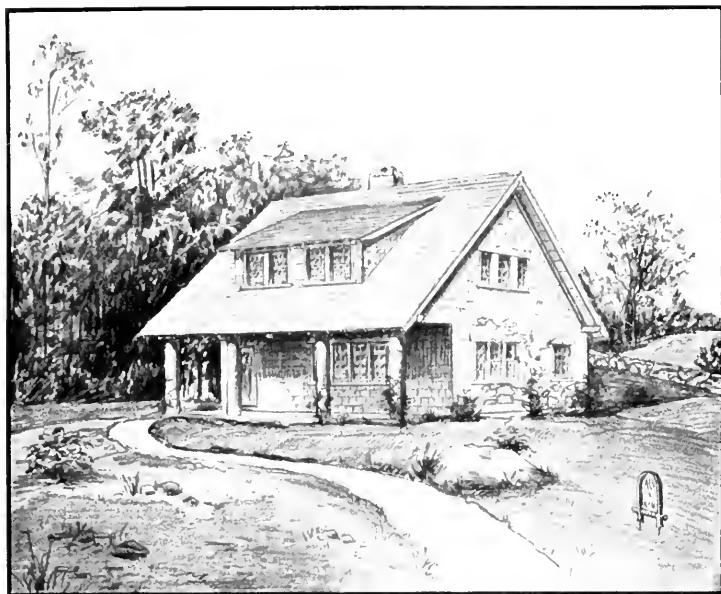
The house is built entirely of round logs from which the bark has been stripped and a dull brown stain has been applied. This treatment prevents rotting. The logs are from trees of second growth, obtainable almost anywhere and are from nine to twelve inches in diameter.

One end of the porch at the front of the house is

recessed to form a square dining-room which opens into the kitchen and big room.

The whole upper story is left at the disposal of the owner to arrange as he pleases. If intended for a permanent home, it can be divided into bedrooms and a bath, but for camp life in the woods a large single room may be left where things can be stored and cots put up, or hammocks slung. The expense of furnishing this bungalow would be somewhat reduced by providing built-in fireside seats in the living-room, having hinged tops which would give extra storage space.





SIX-ROOM CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE OF SHINGLES: NUMBER 86.

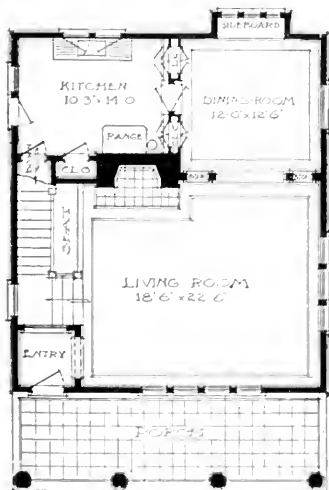
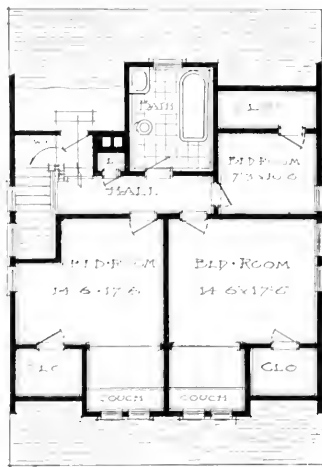
POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

IN planning this cottage the idea was to get a simple and inexpensive home for a small family. At the same time we wished to make the floor plan as roomy as the limited space would allow, with an open fireplace and built-in fittings, and in order to minimize the work and save the steps of the housewife—who would probably keep no maid—we have used as few partitions as possible.

The cottage is shown set close to the ground on a cement foundation, with no cellar windows visible; but in case the owner wishes a cellar, we include

among the working drawings a cellar plan showing an excavation beneath the rooms but not beneath the porch. In order to keep the layout of the cottage very simple and leave the first floor plan as open and roomy as possible, we have provided no hall, but only a small entry whose divisions are suggested rather than defined by the bottom of the staircase and its rail. In the working drawings we have indicated a coat closet in this entry against the left wall.

Upstairs are two good bedrooms and bath and as there is no attic, plenty of closets have been provided.

FIRST
FLOOR
PLANSECOND
FLOOR
PLAN

MODERN AMERICAN POTTERY

VASES, jars, candlesticks and lamps should be to a room what flowers are to a forest. One could not bear to live in a room with golden walls, cerulean ceilings, purple rugs, for such colors are all too positive when displayed in great, flat spaces. Colors are meant to complete a climax, to perfect a design.



Rooms should be rather monotone, like the forests, and brightness, color, gayety and charm be brought into it through the ornaments, as the forest is made to sparkle with flowers of the grass, blossoms on the trees, with butterflies and birds. The ancient Chinese had so perfected the art of pottery making that a simple bowl brought into the most ordinary room would endow that room with wonder, as though some distinguished personage had entered. Our modern pottery makers have not the leisure of the old Chinese to devote a lifetime to the making of a single vase. They are not, as a rule, descended through a long line of potters, but they are giving to us exactly what our rooms most need, that is a bright, cheerful flash of color in a form often graceful as a flower itself.

In choosing the vases for a room, their effect as the climax to the decorative scheme must be borne in mind, and fortunately our potters have given us almost every color possible to desire. But a short while ago it was difficult to get good purple tones, but now all moods of purple, from deepest pansy to lightest amethyst, velvety wistarias, plums, dahlias and palest lavenders, may be obtained. Blues run through an even wider scale of tones, monotonous, half-tones, etc., azure, gentian, Chinese, Egyptian and deepest midnight blue in plain mat glazes or mottled and streaked like old Flambé. From gold has sprung orange, burnt orange, copper, flame, topaz and a myriad of other shades.

The modern housewife, determined to have some suggestions of the outdoor life in her winter home, has learned to go to the seashore and to the fields for grey or scarlet berries. She has found out that



willow wands, bay-berries, even a beautiful twist of briar arranged in any one of the twig vases we are illustrating has an unexplainable power to remind one of the pleasant ways of summer.

Another delightful knowledge that the modern housewife has gained is the growing of all sorts of winter roots in flat vases. The common horse-radish, carrot, iris roots cut in half, placed upon a few pebbles in a shallow dish of water and set away in a dark closet until the roots have reached out for the water, will bring forth beautiful foliage, delicate memories of their vigorous summer foliage.

It would seem impossible that any new form could

be added by modern potters to those which have been turned under the modeling fingers of the masters from the beginning of this wonderful art. Yet every age and every people has a different need and from this need arise fresh forms.

Again, every nation and age has a new demand for color. The Americans, just at present, are showing a fondness for color never before known in the history of our country. The most Puritanical of us respond to the rich color of an old Egyptian blue, the mystic Chinese red, or livid gold of Persia. Our workers in clay are not only almost able to reproduce the wonderful colors of the old potters, but are adding new tones of their own. We are rich in clay deposits from which pottery of every degree can be made. We also are rich in minerals that produce marvelous glazes. Our inventiveness has taught us processes of firing through which new glazes are being constantly developed. The photographs that we are showing with this article are all work of modern American potters. Each vase has been separately thrown upon a wheel by an artist, who, though endeavoring to get a certain amount of uniformity, nevertheless permits the variety that makes for interest to appear in each piece. No two vases are exactly alike although formed from the same model. A little variation in the breadth or form of bowl gives just the note of character desirable. Thus they are free from the ignominy of machine made things.



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For prompt assistance address THE ART WORLD AND CRAFTSMAN SERVICE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

SEVEN-ROOM CEMENT COTTAGE

THE cement cottage shown is intended for a village or suburban street, and would do for a family of three or four people who wanted to build a simple, inexpensive little home.

PORCHES

There is a small recess porch at the front entrance sheltered by the second story, and similar porches are provided in the corners at the back of the cottage, opening from dining-room and kitchen. These porches are not large, but as the family will be small they may suffice. If not, the plan might be rearranged to provide a larger porch either at the front entrance or off the dining-room.

For the floors of these porches cement might be used, unless a note of warmth and variety is preferred in the form of brick.

DOORS AND WINDOWS

In the working drawings of the

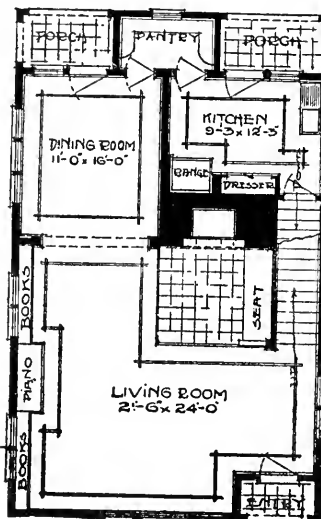
cottage we have indicated glass doors at the front entrance and between the dining-room and back porch, and a wood door with small panes across the top between the other porch and the kitchen.

Casement windows are shown throughout, for they are most in keeping with cottage construction, and we would suggest that small panes be used, for these will prevent monotony in the plain cement walls. The only exception is in the front group of the living-room, where we have shown a stationary picture pane in the center with a casement on each side and transoms above. This arrangement gives a certain decorative interest to the front of the building, and allows an unbroken view through the central window.

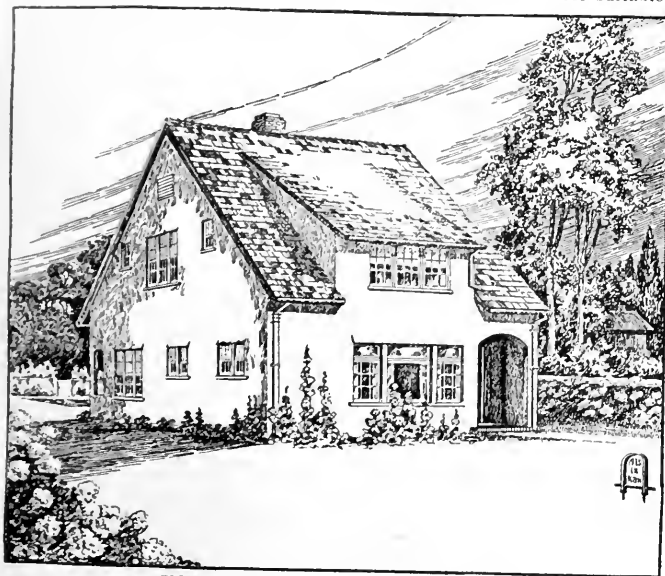
In the perspective view it will be noticed that we have sprung out the cement wall about those windows which are not sheltered by the roof.

WALLS

Cement seems the most suitable



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CEMENT COTTAGE



ELEVATION OF THE SEVEN-ROOM CEMENT COTTAGE

material for this cottage, for it is comparatively small and the simplicity of plain walls will give the building an air of greater size and dignity than would be afforded by shingles or clapboards. Hollow wall concrete might be used, or stucco on metal lath or hollow tile. The fronts and sides of the dormers would look best of the same material as the main walls.

For the roof we would suggest shingles, as they are especially in keeping with a small dwelling of this sort; but if the roofs of the neighboring houses happened to be slate, it might be well to use this for the sake of harmony.

LIVING-ROOM

In spite of the limited size of the cottage, we have managed to provide a large living room that will prove light and cheerful, owing to the window groups on the front and sides and the wide openings into the dining-room at the rear.

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NINE-ROOM BRICK HOUSE

THIS nine-room brick house would be large enough for a family of five or six and a maid. While the house could, of course, be built in the country, it is especially suitable in design and materials for a suburban or village street where the neighboring houses are of brick or cement and not more than two stories high.

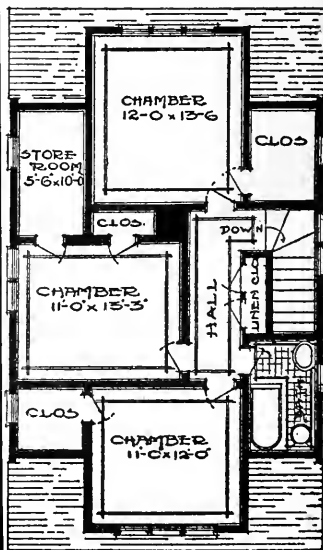
The most favorable exposure would be facing south, as this would give the dining-room the morning and midday sunshine, while the living-room would be sunny during the middle and latter part of the day. If the lot happened to face north, the plans could simply be reversed to give the desired exposures.

The house is 40 feet wide and 44 feet 6 inches deep.

WALLS

We have shown the walls laid up in Flemish bond, varied only by soldier courses above the foundation, across the gables and above the windows, and porch openings, and header courses for the window sills and along the tops of the porch parapets. If preferred, of course, shingles or vertical boards might be used in the gables instead of brick. In fact, the entire design could be carried out in shingles or in cement; but it seems to us best adapted to the particular kind of brick construction which we have shown here.

(Continued on page xvii)



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CEMENT COTTAGE



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THE NINE-ROOM BRICK HOUSE

PORCHES

The construction of the front and rear porches is very similar, each being recessed and sheltered by the floor above, supported on columns of brick. As these columns rest on a brick parapet, the openings could easily be fitted with screens during the summer and windows during the winter. This would allow the rear porch to be used as a little outdoor kitchen, while the front porch could be converted into a sunroom during the winter, if the house was built facing south.

We would suggest that the porch floors be of cement and that header courses of brick be used for the risers of the steps and at the top of the field-stone posts on each side. Potted plants might be set on these posts and flower-boxes might also be used along the top of the porch parapets if there were no screens or sash in the openings.

DOORS AND WINDOWS

In the working drawings of this we have shown a glass door at the front entrance, but if the owner preferred this could be made solid for the sake of privacy, as the entry would get plenty of light from the rooms on each side. The door between the kitchen and porch might be made with glass in the upper portion, as there are no windows on this side.

We have shown casement windows throughout so as to give a decorative touch to the rather plain brick walls, but double-hung windows could, of course, be used if the house were built where strong winds prevailed or where the winters were severe.

DINING-ROOM

As this house is planned for a good-sized family, we have made the dining-room fairly large—14 feet 6 inches by 18 feet 3 inches. The groups of three casement windows in the front and side will make the room light and cheerful, and there is plenty of room for a sideboard and china-closet against the walls.

(Continued on page xviii)



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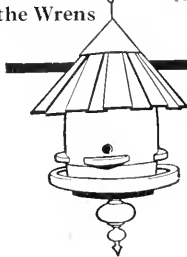
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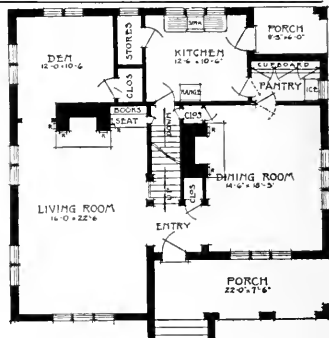
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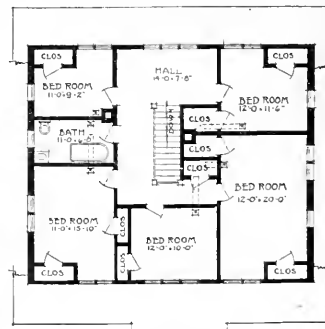
FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF NINE-ROOM
BRICK HOUSE

It will be noticed that on the right of the dining-room chimneypiece there is a closet which is accessible both from the room and from the top of the cellar stairs. This closet, like the seat in the living-room, is intended as a storage place for fuel for the fireplace.

LIVING-ROOM

This room is 22½ feet long and 16 feet wide and is lighted by a group of three windows in the front and two double windows in the left wall. There is plenty of wall space left, however, for bookcase, desk, and piano, and the latter would probably be placed either against the staircase partition or against the wall of the porch.

The center of interest is naturally the fireplace, on the right of which we have indicated a built-in seat with bookshelves above. A detail drawing of this construction is included in the working plans. This seat is made with a hinged lid so that wood for the fire can be kept there, and the wood can be put into the seat through a low opening in the partition at the top of the cellar stairs, as indicated on the plan. This will be found particularly convenient, as it saves carrying the wood through the rooms.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF NINE-ROOM
BRICK HOUSE

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BY ALGONQUIN

AMOR CARITAS

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE



VOLUME I

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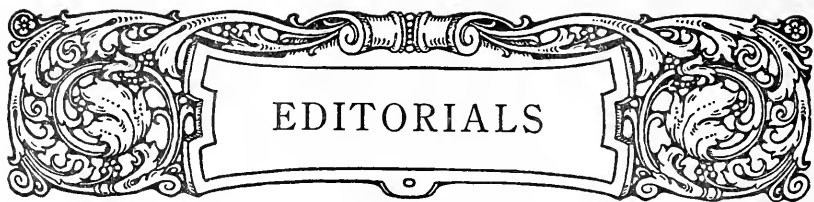
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WHY THE DEFORMATION OF THE FORM IN PUBLIC MONUMENTS IS A SOCIAL MENACE

See page 297

IN the December issue a picture by Cézanne was attacked. This was done not because of its color, since color may be regarded as secondary in importance in any picture, however desirable it may be as an added beauty to a finely composed line—to pattern and faultless drawing and expression. We attacked it because of its brazen *De-formation of the Form*.

Whereupon the Boston *Transcript* of December 18th said: "Such aberrations (as Cézanne's works) are taken altogether too seriously by the majority of critics, who are afraid of being out of the fashion."

Now a fashion is something that is not permanent and is but a passing fad. Therefore we do not mind how much cubistic nonsense and Cézannistic deformation is used in such art-dodgers as are frankly nothing but caricatures or are used in commerce or in the comics of the day. Or when Weber and Fields, dressed up in cubistic clothing, one as a beer barrel and the other as a bean-pole, make us split our sides with fat laughter, why not? so long as it is clean, clever and heaven-blessed nonsense?

But when a cubistic picture or a Cézannistic deformation of form is admitted into the great world exhibitions of the Paris Salon or our Metropolitan Museum and lauded as deserving of as much respectful consideration, even of veneration, as sublime works of art, is it not time to take them more seriously and say, and definitely state why, such examples of the deformation of the forms of nature are a social menace?

If we hope to preserve our democracy and help it along towards a higher perfection and prevent ourselves from sliding backwards towards slavery, we must above all be loyal to the laws of Nature.

"Truth" I cried "though the Heavens crush me in following her. No falsehood, though a celestial lubberland be the price of apostasy!" said Carlyle. "But what truth?" cries the cynical pragmatist.

First of all the truth of material fact, about which there can be no quarrel. Such truths are few, but they are fundamental—witness that twice two makes four, and three and two do not make nine.

Then there are such spiritual truths as are supported by fact and this applies to art in a direct manner:

Whether we believe in the anthropomorphic god of the Jews, the Mohammedans or the Hindoos, or in the Force *bask* of the phenomena of nature preconized by Spencer, Tyndal and Huxley, we are compelled to recognize the operation of a Cosmic Urge or Volition. This Cosmic Urge is ever busy—indicating to us the path we should follow. And, so

long as we follow these indications, we walk in safety toward our ordained goal; when we ignore them, through rebellion or stupidity, we fall into the pit.

Now the supreme indication that Nature gives us is—that she is eternally striving to *perfect the type* of every kind of thing she had created. Solomon sensed this and therefore said: "He has made all things beautiful in His time."

Nature is always beautiful and never wrong—but *only then when her handiwork is perfect*, and she is never right and her handiwork is always ugly when her work is imperfect, be the cause what it may. Who determines that perfection? Nature herself. How? By so fashioning us that only the perfect types of beauty can move our souls universally.

Now we see types of perfect beauty persistently followed in all art from the days of the Parthenon down. Most of them were established in that apogee of Greek Culture from B. C. 600 to B. C. 400. During that epoch the most rational social structure the world ever saw was organized, and the bodies of both men and women, under those free conditions, reached a perfection of form such as the Creator could applaud.

The Olympian, Isthmian and other games and the philosophy of life based on *mēden agnō*—"nothing in excess"—were contributing causes. Hence the Greek artists fixed in marble, terra-cotta and bronze types showing such perfectly beautiful heads, arms, torsos, legs and feet, that Plato affirmed, they were merely copies of perfect types seen by the artists in a previous existence in Heaven. Those types dominated every art epoch down to about 1860, when the "modernistic art party" rebelled against the intuitions of mankind and the fiat of the Creator: "Seek ye the beautiful, even as I seek it!"

And it came to pass that they said: "The search for the beautiful is an antique fad. The artist should not seek beauty, but the expression of character in a personal technique." Thus they became rebels against both nature and the finest instincts implanted in the soul of mankind.

Now we know that there have been throughout history "*streams of tendency*," and that when a snowball begins to roll down hill it becomes larger and larger and more menacing, unless checked. Thus the initial negation of the beautiful grew and grew until it became a "stream of tendency" in the world of art. Finally Rodin the French sculptor sent forth the slogan: "Nature is always beautiful!" thus flying in the face of the fact that Nature, *when imperfect*, is often very ugly and repellent. Not satisfied with this he coined another slogan: "*The*

deformation of the true in view of the reinforcement of expression" (Camille Maclair in "La Plume," 1900, page 22). "Rodin knew how to violate the truth" (Léon Rictor in "La Plume," 1900, page 78). "I then set myself the task of finding a method of logical exaggeration" (O. de Kozmutza in Burr McIntosh's Magazine).

What was the effect of this upon Rodin's work? In 1864 he sent to the Paris Salon his "Man with the Broken Nose," in an epoch when men still insisted upon seeking the perfect and beautiful in form and on avoiding the ugly. [See figure 1, page 297.] It was rejected. Why not? In the first place in its technique it looks like a crass imitation of the antique and could easily be mistaken for an antique find; and then it violates the fundamental law that always has governed the world of art: "Flee the ugly!" That the finger-workmanship was extremely clever was admitted.

An examination of the head of Puvis de Chavanne [see figure 2, page 297] shows that as a mere finger-workman, as a mere modeler, Rodin has had some equals but no superiors. No one ever did any modeling with more marvelous finesse than what we see in the forms of the face of that bust, though the slurring of the drapery is childish.

But modeling is not art. It is mere skill—only a part of art. And skilful workmanship of any kind, devoid of beauty of design, thought and spirit is devoid of lasting value. Therefore millions have asked why Rodin did not use his great talent to some real purpose and produce some grand, even sublime works.

While finger-workmanship in skilfully copying a deformed face in a classic technique is art, of course, it is a kind of art that is by mankind felt to be subversive of the fundamental reason for there being any art at all, which, at that epoch, 1864, meant the creating according to Aristotle or the imitating according to Plato of perfect forms.

To what extent an artist shall be allowed to depart from nature and deform the perfect forms of the Creator before he becomes a social menace has become a very pertinent question.

Before Rodin, all artists indulged in *modification* of the form. Lessing in his "Laocoon" gives us a fine essay on this matter; but no great artist ever went beyond modest *accentuation* of the form. Even Michelangelo did not *exaggerate*. The first man who dared to *deform* the form was Bandinelli, Michelangelo's rival, in his "Hercules and Cacus" in the Piazza at Florence. But it has worked as a cumulative condemnation of Bandinelli. It was lampooned when unveiled, called a "sack of melons," etc., almost raised a row, and is ridiculed to-day. It is kept in place simply as an historical curiosity and warning.

Rodin was the first modern man to go from *modification* to *accentuation* and from *accentuation* to *exaggeration* and finally end in the morass of *deformation of the form*!

And for what purpose? To produce the beautiful? Evidently not. Then why? No one knows! Bouyer wrote: "It is the affirmation of the contemporary ME." . . . "The romanticism of Stendhal had foreseen this crisis in plastic art which would seek to go 'beyond' the antique, or at least to create life through form in a *totally different manner*."

That is to say, the fundamental motive of Rodin—according to most of the critics who wrote him into celebrity—was not to create the beautiful but to be more expressive than the Greeks—by departing from the forms of nature. It was a profound mistake, as time will prove.

The epoch between 1860 and 1870 was the culmination of the entirely egotistic romantic movement, ending in a feverish ego-mania which bred artists who were only bent on "the affirmation of the me," *my* style, not your style, not everybody's style, not the grand universal style of the Greeks and Italians.

Now, of course, every work of art should have style, which means a *departure from nature*. For, as Goethe truthfully said: "Art is called art, principally because it is not nature." But Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, said: "Hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature." That is—since a mirror never reflects *exactly* that which it does reflect, we should not strive to mechanically copy nature but depart from it; but, as we value our soul, *not to depart too far*, if we wish normal mankind not to punish us by sending our work to oblivion. All art-practice, all art-history, and the instincts of the human soul, even the fiat of heaven is: Do not slavishly follow nature in art, but do not *degrade it* into repellent ugliness by tortuously deforming the beauty of the forms so painfully realized by the Cosmic Urge.

Consciously or unconsciously Rodin violated this command.

Rebuffed at the Salon of 1864 with his ugly "Man with the Broken Nose" he came again in 1877 with his beautiful "Age of Bronze" which will live, though according to report he now calls it "cold." It was received by the Jury, but by one fool jurymen called a "cast from nature"! This served the modernistic party as a pretext for raising a bedlam row and brought Rodin into prominence and the favor of M. Turquet, then Under-Secretary-of-State for Fine Arts, and soon after brought him commissions galore, in the procuring of which he was aided by all the other rebellious artists who clamored for "liberty in art!" Then, no doubt because he felt secure at last after years of poverty and drudgery for others, which may account for his abnormal æsthetic philosophy, he began in reality his practice of the deformation of the form.

First came his ugly statue of "Saint John" [see figure 3, page 297], an almost literal copy of the deformed body of a degenerate type of peasant from Calabria who worked as a model in Paris. On this clumsy body with gnarled and deformed feet Rodin put an ideal head utterly out of harmony with the body and called it, apparently as an afterthought, "Saint John." It was laughed at by the majority of the public and artists, but bought by Turquet for the Luxembourg Museum.

Now, had Rodin confined himself to deforming the form in his ideal sculpture only, no one would have ever done more than laugh at him and he would not now be such an over-advertised man. But he carried his deformation theory into public monumental sculpture also. What was the result? According to his eulogists, in every case where he erected a public monument a fierce civic quarrel resulted, and one wonders how it was possible for him to obtain the commissions he did obtain.

First came his "Claude le Lorrain" erected in 1892. It shows a miserable little shrimp of a man with zigzag legs and a head too big, utterly silly as an interpretation of the genius of the greatest landscape painter the world ever saw. It raised so much opposition that it divided the city of Nancy into opposite parties. "Dissatisfaction spread to the local authorities, who talked of nothing less than displacing the monument" as we get the report from Lawton, one of Rodin's eulogizers. Then came the "Burgesses of Calais," made to express and record the suffering of the eminent citizens when they surrendered to Edward III, a group that utterly defeats itself by the ugly deformation of the forms in every one of the six figures composing that unfortunate monument.

How many men—gone daft with the silly idea that "personal style" is everything in art—have been allured to call this group "strong," when it is only brutal? [See figure 4, page 297.] Note the coarse and over-deformed hands and key; note the enormous feet which are no longer human in their gnarled and bestial deformity; note that the whole man looks more like a cave-man with a Neanderthal skull, instead of a leading citizen of Calais.

The result is that while modest *accentuation* would have aided Rodin's hope of moving men, his excessive over-deformation immediately arouses their questioning wonder and rebellion and his noble purpose—of stirring human emotion—if he had that purpose—is defeated by the brutality which results from forcing the note of a theory of æsthetic philosophy which is wrong.

What took place in Calais when this creation was set up? We are told that the citizens split and quarreled so mightily that civil strife was feared. And to-day there are still many who regard the erection of this work as a calamity, to such an extent does it *divide the people*—instead of uniting it. Instead of peace, joy and glory following the erection of this group, they have had quarrel, anger and shame.

When the "Sarmiento" monument was erected at Buenos Ayres in 1899 the same thing happened. And it was bound to happen. The whole statue of the man, in conception and composition, is so over-exaggerated that it is exasperating, as a portrait, however much it may please those who hunger for extreme stylization of form. It occasioned great rage in the city, divided the people, the majority of whom ridiculed it, but were prevented by force from pulling it down.

Finally he came out with his latest specimen of the "deformation of the form" in his Balzac [see figure 6, page 298]. Max Nordau said in his "Art and Artists" as to this statue:

"Rodin has overstepped, in his Balzac Memorial, which he first exhibited in 1898, the very extensive limits within which his silly aberrations might have been borne. Master Shallow, who tolerates much, could not tolerate this work, and broke down under its crushing exaction. When the public saw this provocative monstrosity it broke out into that uncontrollable laughter whereby the outraged intelligence of mankind revenges itself with primitive force for restraints that it has long suffered in silence. In the face of this result the Committee of the French Union of Authors, which had commissioned the Balzac memorial, resolved unani-

mously to decline it. In vain the Condottieri, who had usurped supremacy in art criticism by the most unscrupulous methods of conspiracy, violence and oppression, made desperate efforts to maintain themselves. They were powerless against the armed rising of sensible people who had at last come to themselves. Their tyranny was vanquished and they were swept away. They might still talk all sorts of twaddle about the stupidity of the masses, and, in impotent rage, hiss at the victors the well-known shibboleths "Philistine," "Provincial," etc.; but this final, faint-hearted nagging sank unheard in the unanimous cry of scorn from public opinion. . . .

"Rodin worked at this wretched piece of work for ten whole years. First he read all Balzac's works; then he made a journey to Touraine and spent months there, so as to absorb the human environment from which Balzac took so many of his models and to become permeated with the feelings and impressions with which Balzac may have satiated himself when composing—all this to make a human figure which was to be the likeness of a man whom many people now living have known in the flesh. After these preliminary studies Rodin finally proceeded to form his Balzac. His head was to be 'a synthesis of his works,' his physiognomy was to be summed up 'in an eye that looks on the *Comédie Humaine*, and in an upper lip that is curled in contempt for humanity.' So said Rodin himself in several interviews which were published at the time when his statue was exhibited. He was then merely repeating what the twaddlers of Montmartre had chattered to him. It would be easy to make jests about this inflammation of the brain, but it is not worth even cheap raillery. It is quite enough to establish, soberly and drily, that Rodin, like a child or an idiot, aimed at something impossible. Sculpture cannot furnish any 'synthesis of Balzac's works.' Nature herself cannot, in the sense that Balzac himself, when he was alive, did not synthesize his works, in his externals, in his physiognomy. He had perhaps the head of a man of mark, but there was assuredly nothing in his face to show that he had written the 'Physiology of Marriage,' and not written 'La Chartreuse de Parme' (Stendhal). Rodin imagined that a portrait-statue could quite alone, merely by its own means, supply the place of a biography and a psychological and literary characterization of the person represented. This patent lunacy was necessarily bound to end, as it has ended, in a mad caricature."

We give an illustration of Balzac himself on page 298, figure 5, and a photograph of the Balzac statue in figure 2. The reader will see that the form has been so deformed that it no longer has any semblance to a human being. It is in fact so monstrous that it is fascinating. It demonstrates the fascination of monstrosities. We doubt if Rodin has ever become conscious of the enormity of his mistake in trying to express the entire *Comédie Humaine* in one statue. Perhaps, since his friend Henri Rochefort said to him that it could not be done, he may be beginning to change his mind.

Thus we see that in every case deformation of the form has brought on a large or small civil strife in every country where a public monument by Rodin has been allowed to be erected.

Now all social division is a social menace. But

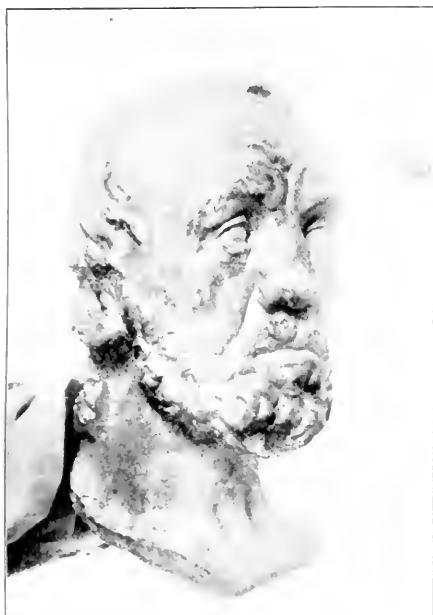


FIG. 1. MAN WITH THE BROKEN NOSE
A Deformed Face

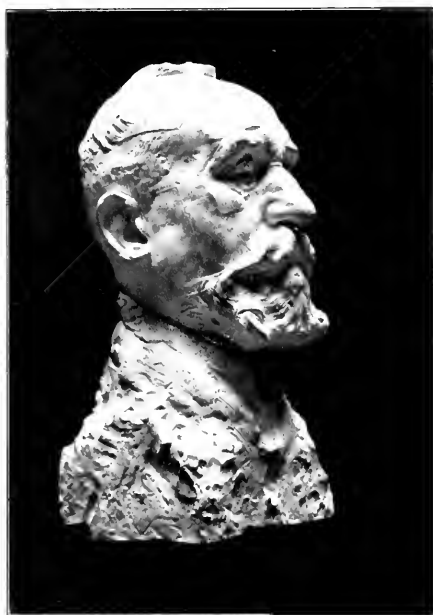


FIG. 2. FINE BUST OF PUVION DE CHAVANNES
An Example of Skilful Modelling



FIG. 3. SAINT JOHN
With a Deformed Body and Feet



FIG. 4. THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS
Deformed Hands and Feet

EXAMPLES OF DEFORMATION BY RODIN



FIG. 5. PORTRAIT OF H. DE BALZAC



FIG. 6. DEFORMED STATUE OF BALZAC BY RODIN



FIG. 7. VENUS BY VAN DONGEN
An Example of Deformation



FIG. 8. "FAMILY LIFE" BY ARCHIPENKO
A Specimen of Deformation

THE PROGRESSIVE DEFORMATION OF THE FORM SINCE RODIN BEGAN THE PRACTICE

when this division is on so basic a matter as a public monument, it becomes a disheartening division. Why? Because in a public monument the public does not want, and it should not want, the expression of theories of art personal to any artist—theories more or less esoteric and incomprehensible. What the public wants and should want is the expression, by the help of the artist, of its own sentiments and aspirations. And the greatest artist is he who expresses, not himself, but humanity, not his artistic whims but that which humanity wishes to have expressed for itself—because it cannot express it except through the medium of its gifted artists, whom for that very purpose it willingly supports. But then, it wishes to have its ideals expressed in forms of beauty, such as will surely express and stir its emotions, so that individually and collectively it can contemplate itself in the spiritual mirror held up by the artist, in the creation of which it feels its subconscious share. When a monument does that, then alone is it a masterpiece.

In a public statue a sculptor should be as impersonal as possible in the rendering of the form. Public monuments are public avenues of public expression. There is and should be nothing private about them. For it can be proven that deformation of the form brings on deformation of the mind, then deformation of the soul and then deformation of society. That is why it is a social menace. It is certain that there is an intimate connection between the deformation of the feet of Chinese women and the degradation of China.

The idea that it is easier to express human emotion and to stir mankind by a deformation of the form, above all in a public monument, is silly. In practice it can at most amuse the intellect of a few who lean towards the abnormal and then only for a short while, after which the practice will fill even those with ennui. For art means this—to stir human emotion and not to titillate the brain. And to inflict on the patient public what it, by instinct, regards as an atrocity, based on the deformation of form, just to amuse the intellects of a few artistic mandarins in the individualistic corner of the world of art, is to destroy a golden opportunity that might have been used by some artist, in harmony with a normal majority, for creating a real emotion-stirring and socially binding monument.

If a sculptor wishes to howl to the world: "Look at me, I have an individuality different from any ever seen!" let him do it in his private work and then take the consequences—like the Teutonic ward-heeler: "Shentlemens! I vent to a bolitical meetin de oder nite, und I tchompert on a dable, und I said: Shentlemens, I am here! Vell, by chimmeny, in five seconds I vasn't dere; I vas flyin ouwit by der window!"

Royal Cortissoz says in his admirable book "Art and Common-Sense" (Scribner's): "In fact Rodin's career as a spoilt child of fortune makes a story by itself. An article in *Le Temps* not long ago represented him as saying that on a visit that he had made to Rome he was scrupulously left alone by the members of the French diplomatic circle there and the people of the Villa Mediceis (the French art school at Rome) in which neglect he saw an official condemnation of his work. These people represented the upper classes of culture of France and were all opposed to Rodin's philosophy and work."

Cortissoz continues: "However this may be, . . . you positively stumble upon his sculpture in the Luxembourg, there are so many of them in that museum." This represents the triumph of the modernistic art party through the help of certain politicians in the Paris parliament, of which party Rodin has been one of the leaders. This abysmal difference of opinion again represents civic division. And lately Parliament voted to accept Rodin's gift of his remaining plaster casts, etc., but against the solid opposition and vote of the Socialist members.

Now history proves that whenever there has occurred such *fierce division* of opinion about works of art as there has been for twenty years about Rodin's work, time will surely condemn it: witness Bandinelli's sculpture after he had descended to the deformation of the form, through stupidity. Can Rodin's deformation—made, let us hope, only through an error—escape the same fate? Hardly!

A daily increasing number of thinkers are now agreeing with Cortissoz when he says:

"Never was an artist kept more devotedly in the public eye. The sentimentalists have risen *en masse* to declare his fame, and it is perhaps no wonder that he is to-day one of the most fashionable makers of portraits in the world and the object of a cult. Neither is it surprising that he has become a little oracular in his sayings and a little complacent in his work.

"What does it all amount to, and how are we really to regard this man of genius, who is also the hero of a preposterous *réclame*? It is indispensable, at the outset, to lay hold of the fact that the genius is there, or at all events was there when Rodin was in his prime. Nor is there anything at all esoteric or baffling about it. His hierophants, of course, would have it that there is something about him grand, gloomy and peculiar and quite beyond the scope of ordinary canons of appreciation. They are the people who in an earlier generation would have stupefied themselves making guesses at the Correggiosity of Correggio. Now they occupy themselves with the Rodinesquerie of Rodin. Of this it is enough to say that 'there ain't no sich thing.' Rodin is not a mystic, thinking profound thoughts and embodying them in puzzling forms. . . .

"What is it that first wakes a doubt? It is that these large contours in Rodin's art spell not so much style as manner. . . .

"Whither does it all tend? The genius who preserves undimmed an authentic inspiration is constructive while he plays, and produces, one after the other, organic fabrics of design. By those works of his you know him for the great creative artist. The lesser man does not fail us in quantity, nor is he necessarily without a certain passing charm, but he remains inchoate and capricious, and by his works you know him, not for the great creative artist, but for the diffusive, unstable 'temperament.' Rodin began by suggesting that he might, perhaps, range himself in the first category, and there are among his earlier works pieces so fine that it is idle to imagine their ever falling into oblivion. But for years he has been unmistakably the man of the smaller gift, consummate in his exploitation of that gift, but none the less a man on the wrong track. . . .

"Rodin's obvious handicap has been the quality of his mind and imagination. His is a profoundly sen-

suous art, sensuous to the core, and while he has been attacking high erected themes, these have not, on his own confession, really mattered to him; it has been enough for him to caress in his marble or bronze a living form. And all the time he has been betrayed by his immense technical resource. It is a byword among sculptors that Rodin, as a modeler, takes their breath away. His is a fatal facility, if ever an artist had that affliction.

"There is a burning life in Rodin's nudities. But it is a life invoked through mechanical skill and through a very earthy passion, if through passion at all. It is perhaps the most conclusive of all testimonies to the truth of this impression that there is no one above the ruck in modern sculpture who is less haunting than Rodin. We observe his work with interest and enjoyment, but it leaves no mark.

"That seems perhaps a risky thing to say of the man who bulks so largely not only in French but in other museums, who has had so many imitators all over the world and has stimulated such a horde of eulogists to unceasing effort. When one has accounted for all the ignorance and sentimentality that have gone to the promotion of the Rodin legend one is still confronted by a body of opinion, among artists as well as among laymen, which is bound to command respect. It is still permissible to believe, however, that Rodin has been vastly overrated, that his great merits lie within clearly defined and, on the whole, rather narrow boundaries, and that when the imitators and the panegyrists have gone down the wind, they will be accompanied by a considerable number of his works."

That having been the effect upon the works of Rodin, of his mistaken philosophy of the deformation of form, what was the effect on his followers and inevitable imitators, as a result of the "stream of tendency" that his theories and his artificial success engendered? Deformation ever more and more pronounced became the order of the day in the Modernistic Bailiwick in the world of art until, finally, we get to the insane, in a "Venus" by Van Dongen [see figure 7, page 298], which was exhibited in the galleries of various dealers in European cities. Need we make any comment upon that degenerate atrocity? And yet it was lauded as a fine thing by a prominent critic in Paris!

Finally we arrive at the bottomless pit of imbecility in sculpture in the "Familial Life" by Archipenko shown in the International Exhibition held here a few years ago. [See figure 8, page 298.] This also was extolled at the time by a few aberrated fanatics of modernity in art and believers in the deformation of the form. When such things as these are seriously acclaimed as great art by would-be sane critics, is it not time to ask "Whither are we drifting?"

To what extent Rodin has created division of feeling and aroused hate in his own France is shown by the following story: In its issue of July 1st, 1910 the *Gil Blas*, one of the oldest journals of Paris, published one of a series of six articles on "The Parasites of Art!" in which it spoke of Rodin as a "trickster of the public," a "manufacturer of odds and ends," etc.

Within a short time something happened in the business vitals of the *Gil Blas*. For in its issue of September 23d, 1910 appeared an article with flaming headlines announcing that there would be held

in the drawing-room of the *Gil Blas* an exhibition of the sketches and drawings of Rodin! This was written by the same man who wrote the other article. It is a masterpiece of pretending to "eat crow" by apologizing while in reality not doing so. Rodin was plastered over with praise. And on October the 17th, 1910 the exhibition was held in the Salon of the *Gil Blas* and was attended by Dujardin-Beaumetz, then the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts, evidently for the purpose of making the rebuke to the *Gil Blas* thorough, and as a warning to other newspapers not to attack the Hero of the modernistic art party.

Fancy our Commissioner of Education at Washington lending himself to Saint-Gaudens in order to force the *Washington Era* to "eat crow" by attending an exhibition of his drawings and sketches, held in the parlors of that newspaper—because one of its writers had told what he thought to be the truth!

There are those who look upon Rodin's extreme eroticisms as an apotheosis of love; others regard it as crass licentiousness. Some regard his deformation of the form as grand and significant style; others as a brutalization and a violation of the law established by nature, that, in art, man should honor the Creator by respecting the exquisite forms of the human body which He has realized in man—when the type is perfect. And the abyss between these opposing forces will never be bridged.

Knowing the constitution of the human mind and soul as we do, and judged by the experience of the past, we can now safely predict immortality for the following works of Rodin: Busts of Puvis de Chavanne, Madame Vicuna, the sculptor Dalou, the etcher Legros and a few others; the statue of "The Age of Bronze"; the group "Springtime" and the bas relief "Apollo" on the Sarmiento pedestal at Buenos Ayres. These will live in the affections of mankind because they are either natural or distinguished or charming, beside being extremely skilful in their craftsmanship, which is always alluring and, in these cases, has no offensive deformation of the form about them.

All of the remainder of his works will, it is safe to say, never find a place in the hearts of mankind, either because they are ugly or licentious or brutal or because of their individualistic excessivism of one kind or another. Some of them will appeal to some people as a roast pheasant of an excessively gamey taste might appeal, but would repel normal people. But these works will ever be quarreled about to such an extent, that they will gradually weary the majority of even such people as now applaud them because of their individualistic novelty. Because of this they will by degrees be slowly but surely shoved aside more and more, until they are finally either destroyed or forgotten or ignored in some corner of a museum and used there to point the moral—that a false point of view, relentlessly pursued, will inevitably end in oblivion.

The Rodin Noise will never be understood by the American public until it knows that, when in 1877 his statue "The Age of Bronze" was accused by one idiotic jurymen of having been cast in plaster from life—a thing so utterly impossible, as every sane sculptor knows, as to raise a haw-haw at its very mention—the absurd penny-a-line critics of Paris—obsessed with the silly idea that skilful modeling

alone is high art, and ever on the alert to be the first to note the appearance of a new talent so as to proclaim their own astuteness—lost their heads in stamper and became hysterical, all the more since Rodin had once suffered privations as an assistant to others. Sympathy intensified the hysteria. It also blinded them to the fact that skilful modeling is only a part of art. So they slopped over, as is common in Paris, the home of excessivism. And so they put Rodin on a pedestal, no doubt to his own stupefaction, as a new and wonderful revelation, which was to rejuvenate and glorify French sculpture.

The modernistic art party, then crystallizing, quickly made the most of this accusation of the foolish juryman, raised a row against the Jury and the Academy and bawled all the louder for "Liberty in Art!" and for so-called "freedom from academic oppression," which oppression never did exist—except that the academicians obtained all the best commissions which the modernists wanted. So Rodin really became by the very force of events the standard bearer of the modernistic art party.

Later on the boosters of Rodin were hypnotized to make the egregious error of mistaking his "deformation of the form" for a new and a "grand style"; many of them being obsessed by the absurdity that "a work of art lives only by virtue of its style," and they hailed this excessive style as an immensely significant and sublime aberration in the world of art. Rodin, cunning fox that his privations seemed to have made of him, appears to have assumed that pontifical air so becoming to the prophet from the heights of a new æsthetic revelation; he has been accused of having thrown over his acolytes the mystic "kibosh" to intensify their aberration, until they came to regard him as the holy Mohammed of sculpture. How he must laugh now, in his halcyon days of success, and with riches pontifically gathered in, as in his Château at Meudon he reflects over the ease with which uncultured men are stampeded by a false philosophy of any kind, so long as it is promulgated with glittering and cryptic salaams!

The high priests of the Rodin Cult have also talked loudly about the "science of modeling" proclaimed by him. But every sculptor knows there is no such thing. There is absolutely no such mystery about modeling in clay or marble as there is in painting in elusive colors. Every sculptor knows that the surfaces of human forms are made up of small planes dove-tailed into each other by delicate gradations, and that he is the best modeler who has the sharpest eyes and perception to see those planes, and the steadiness of nerves and patience to model them. That is all there is to it.

Moreover Science has no open place in art. If used at all it must be covered up. Because art is not a matter of science, but wholly one of the expression, or the stirring, of human emotion.

The acolytes of Rodin also talk about his using this deep science of modeling for "the intensity of the expression of life." But the public does not care a fig for intensity of expression of life—if the life as expressed is ugly, deformed or vulgar. If the life expressed is not beautiful and ecstaticizing but debased and depressing, as many of Rodin's expressions are—away with them to the art morgue! How all this cryptic talk of the boosters of Rodin about the "science of modeling" smacks of the mystic non-

sense by which that festive charlatan Cagliostro hypnotized Paris a hundred years ago.

When Julio Romano who, also like Rodin, had been an assistant to others—to Raphael—received after the latter's death the commission to decorate the palace at Mantua, he painted a lot of grotesque giants, etc. Many at the time hailed these as great advances in art. Even Michelangelo in his old age praised them to Hollanda of Portugal. Neither Michelangelo nor the rest of the artists of that epoch could see that Romano's works were really part of the beginning of the decadence which marks the death of the Renaissance.

If ever the words of Beaumarchais "We must laugh at it in order not to weep!" can be justly used, it is when we contemplate this sheep-like panic and "bell-wetherism," as Carlyle calls the disposition of the unthinking people to break their necks to rush along with the loudest bawlers who proclaim that this or that and so-and-so is "up to date." The craze to appear bored at everything a few years old is a disease injected into our life by Satan; it has become distinctly prevalent since 1850. It is this excessive, diseased hunger to escape *ennui* which generated Baudelaire and modernistic art and caused the apotheosis of the Rodin novelty.

This apotheosis was largely helped along by women. Women should know above all that erotic suggestiveness in art and vulgarity of form, vulgarized social forms and manners are the greatest dangers, not only to civilization but to their own happiness on earth. In self-defense they should be the first to condemn all licentiousness in art. Yet women not only condoned Rodin's eroticisms but maudlingly proclaimed them as either the pardonable slips of "genius" or a manifestation of the transfiguration of sensuality into spirituality. Others gloated over his suggestive creations because of the subjective erotic satisfactions they derived from them.

When one notices the number of women who prostrate themselves before the erotic altar of Rodin one begins to find it difficult to combat successfully the woman despisers and the terrible indictments of the sex by Weininger. One woman art writer wrote us under December 20th, 1916: "If Rodin has developed his art as no other sculptor since Buonarrotti, if among his masterpieces of beauty and lyric poetry in marble there are some ugly subjects or even obscene drawings, it is simply that the great artist has seen all sides of life, knowing that beauty by itself cannot fill out the whole of any expression of human nature. . . ."

"As to immorality, perversion, excess on the part of modern artists, taking Rodin as their master, let us acknowledge very clearly that here is a vigorous old man in full vigor and in possession of all his faculties, after a life of such hard work and hardships that most other workmen would have succumbed long ago. Not only this, but in his old age this genius is producing work far more spiritual than any by the Academicians.

"Among the 'Moderns' there are some loose livers or moral perverts. But I beg you to take me among any collection of people who are all perfect."

This woman is morally so myopic that she cannot see that, while the public need not concern itself with the private lives of artists, be they moral perverts or saints, it is the absolute right of the public to flagellate every expression, in art, of licentiousness,

vulgarity, deformity and degeneracy. If an artist wishes privately to make his studio a lupanar, that is his affair. But let him not publicly defile the Temple in the World of Art!

What is the lesson of the Rodin romance for us in America? this: that Rodin is the last man on earth

Americans should imitate, above all in any public monument. For as sure as they do, they will engender civic strife and hate. If any sculptor wishes to imitate him in his private work, that is his affair. He will learn, let us hope before it is too late, the truth of Emerson's remark: "Imitation is suicide."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

See page 354

ATTENTION is called to the article on the Library of Congress in this issue, written by a man who is an authority on the subject.

In publishing this article we wish to emphasize two points. First: that General Casey proved to the country that it is possible in America to build

even the greatest public library in the world without graft and within the appropriation; second: that when the American public obtains a building that is truly beautiful and worthy of the nation, it not only will not protest, but will pay the bill with joy.

SAINT-GAUDENS AND HIS WORK

See frontispiece and page 303

IN its endeavor to recall and place in proper consideration the artists of America who are no more, THE ART WORLD this month turns to a sculptor whose loss—and a great loss it was!—is recent, one moreover whose works are familiar from existing monuments, and the influence of whose genius may be traced in the productions of other artists—the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens. For the frontispiece this month Mr. Timothy Cole has engraved on wood the lovely alto-relievo of an angel bearing on uplifted hands a tablet inscribed Love-Charity; while as another example of his work there is given in photogravure the sturdy figure of Deacon Chapin called "The Pilgrim." These two figures represent the two poles of the sculptor's work, loveliness in treating supernatural themes and realism in his handling of portraiture.

The Amor- Caritas is for the embellishment of a tomb, but Saint-Gaudens was too similar to the Greeks in temperament to allow that note of sadness to gain the upper hand which is commonly found among the English-speaking communities. Perhaps his French father and Irish mother made it easy for him to avoid that obtrusion of grief, which is the foible of British art. A sweet seriousness is the expression on the face of this angelic caryatid. The monumental style is carried out by the symmetric sweep of the wings that soften the angles of elbows and panel and finish by sending their curling feathers over the straight line of the inscribed tablet. Grace is added by the gentle inclination of the head which takes off the feeling of possible weight in the tablet, while the descending folds of the garment, the hidden cincture that defines the breasts and the loose garland of flowers about the hips form a charming contrast to the rigidity of the upright and horizontal lines of the niche in which the figure stands. By the long descending lines he avoids the necessity of diminishing unduly the size of the head, a method often employed by sculptors and painters to give distinction to figures. The attention is directed at once to the part that

rules, namely the face, and only after that do we follow the curves of the wings and the easy flow of the descending folds. Here we have a noble example of this artist's mastery in high and low relief which appears in many of his portrait panels; but in the present case there is superadded the suggestion of the monumental.

The Pilgrim is a figure larger than life designed to stand before a niche or wall and to be seen from the front. It is at Springfield, Massachusetts, and embodies the "dour" character of that sect among Protestants whose imagination was stirred more profoundly by the Old than the New Testament—among whom Amor and Caritas had some difficulty in holding their own. The very grasp that Deacon Chapin [if indeed the sculptor meant to immortalize that worthy in his work] lays upon his knotted stick seems to justify the fulminations against sinners and threats of hell-fire and chains from the pulpits of Jonathan Edwards and other thoroughgoing and remorseless ministers of old New England—theocrats as well as pastors, tyrants through their love of God. To his side he presses the oak-bound, metal-studded Bible, his constitution and source of wisdom human and divine. The very pose of his feet expresses the rigidity of his views concerning other forms of Protestantism, of the Scarlet Woman, of backsliders and those wallowers in uncleanness and ignorance the Indians. Near these feet lies a branch from the pine tree, representing in its sharp, determined foliage and fruit, in its unchangeableness under summer's heat and winter's cold, the unbending character of his belief.

But it is the face that tells the story first and foremost, with its massive features, stern eyes and closely pressed lips, its dogged thrust of chin and the shadow thrown by the broadbrim over the brow and eyes. "Here I stand; move me if you can!" Nothing kindly or mellow, genial or humane about this face! Perhaps the Frenchman and Irishman in Saint-Gaudens caused him to accentuate in this work the qualities that are most abhorred by them.



THE PILGRIM
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

See page 302



"OCTOBER"

BY BEN FOSTER

Prize Winner, Exhibition of the National Arts Club

See page 305



THE MARTIN LUTHER JUBILEE MEDAL

BY J. M. SWANSON

See page 313

In strict accord with history it would be better to call this figure "Puritan" than "Pilgrim," for the Pilgrims had been made less exacting through their long settlement in Holland while the Puritans came direct from England where they had been harried and exasperated by their superiors in Church and State.

However we label it, there is no question that it is one of the most telling and expressive statues we have, and does great honor to its sculptor. Even if we lacked his "Nirvana," his Lincoln, Farragut and Sherman, this figure alone would have placed him in the first rank of American artists.

Saint-Gaudens worked as a cameo cutter when a boy, but that left no trace on his work. As a designer of medals, for instance, he had little success. It was on a large scale that his genius had to work. In him there was no tossing-off of work with ease,

nor did he pretend to it. Upright, alert, virile, serious, vivid, nervous and quite capable of fits of furious rage—Saint-Gaudens was a fanatic of the creed of taking pains. Never could he be satisfied with the condition of his work. Alternately a logical, nicely balanced Frenchman and an illogical, red-headed Irishman, he was by turns capable of great delicacy and the reverse. But in the end the measured, thoughtful, balanced work was preferred and the opposite was dashed to pieces with revilings and vigorous blows of the mallet.

The figure, indeed, is much more than a portrait, for it sums up the views of a number of historians concerning the English settlers who first occupied lands North of Cape Cod and then proceeded to overflow eastward, northward and to the south the territory of Indians, Frenchmen and Hollanders.

THE EXHIBITION AT THE ARTS CLUB

See page 304

ABOUT fourscore paintings in the galleries of the National Arts Club, New York, represent some of the recent work of members of the club who are painters. The Arts Club is not and was never intended to be a club composed in the main of artists, although many people fail to catch the distinction between an association of persons who admire art, plus a certain number of artists, and another like the Salmagundi, which was established primarily for artists and only incidentally for laymen. For that reason it is worth noting that the show of the painter members of the club compares very well with that of the Winter Academy.

For some years a member unnamed has been offering a prize of \$1,000 at these exhibitions; this winter the honor fell to Ben Foster for his large landscape "October" which is reproduced on page 304. It is an unpretentious subject, merely a swale among the hills across which in the middle distance runs a bit of country road. Over the low ridge of woodland beyond peeps the white face of the moon in a sky full of light fleecy clouds. To right and left and in the distance are the golden trees of autumn with a dark green mass of pine here and there, while the foreground shows an old half-obliterated wood-road set with feathery, soft tops of weeds gone to seed and now and then the sharp glowing point of a red leaf or berry to lighten the sober garb of the fall. The landscape has a sober richness of color and the feeling not only for autumn but the ups and downs of the terrain. It breathes rural solitude. The values of near and distant underbrush and trees are delicately yet firmly stated and its "atmospheric" quality is notable. Though it does not surpass or perhaps equal some of this painter's work, it deserves the prize.

A townscape by Guy C. Wiggins called "Broadway Blizzard" gives the city pendant to this remote rural note. One feels the slants of snow that whip across the faces of the townsfolk caught in the blizzard. Wiggins makes one feel the wet, tormented air and through it all recognize the features of the town-scene as familiar. Robert Spencer's "Waterloo Place" is full of atmosphere and tone. Among

the figure-pieces one marked "The Daguerreotype" by Charles Bittinger, a late-Victorian lady with black masses of hair, creamy complexion and rich curves who stands with partly averted face to examine something in her hand. It is happy in sentiment. The old Chinese blue vase and three framed pictures on the wall are discreetly subordinated to the figure which is clad in a low-cut green gown trimmed with black. Another, attractive for its easy, almost facile brush-work is Edward Dufner's "Portrait of a Friend"—a smiling, young and comely friend, one observes—in which the painter has attempted two sources of light, the day's from the left, lamplight from the right.

Luis Mora with "Two Brunettes," Ernest Ipsen with "Miss Anna Leach" and Henry W. Parton with "Reflections" appear in good company. In the last we have a young and pretty girl regarding herself in the glass with a somewhat sullen, dissatisfied air. Is this holding the mirror up to nature? The flowered Oriental dressing gown or opera cloak, the commode and glass globe with two tea roses are kept in the background. Albert P. Lucas in his "Windy Night" expresses well the hour and weather by a row of dimly seen trees bowing to the blast, and a solitary woman struggling through the semi-obscure of the highway. He has an unusual color-feeling and the knowledge how to make it visible. Atmospheric effects are produced with a rich impasto. H. L. Hildebrandt has a young brown-haired bather seated in the sunlight. The flesh-tints and shadows of leaves are told with great skill—a charming scene of girls frolicking. Miss Jane Peterson paints a harbor-nook with sailing craft in bold, broad, assured sweeps of the brush, opulent in color. Charles Hawthorne and Ivan Olinsky send figures; Miss Isabel Cohen and Miss Maud M. Mason supply excellent flower pieces, while Malcolm Fraser ventures into the religious, and not without originality. He shows an aged man and woman holding out their hands from the shadows toward a group of Jesus and child standing in brilliant light in the middle distance. It is called "The Shore of the Narrow Sea."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN WINTER EXHIBITION—1916-1917

TO speak at this date of the Winter Academy, which closed last month, would seem, as the French say, like bringing on the mustard after dinner. But to pass it by without a serious notice would savor of contempt for the efforts of our artists. Circumstances prevented a notice of the exhibition in extenso before. As *THE ART WORLD* is a well-wisher of the Academy, what we say here may be accepted by the artists as manifesting a desire to help them.

The exhibition as a whole is mediocre and the Academy's exhibitions always will be so until more great men enter the field of American art, men who have character enough to see that the pursuit of mere so-called "technique" of a personal kind can never result in great art and who will know that only poetic compositions, rendered with consummate craftsmanship, can furnish forth enduring works of art. Until the entire point of view of our artists is changed, until they take the stand that an artist should be an intellectual, moral and social leader instead of merely a clever trifler, exhibitions will be mediocre. A trifling Bohemian will be but a trifling artist; a man without a message can never deliver one; a man without imagination and vision or an occasional exaltation of soul, can never highly emotionalize his fellow-men; hence cannot expect them to highly praise him or rate him above song-and-dance men.

The Academy is also about beginning to sign its own death warrant by hanging on its walls stuff of a pronounced modernistic and futuristic tendency and works more or less morally tainted. If it continues in this path a few years, it will have to shut up shop and hang out a red flag. For when the public becomes ashamed of itself and gets tired—as it surely will—of humoring the insane and immoral futurists and their trash, it will smite them and all those who were weak enough to compromise and to follow them instead of sticking to their colors and upholding the highest traditions of art.

But we can safely say it is the best exhibition the country can produce and therefore deserves the hearty patronage, both as to attendance and purchases on the part of the public. For if our art is no loftier it is largely because our public is, just now, no loftier, does not demand lofty things and tolerates trivial and ephemeral creations so long as they reflect the present national disease—worship of the "flip," the "clever" and the "up to date."

The finest piece of mere *painting* in the exhibition is the late W. M. Chase's "Ready for the Ride." It is no doubt Chase's highest flight as mere painting.

Kenyon Cox's "Tradition" is a powerful piece of line composition, ease of movement and fine drawing and expression. Besides it has beauty of color-scheme, clearness of symbolism and poetic charm. It is impersonal, yet personal. It is and will remain an honor to American art.

Mr. Cox did not waste any time trying to show in how many ways he could ping-pong paint over his canvas, knowing full well that posterity will laugh at the puerile "painter" stunts which now claim the attention of most of the mediocre men

who say that "he is no colorist" because he refuses to bow down to their idol of "brush-work."

In fifty years from now, when the American artist will have come to their senses once again and time will have given to Cox's picture a mellowing patina, it will be heralded as one of the finest creations of this epoch. It goes to the Cleveland Art Museum, a loss to New York.

Douglas Volk's "Miss Gilbert" is a solidly painted poem in green and rose. It will endure.

Ballard Williams' "Sylvan Fantasy" comes near being the best one of his decorative pictures, recalling Watteau's style, and full of poetic charm.

Gardner Symons' "Below Flows the River" is an astonishing performance, almost photographic in its realism. But when will Mr. Simons turn from the powerful rendering of commonplace compositions or subjects and turn to poetry and do more than merely astonish us? When will he charm us? We admit he has become powerful—when will he become adorable?

Of Bolton Jones's "Spring Morning" the same may be said. When will Mr. Jones allow his soul to dominate his intellect and give us a little more of the suggestive mystery of nature in addition to a truthful map of her face—in fine, more idealism and less realism?

Howard Russel Butler's "Maine Cliffs by Moonlight" (Carnegie prize winner) is good, but not quite moonlighty enough.

Van Boskerck's "The Saugatucket River" is an unusually good specimen of his manner and charming in spite of his manner.

William R. Leigh's "The Narrowing Circle" is an astonishingly well drawn and dramatic frontier battle scene.

Henry B. Snell's "Morning Sunshine" is good, because he can't do a bad thing. But he has done better work.

W. T. Smedley's "A Child and a Ray of Sun" is a handsome performance.

William Wendt's "Vandalism" is far below his best work, and our disappointment is measured by the splendor of some of his past achievements.

Maurice Molarsky's "Girl in White" is as clever as Boldini's work and less extravagant. But there is a shrieking spot of white on the right cheek of his girl.

H. W. Watrous's "Lead Us Not into Temptation" is almost masterly. A little hard but very well drawn. It is original in composition and very refined and distinguished in spirit. It will live.

Mrs. E. N. Watrous's "Cinderella's Dream" is good, but she did not make the most of her subject.

Colin Campbell Cooper's "The Temple of Art, San Francisco Exhibition," is a symphony in blue and gold and one of his finest creations.

William H. Howe's "Early Start to Market" is one of the best of his cattle pieces that he has done for some time.

Daniel Garber's "Vine Clad Trees" is a decorative work and very charming.

Irving Couse's "A Vision of the Past" (Altman

\$500 prize) is the most ambitious thing in the exhibition by one of the younger men. The subject is a splendid one, but is not as finely conceived as it might be. The chief Indian, in the foreground, is too young to convince us that he was part of the historic past—suggested in the clouds in the background—an idea borrowed from Detaille's "Bivouac." He also looks too much like one having his picture taken, or at least as not at all engaged in reflecting over the past. Had Couse chosen a type like old powerful Chief Joseph, in the attitude of resting his jaw on his fist in deep reflection, with a wistful look in his eyes, his work would be far more impressive. While the work is well composed it does not strike a high note of poetic expression. It is fine, but not as fine as it might be made. We wish Couse would repaint his main Indian. Nevertheless it is a very dignified effort.

Lawton Parker's "Paresse" (Altman \$1,000 prize), is beautiful in line and color-composition and is very cleverly painted. As a "painter" Mr. Parker has arrived. Its only technical weakness is its careless drawing in several places. Therefore, as mere painting, it is a success and deserves the prize it received. But is it a spiritual success?

Mr. Parker is now at the parting of the ways. Will he make for himself a great career, which seems possible, or will he, after much corruscating shindy-dancing in paint, end in the flotsam and jetsam of the world of art, to point a moral and adorn a tale? This is just a query. He does not begin well. Because, to follow in the footsteps of Manet and paint a naked woman on a bed is to plunge into the same atmosphere of sensuality which engendered his inept and insidiously dangerous creations, in an epoch when it was fashionable to be immoral.

Mr. Parker's picture is not indecent and is vastly more refined, more beautiful than, and just as well painted as Manet's "Olympia." But he should have chosen a more ideal subject and not followed Manet's lead in choosing a suggestive subject. For whatever the degenerate artists of the past have done, no American painter, having a "decent regard for the opinion of mankind" as Jefferson said, at least in our democracy, should paint and send to a public exhibition a picture of a naked woman alluringly lying on a bed. And no body of artists, like the Academy of Design, should allow it to be hung. They should say to the artists: "Your work is fine as mere craftsmanship. But this society stands for something more than mere craftsmanship. We give you No. 1 for your craftsmanship, but we regret we cannot hang it, because it is distinctly immoral in its tendency."

The public must be informed that the reason so many nudes are exposed in the Paris Salon is, because to render the delicate tones of a woman's skin is the most difficult of all things to paint and is therefore a test of an artist's capacity as a mere painter. And so, many an artist has established his reputation as a painter by exhibiting a finely painted nude. Many of these nudes are beautiful and devoid of all licentiousness and some are bought by the French government. Others are suggestive and disappear from sight.

The public exhibition of licentious nudes in the Salon is a capital mistake often made by French

artists. Because we can go into any library and avoid reading the immoral memoirs of Casanova but we cannot go to the Paris Salon and avoid being shocked by the immoral nudes sometimes exposed there.

But this practice is so common in Europe that any American who does the same is to be pardoned—since Americans have not yet developed enough moral courage to be true to themselves, to adopt their own point of view in all things and to refrain from grovelling before European creations in all fields of artistic activity. The fact is we Americans in all spiritual matters still allow ourselves to be dominated by Europe. In Heaven's name, why? We should turn our faces against Europe and invent our own creations in all fields of activity, from our own point of view; but, like cockle-brained sheep, we follow the fads of Europe in art, clothing, literature and even, so far as we dare, its moral corruption. When will we cease being jellyfish and develop a spiritual spinal column of our own and declare not only our political and material but also our spiritual independence of Europe?

The corner-stone of civilization is woman. Because she is the corner-stone of the home. Therefore woman, as she values her own soul, should never debase herself enough to uncover herself in public, because it lessens her power over man—her spiritual power—and when she abdicates her longing for spiritual dominion over men and civilization she cannot complain if men gradually regard her as nothing but a plaything.

Writhe as society dames may, the exposure of flesh that many of them make, in Europe and here, is gradually reducing their standing in the eyes of men and lowering them to mere instruments of pleasure, to be used as long as the men, whom they have helped to degrade, find them amusing and then to throw them away. Civilization can only be saved by women recognizing that not physical but spiritual hedonism is the aim of nature. It is up to woman. She should reform. She should set her teeth like flint and resolve not to abdicate her spiritual dominion over life, refuse to uncover, and never to forget that to maintain even what standing she has achieved, so as to dominate the superior physical strength of the male, she must appeal to his imagination and soul—by enveloping herself in *mystery*, and that to do this she must not put on less clothing but more drapery.

The women of America should refuse to patronize any art exhibition in the future at which is exhibited a suggestive nude.

In our remarks about the Paris Salon we are not criticizing the French public. It is as strongly opposed to immorality in art as we are. We are criticizing the French artists, who, because of their power, in a civilization so largely artistic, show themselves positively immoral and anti-social by foolishly inflicting upon the French public their degrading creations in all the arts, above all in the plastic arts, the most dangerous because not avoidable by the public which goes to see those exhibitions for the great things it also sees there.

The human body is the Creator's masterpiece. Therefore we are absolutely partisans of the nude in art, *but only then when used in an ideal conception* by which no effort is made to call attention in

the slightest degree to the sex relation. Any work of art made with a deliberate aim of arousing our passions is anti-social, will lower the morals and manners of democracy, which should be more moral and better mannered than any aristocracy; hence is a blow at the very foundation of human progress and should be stamped out like a plague. And the artists of America should make a silent resolve not to tolerate crassly realistic, suggestive nakedness in the future and flatly refuse to hang any artist's picture, however cleverly painted, and ignore the pressure of ridicule from the morally asleep in the world of art.

What is said above applies with double force to Hawthorne's "Nude." It has not even the excuse of being beautiful in either line or color composition. The body is ugly in proportion, the torso is too long, the legs are too short, the feet are too large and the toes are deformed.

Mr. Hawthorne's unfortunate essay in painting the nude is an example of the disaster that befalls an artist who attacks a problem entirely beyond his powers. Ignorance of drawing, a lack of every sense of proportion, both in figure and composition of the picture, marks this pitifully feeble work, the garish discord of whose color is quite as banal as the design and drawing.

The employment of the nude figure in art involves in the highest degree the element of taste, joined to knowledge of the anatomical construction of the human figure and a plastic instinct for form and ability to compose.

Many paintings of the nude in exhibitions in recent years have given evidence that artists have been trained in the slovenly trickery and fake standards set up by some alleged art schools in New York where the students are taught the lying formula that color and not form is the ultimate in art. This, with a system of clap-trap brush-work, instilling a prejudice against the poetic and imaginative in art, complete their equipment. We dislike to say these things, but they must be said by some one if we expect to have a change in the minds of some artists as to the proper point of view from which to look at the nude in art.

The following works were worthy of being regarded and *bought* by the public, for one reason or another, to encourage those of our American artists

who are serious and striving to honor their profession. Among landscapes with figures: C. C. Curran's "After the Storm," Dunton W. Herbert's "The Buffalo Signal," Matilda Browne's "The Grange Fair," O. E. Berninghaus's "The Light of a Southwestern Moon," F. S. Church's "The Blue Bird's Song," Carl Rungius's "The Trail," E. L. Henry's "Spring Flowers," C. C. Curran's "The Blue Scarf," Martin Borgorst's "A Descendant of the Vikings," E. C. Volkert's "Autumn Morning," W. L. Palmer's "November Snow," W. Granville-Smith's "Landscape," H. W. Ranger's "Landscape," George H. Bogert's "October Moonlight," Ben Foster's "October in the Hills," C. Warren Eaton's "Indian Summer," Jonas Lie's "The Deep River," Leonard Ochtmann's "Moonlit Harbor," John F. Carlson's "Melting Snows," W. Merritt Post's "Declining Day," DeWitt Parshall's "Monterey Cypress," Allan D. Cochran's "Autumn," A. L. Groll's "The Desert, Arizona," William R. Derrick's "Holly-hocks," William Starkweather's "New England Village Center," Bruce Crane's "October Hills," Francis C. Jones's "Hillside," W. Granville-Smith's "Peconic Bay," Aldro F. Hibbard's "Late February," A. L. Groll's "A Bit of Provincetown," A. T. Van Laer's "Mid-winter in Connecticut," Carlton Wiggins's "Misty Morning."

Among the water-scenes: Birge Harrison's "Moonrise on the Beach," Edward Dufner's "Youth and Sunshine," William Ritschel's "Blue Depths," Emil Carlsen's "The Open Sea," Florence Francis Snell's "The Quarry, Rockport," George H. Smillie's "Near Barnstable, Cape Cod," Carlton Chapman's "Waiting for a Breeze." In still-life Dines Carlsen's "K'ang-Hsi and Quinces."

Among the sculptors: Anthony de Francisci's "Bayadere" is full of talent, fine movement and grace. He is a coming man. A. A. Weinman's "Night," a poetic conception. Cartaino Scarpitta's "Portrait of John Henning Fry" clever; Isidore Konti's "Bust of Elliot Dangerfield" is good; Victor D. Salvatore's "Portrait" good; Paul Herzel's "Hungry Lion Cubs" and "Death Struggle, Lion and Zebra," both excellent; Furio Piccirilli's "Peace," charming; Olympio Brindesi's "Rabbit," good. Herbert Adams's "Nymph of Fynmere" won the E. N. Watrous gold medal. There were no doubt others worthy of consideration.

ZULOAGA AT DUVEEN'S

THE exhibition of the works of Zuloaga as a whole is a mournful mixture of excessive individuality, ugly materiality and crass immorality. To those who know, that will suffice. But to those who ignore the lofty point of view and forget what truly great art means, let us elucidate.

"Médén agán"—nothing too much—the motto of Sokrates inscribed at Delphi should govern every human being in all his actions, above all the artist who makes a loud appeal to the public to go and see and applaud his works. All great artists across the ages have striven to bear in mind that principle. But Zuloaga violates it in every way—consciously or unconsciously, in many of his works. He negates truth, beauty, refinement, morality, apparently with the disdain of a Mephisto.

Proclaiming, according to the catalogue: "I shall

put into my work emotion, only emotion" he proceeds to defeat himself in nearly every one of the canvases shown by making them "more cerebral" to quote his biographer in the catalogue; that is, he makes them too "intellectual." Therefore his works stir only our emotion of *astonishment*. But this is negative emotion. Scarcely one of his works lifts us above material surprise; nearly all fail either to charm, to amuse, to delight, to exalt or to ecstasize us. They merely *interest* our intellect long enough to satisfy our curiosity, and then we cannot fail to condemn most of them for their utter lack of either optimism, poetry, sunshine or real beauty. All is force, brutal force, pessimistic intellectuality and, in at least three of his works, degrading immorality.

To quote the catalogue once more: "The work is defiant, almost despotic, it does not strive to enlist

sympathy, nor does it fear to be frankly antipathetic." Is this the hypocrisy of the artist or of the critic? For when did an artist fail to blame the public if it refused to give him the "sympathy" he really sought when he exhibited his works and thus angled for its sympathy? But that the work is "antipathetic" to all normal men who are not befuddled by the wave of degenerate modernism is certain. To say of this work: "It depicts with convincing eloquence *la Espana Clásica*, that Spain at once Gothic, romantic, picaresque and legitimately modern to which it is dedicated" is absurd. It does not depict Spain. It depicts Zuloaga's whimsical notion of how Spain should be depicted in order to serve his purpose of showing that he has invented a peculiar style. Spain is sombre but not lugubrious; Spain is beautiful, not ugly, as a whole; Spain means blazing sunshine, brilliant color, as Sorolla paints it, but not black, forbidding gloom as Zuloaga paints it. In a trip of two months, from Burgos to Seville, not once did we see, during the winter, such gloom as pervades the work of Zuloaga, which is a libel on his own country, and which would suggest to mankind to stay away from Spain rather than go on a pilgrimage thither for the sake of joy and delight to the eye. Hence his work is not true to the facts of Spain. It is also untrue to the spirit of Spain. Spain is taciturn of course, but not lugubrious; self-contained, but not self-pitying.

As to the lack of beauty and refinement in these works it is so patent that no one praises it for those qualities. Its "cerebral" quality, of which Zuloaga is made to speak, is all too present and the truly emotional is all too absent.

There is originality of style and also of manner, O yes! and to spare. But it is easy to be original, if we flout the need of being beautiful and joy-giving. But the style is depressing and the manner repellent. The painting is sometimes good but often very bad, above all the flesh painting.

Again according to the catalogue Zuloaga says: "I abhor with all my heart mere slavish fidelity to fact—the stupid and servile expedient of those who are content simply to copy nature." So he proceeds to depart from fact in painting to a degree that is now and then more shocking than inviting. The color of his flesh is often saffron or yellow; it is nearly always hard, opaque, coarse and so "painty" that it looks as though a journeyman had painted it; especially is this true of his naked women. Moreover his drawing now and then is very bad, though often very good; his craftsmanship is uneven.

But when it comes to the moral side, at once he proceeds to stultify himself in his pictures of naked women. For instead of continuing to depart from fact and going to the ideal and poetic in painting a nude, as every great artist should who respects the highest interests of the human race, he descends to the grossest and crassest facts possible. His nudes are not nude—they are blatantly naked.

But worse still, instead of painting a perfect type of feminine beauty, he chooses three creatures half-worn out and represents them in various degrees of undress and vulgar nakedness and so matter-of-fact as to be devoid of a scintilla of poetry, which alone will ever justify an artist to represent a man or a woman nude. And worst of all, the nude subjects he chooses are so immoral that no Museum in America should dare to exhibit them.

Says the catalogue: "Nude Woman and Parrot: Not a patrician type such as Goya's *Maja desnuda*, but a young Spanish courtesan of the people." That is to say, a life-size common prostitute with a fat torso and a cat-like face that is simply repellent.

Says the catalogue: "Nude Woman with the Red Carnation: One of the painter's most comprehensive studies of the human form, somewhat recalling 'Irene Reclining,' of the Galleria Nazionale di Arti Moderna of Rome. The cream-white mantilla and red flower are sufficient to suggest the Spanish affiliation of a young creature who has here been presented with commendable simplicity."

Both of these pictures merely show naked women resting on couches in a most brutal matter-of-fact way, with leering faces that are painful to look upon. We see them gazed at by young girls in their teens, evidently from the upper classes, all well-dressed and "smart," some wonderingly, others tittering and nudging their chums or suspiciously whispering in their ears, all being made ready for some prospective tragic fate!

To quote once more from the catalogue: "Celsina. A persistently romantic young woman of Segovia." This shows a woman dressed in nothing but a Spanish kimono seated before a dressing table and a mirror, with half of her flesh deliberately exposed and painted with such desperate adherence to "fact"—which he pretends to despise—that he adds low vulgarity to hypocrisy, if the catalogue quotes him correctly. What makes this infinitely worse: through a glass door in the rear we can see two realistically rendered women in the act of gossiping! The whole is so brutally true to fact that it is revolting in the extreme to any man who regards Art as a sacred thing with great need of the spiritual, the ideal and the poetic to lift it above a mere process of analyzing the various stratifications of animalism.

The cynical indifference displayed by this picture to the moral degeneracy of the race which the exposition of this work must entrain only proves how corrupt the atmosphere of certain corners of the world of art has become, when such things are allowed to be perambulated about the world without being stamped upon. And the future exhibition of these works, above all to adolescent girls and boys, above all in this country, such as have been made here and in Brooklyn, should be in the future forbidden. For nothing can come from the creation and exhibition of these crassly vulgar works except evil.

To quote finally from the catalogue: "First in this pictorial treasury of native themes comes the Spanish woman who typifies that imperious seduction we instinctively associate with her race and sex. Now full of subtropical lassitude, now roused by the sting of desire, she flaunts from these canvases, sure of her power, supreme in her avid animalism." How does this appeal to the plain American citizen with a family?

The critic continues: "Finally in the ultimate analysis, the art of Zuloaga attains under stress of creative impulse that purely emotional significance to which he refers. . . . It reflects something of the seasoned variety of Manet, the vital intensity of Daumier, and the satanic suggestion of Félicien Rops." Only too true! And the flagellative significance of this last remark will become apparent

to the reader when he learns that the etchings of Félicien Rops cannot be examined in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris except through a special permit, and this on account of the licentious character of his works.

Are we to believe then that there are only leering sensualists among the women of Spain, that there are no spiritual women among thirty millions of inhabitants, no women with some poetic inspiration? Did Zuloaga, a Basque by birth, in reality wish to libel the whole Spanish race? We are justified in having at least a budding suspicion that he might have. For the eyes of the most of the female heads in these works have a sort of cynical leer which is disheartening to a man inclined to place the sex upon a pedestal.

That we have great cleverness here, and always force, is admitted. But everywhere we find excessivism and violence of some sort and a lugubriousness that contrasts strangely with the inspiring sunshine and gaiety in the pictures by which Sorolla depicts Spain. He is the artist who truly reports the facts and essence of Spain. Zuloaga reveals only his own pessimism and a hunger for the strange, the morbid and the neurotic.

We have several times said that the human form being the masterpiece of the Creator, we are fervent partisans of the nude in art—but only when the nakedness has been idealized or poetized out of it. And we give the artists, one and all, fair notice that we are fiercely opposed to, and shall attack every picture or statue which is a crassly realistic copy of any naked and undressed woman or man.

Of course, there are some fine things in the exhibition. "Lolita" is charming—in a black and white photo, but garish in color and in painting. The painting is not the best in the lot, but the pattern is beautiful in line. "The Montmartre Singer Buffalo"

is very clever; so is the "Portrait of M. Larapidi." The "Brotherhood of Christ Crucified" is an inept atrocity in conception and design. "Basque Peasant" is very good. "Portrait of M. Maurice Barrès," showing Toledo in the distance, is a fine creation, though Toledo is never so sombre. The red robe of the "Cardinal" is a fine piece of painting, but his face would be out of place in Heaven.

"The Victim of the Fête," showing a worn out Picador going home on a blood-smeared horse from the bull fight, is a powerful and impressive work, the best thing by far in the exhibition and really worth being kept in this country. And the "Portrait of Mme. la Comtesse de Noailles" is a truly beautiful thing, original, individual, refined, graceful, full of life and truth, beautifully composed and drawn and poetic enough to be worthy of any artist. We have only words of praise for the last two works. In these Zuloaga has reached his high-water mark as an artist. The one is the strongest and the other the most beautiful thing in the exhibition. If he will keep on to this high plane, he will go far indeed. Why not follow up this vein? Why keep on doing his melancholy, sombre stunts and inept naked women without rhyme or reason?

If his friends are wise they will suppress in all future exhibitions the works we have above condemned, because to trundle them about the country is sure to raise a hatred against them and the author and bring odium upon the entire world of art and all those who dwell and work therein. His friends must be told that "what goes" in Europe *should not go* in this country; and it is about time that the artists of America learned to distinguish between a poetic nude, against which no one protests, and brazen nakedness against which the better nature of most Americans revolts.

EARLY WORKS BY INNESS

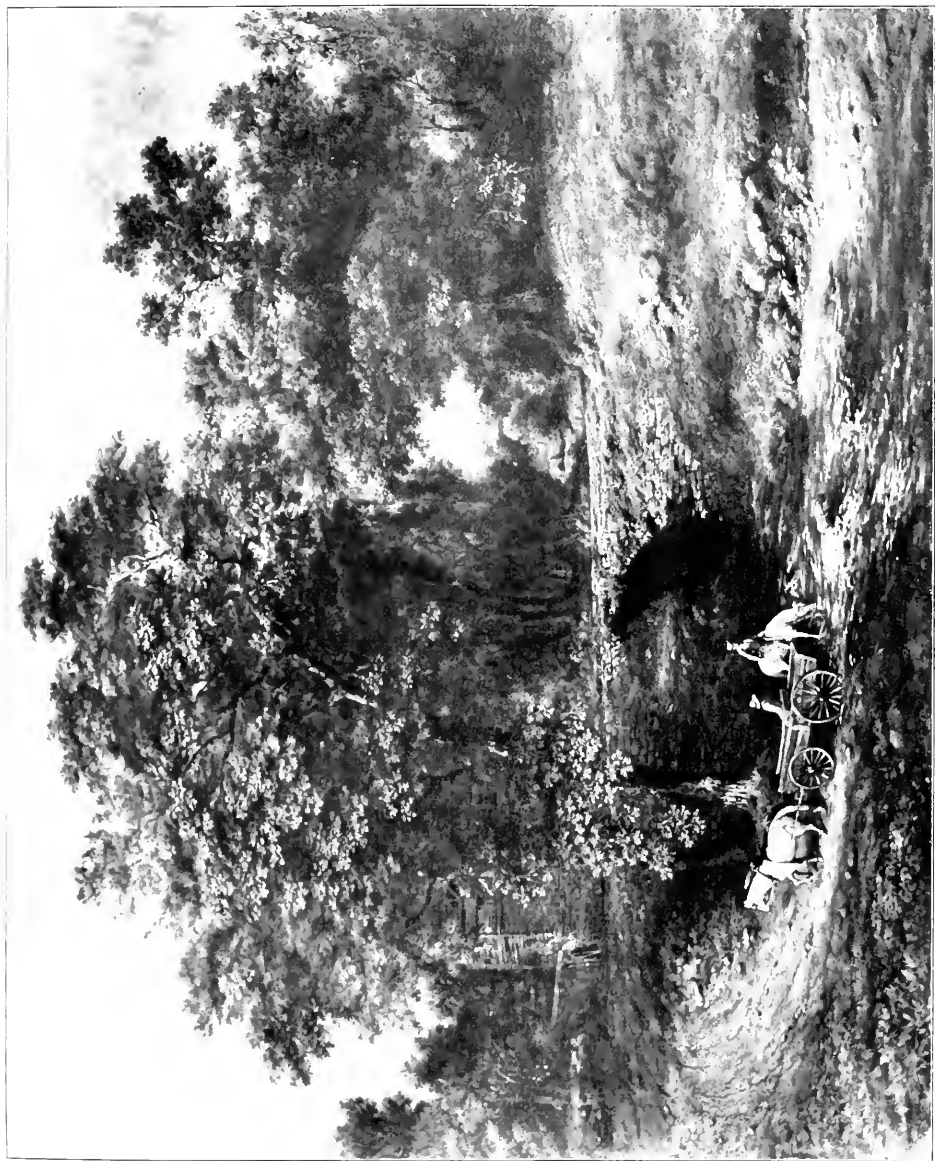
See pages 311, 312 and 329

IN the January number of the magazine two fine landscapes by the late George Inness were reproduced, both belonging to his middle period. An exhibition of paintings by Inness now open at the Ainslie gallery contains so many pictures from his earlier career that it was thought well to call attention to this youthful work, when the painter had not matured and perhaps never dreamed that he would be able to make such a prolonged visit to England and Italy as befell him later.

In 1849 at the age of twenty-four he painted the large landscape called "Early Recollections" in which he showed the poetic side of his temperament—the masses of carefully wrought foliage pierced by a vista, through which one sees the slender church spire, the old watermill to the left hidden in trees, the foreground enriched by an ancient bridge of rude workmanship and some villagers with cart and horses at the ford of a stream in front of the arch. Singularly strong in the grasp of composition and true in drawing, this landscape has surprising maturity for so young a man. Observe the natural

position of the horse that drinks with spread forelegs, and the well-studied trudge of the pair in the farm wagon which has just crossed the ford. How accurately he chose the right place for this little group of farmers and farm horses! The canvas is forty by fifty inches. The old main road that crosses the bridge sweeps round to the left, down to the ford, and the shallow brawling stream carries the curve of light forward by another bend along the surface of the water. It is a well-balanced and dignified composition that makes one think back by the line of Constable and Gainsborough to Jan Both and Hobbema.

Seven years later, when he was thirty-one, he painted the "Juniata River near Harrisburg," almost as large a canvas, and achieved a masterpiece in some respects unsurpassed by any of his later works. The Juniata is a river famed in song, a favorite of poets. Not so picturesque as the landscape just mentioned [for it lacks the poetical suggestiveness of old bridge and mill] it is more virile in grasp, more real, closer to the actual. Here again



"EARLY RECOLLECTIONS"

BY GEORGE INNES

See page 310



JUNIATA RIVER NEAR HARRISBURG

BY GEORGE F. SNESS

See page 310

the winding river pleases the eye in its sweeping through the rich valley. It is a perfect day in summer when cattle take to the water. The distance is all mellow beauty and the clouds sail above the trees without a suggestion of a storm. The intense quiet is told by the motionless tree-tops and the reflection of the birch tree in the stream, aided by the dreaming farmer's boy leaning over the rail fence.

The painter is not only careful to register the leaves, but understands the difference between elm and beech, hickory and silver-birch and is not afraid to give to each its character. Yet with all this attention to detail he does not fail in the large quality that stamps a landscape great; it is a big composition through the management of the large masses. It makes one recall the impatience of Benjamin Constant with American painters when he crossed the ocean, because so many of them painted European scenery. Singling out the work of George Inness, he asked why, when we had such an example in his landscapes, it was thought necessary to visit any other land for subjects? It seems to have needed an indignant word like that from a man eminent in his art in Europe to convince at that time many weak-kneed buyers how signally they were under-rating their own painters. Standing before this magisterial landscape, one does not wonder that Benjamin Constant was grieved and surprised.

"Delaware Valley Water Gap," a small canvas eight inches by twelve, was painted in 1866. It was not until the seventies that Inness visited Italy and brought home pictures that show how well he appreciated and understood the very different landscape and atmosphere of the classic country of painters. The Ainslie collection has a number of landscapes from Albano and Lake Nemi painted in 1872, not perhaps the finest of his Italian views, but interesting as examples of his ability to adapt himself to new surroundings.

The Delaware River is shown from an elevated viewpoint where it breaks through the range of hills, its banks enlivened by towns and railways, its surface studded with rafts. Agriculture, commerce, peace are the ideas suggested by this small but spacious canvas, and the brilliant bow of peace is shown in duplicate on the rainclouds to the left.

This is not indeed one from his early period, but it lies before his first lengthened stay in Europe and with its double rainbow more than hints at the end of the Civil War.

To show a specimen of his later work there is also reproduced "October—Near the Village of Montclair," painted in 1892, two years before his death—a large canvas, thirty inches by forty-five, which has been purchased by a well known collector. It is an open scene with a few scattered trees, the foliage of which is not carried out with the minuteness we find in his early work; but the effects of sunlight on clouds and tree trunks are carried to a higher degree of brilliancy. A single figure near a tree and some buildings in the left distance are all that speaks of human presence. Although he had watched with sympathy the rise of the Barbizon painters and Pèrre Corot in France, there is no sign of a change of style owing to the success of men whose work he admired. He admired, but went his own way. Such change in his work as occurred may be explained by the natural stress he laid increasingly on the atmospheric problems of the landscapist. He always remained an instinctive and admirable master of composition and a subtle colorist.

Richard Muther in his "History of Modern Painting" says: "At times he is broad and powerful like Rousseau, at times delicate with the Elysian sentiment of Corot; here idyllically rustic like Daubigny and here full of vehement lament like Dupré. All his pictures are tone-symphonies, broadly painted, deeply harmonized and in perfect concord; and the History of Art must hold him in honor as one of the most delicate and many-sided landscapists of the century."

If Herr Muther meant to imply that Inness was an eclectic who received suggestions from the painters mentioned, he was in error. We can see from the pictures he painted long before the fine band of Barbizonians were heard of that his style was his own at all times. A short stay abroad when he was twenty-five was useful in allowing him to see the Dutch, French and British landscapists, Claude the Lorrainer and Turner, but his work at all stages differs from that of Rousseau, Corot, Dupré and Daubigny.

THE MARTIN LUTHER MEDAL

See page 304

THE Protestant world is intensely interested in the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of its birth. On October 31st, 1917 it will be 400 years since Doctor Martin Luther nailed his historic theses on the church door at Wittenberg: with that act began the Reformation. As it has progressed the Protestant principle has controlled and increased from time to time the numbers who have enjoyed evangelical freedom; its anniversaries have been observed with increasing interest. Commemorative of these various anniversaries, artistic and historic medals have from time to time been prepared, none of which for artistic beauty, however, have equalled the one which has recently been issued for the present Jubilee.

Issued by authority of the Joint Committee repre-

senting a number of Lutheran Synods and general bodies, this medal is the official medal for the year. It was designed by J. M. Swanson, a young Swedish artist of note from New York City. Mr. Swanson is also the designer of the medal which was issued several years ago to commemorate the Jubilee of the Star-Spangled Banner and also other medals. On the obverse of this medal is the standard head of Luther by Lucas Cranach, also the first line of Luther's hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott*. The great reformer's name with the dates of his birth and death also appear on the obverse.

The reverse tells of the historic moment: Luther in the act of nailing his famous theses on the church door at Wittenberg. Above him is the open bible, symbolic of his work. Beneath is the entwined

serpent and the verses from John iii: 14, 15 symbolic of the principle of the Reformation. The jubilee dates 1517-1917 are engraved to the right and left of the church door. The dies for the medal were made by the Medallie Art Company of New York, a society that has earned credit for superior work for the United States Government. The medals themselves are being struck by J. K. Davison's Sons of Philadelphia, a firm which has turned out some of the best medals manufactured in recent years.

The Committee which designed the medal had for its Chairman the Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman,

D.D., LL.D. of Syracuse, N. Y. With him was the Rev. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, the great authority of the Lutheran church on church history and doctrine and Dr. Julius Sachse, who is the librarian of one of the finest collections of medals in America and a man thoroughly conversant with all details of their manufacture. The Rev. W. L. Hunton, Ph.D. and the Rev. Howard R. Gold, Executive Secretary, carried out the practical details of producing what will be recognized in the future, as one of the most beautiful of medals issued to commemorate a religious Jubilee.

Morality in Art

Morality does not judge technique, but it is the final judge of art.

Brunetiere

A licentious picture or statue is perhaps more dangerous than a bad book.

Diderot

The perfection of the physical beauty of a work of art is always in proportion to its moral beauty.

Lamennais

Lurking behind this limited and deplorable view is the false theory of art which claims that it should be naught but "amusing" in the lightest and shallowest sense.

Richard Burton

We refuse to admit that art of the highest kind may not ally itself with moral or religious passion, with the ethics or the politics of a nation or an age.

Swinburne



SOME PHASES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING

PART I

NATURALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By KENYON COX

EXCEPT for the work of a few great masters who stand apart from the general stream of tendency, what the art of the nineteenth century accomplished was mainly a broadening of the subject matter of painting, and a new and detailed investigation of the appearance of nature.

The nineteenth century painted many subjects that had not been painted before, and it made discoveries of certain aspects of nature which had not been previously observed or, if observed, had not been recorded in art. It studied landscape for itself and painted it as it had never been painted; it placed the human figure in the open air and tried to register the exact effect upon it of the sun and the sky. Its activities were so essentially naturalistic that even the school men admitted more and more the direct imitation of nature, and it was late in the century before the realization that an exact imitation of nature is not sufficient to art led certain artists to abandon nearly everything savoring of representation and to concentrate themselves upon the effort at self-expression.

One of the later phases of nineteenth century realism was that attempt at a scientific analysis of light and that sacrifice of everything else to the rendering of light which we know as impressionism. One of the earliest was the English Pre-Raphaelite movement.

In the late forties the art of England was at low ebb. If it had escaped the pseudo-classicism of David and his school it had also missed the exhilaration of the romantic revival of painting, and its traditionalism, though not very old, was already moribund. If the art was not to sputter out like a burned candle some new source of inspiration must be found. A revolution was necessary, and when it came its form was largely determined by two things: the teaching of John Ruskin and the invention of photography.

In the first volume of "Modern Painters" Ruskin, who at that time knew more of nature than of art and who always loved nature better than art, had based his defence of Turner entirely upon an examination of the facts of nature and a demonstration that Turner was a more accurate recorder of such facts than was Claude; and had, in a celebrated and eloquent passage, advised young artists to attempt nothing but simple imitation—to "go to nature in all singleness of heart . . . rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing."

At about the same time the new art of photography began to show the world how surprisingly different was the actual appearance of nature from the conventions that had passed muster as representations of it. To a few enthusiastic young students these two influences were decisive. They were to imitate nature exactly, and as nature was entirely unlike what they had seen in pictures, they were to throw all traditions to the winds and begin art all over again. And as they constantly heard Raphael quoted as the great authority for the academic rule and knew very little of the intensely traditional art of the earlier Renaissance, they called themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

Ford Madox Brown, a somewhat older man who was never formally a member of the brotherhood, though intimate with all its membership, had made some more or less tentative efforts at the representation of the figure in true, open-air lighting as early at 1840-42, and had attempted absolute and unconventional realism in the portrait of Mr. Bamford, painted in 1846. Of the seven actual members of the brotherhood only three achieved any notable reputation in painting. Millais was the precocious and brilliant executant, destined to an early success, for whom Pre-Raphaelitism was but a phase of youthful militancy, soon to be outlived. Rossetti, whose enthusiasm and persuasive power made him the apparent leader in a movement to which he never really belonged, made one or two efforts at strenuous realism but soon gave it up as too difficult for him and became a poetic dreamer. Holman Hunt was the true originator of the movement, as he was its last adherent, and it is from his works, and from some of those of Madox Brown, that the truest idea of its nature may be formed.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE GOSPEL

In such pictures as Hunt's "Hiring Shepherd" and "Awakened Conscience" or Brown's "Work" and "Last of England" the overthrow of all established conventions is well nigh complete. For composition is substituted the effort to depict the incident as it might really have happened without regard to the agreeability or disagreeability of the resultant arrangement. All accepted attitudes and gestures are discarded in the attempt to find the

gesture most likely to have been employed, with the result that awkwardness seems deliberately preferred to grace and constraint to amplitude. In the same way all typical drawing is abandoned in favor of precise portraiture of individuals, all chiaroscuro in favor of the exhaustive study of the actual lighting, all breadth of effect or of handling to the most laborious and minute research into detail. Add to all this that these men had an exasperated sensitiveness to colors and little sense of color and one begins to understand their extraordinary productions. There is an immense amount of fact in these pictures, an immense amount of thought, a prodigious laboriousness; the thing that has been left out of them is art. They are meritorious, eminently respectable and hideous.

PRE-RAPHAELITE TECHNIC

The technical methods of the Pre-Raphaelites were as revolutionary as everything else. On a pure white canvas or panel, on which the design was lightly traced, they began with the background and finished minutely a bit at a time. When the background was entirely completed, and not until then, they began painting the figures in the same piecemeal way, each little bit being pushed to the utmost degree of detail possible to eyes and hands "fit for the portraiture of insects." Sometimes they began upon the background without even an outline of the figures which were to form the principal subject. Madox Brown records in his diary how, having settled on a subject the night before, he "began by three and worked till eight" and "painted eight bricks and some leaves." It was not until a month later that he began to draw his figures.

Any unity of effect is impossible of attainment by such a method, except as the old fresco-painters attained it, by the rigid adherence to a conventional scale of coloring, consciously adopted and perfectly mastered through long practice. In the hands of men who would have no conventions and would accept nothing on trust it could lead only to a confusion of separate, unrelated and irreconcilable observations. It was in this way that Millais worked until he found that "one could not live doing that." It was in this way that Rossetti struggled for weeks over the calf in the never finished picture "Found" until he gave it up in despair, and began painting little water-colors out of his head without reference to nature.

ROSSETTI AND THE ÆSTHETES

If there has been endless dispute as to who was the real leader of the Pre-Raphaelites and as to what their doctrines really were, it is because Pre-Raphaelitism was, from the beginning, a mixed movement. To Rossetti it meant a kind of sentimental medievalism. It was he who recruited the weaker brothers; his quaintness and picture-bookiness were easier of imitation than the strenuousness of Hunt or Brown. Later his forces were joined by William Morris and Burne-Jones and Brown came over to them, and what had begun as a revolt against tradition and an exaltation of exact imitation became a purely æsthetic movement. Yet in popular parlance it retained the old name, and the secondary followers of Burne-Jones are still spoken of as Pre-Raphaelites.

The effort to found a great school of art upon the purely analytical study of nature was bound to fail in the long run, but it had, for a time, a very great influence and that influence was, upon the whole, beneficial. It shook the English school out of an indolent and empty traditionalism, forced it to reconsider the relation of art to nature and made it try for a larger amount of truthful representation in its art. It is safe to say that everything good in modern English art owes something to this courageous if short-lived revolt against the nature of art itself.

THE REALISM OF COURBET

In the same years in which the Pre-Raphaelite battle against traditionalism was at its hottest Gustave Courbet, on the other side of the channel, was proclaiming in his own way the doctrine of realism and the return to nature. But as no two men could be more unlike than Hunt and Courbet, so there was a vast difference between Hunt's Pre-Raphaelitism and Courbet's realism. Hunt was a man of high moral purpose and of deep religious conviction who thought that art should deal only with the noblest themes and wished to revivify religious art by exact literalism of treatment. Courbet was a robust, full-blooded animal with little intellectual power, a free-thinker and a radical, who scoffed at all attempts at elevation of subject or of manner. As a man he was every way Hunt's inferior, but he had the great advantage of being a born painter, and the revolution in art which he inaugurated, while much less fundamental than that attempted by the Pre-Raphaelites, was much more fertile in results.

With Courbet realism is a matter of temper rather than of technic. Being a born painter his one desire is to paint—to paint as well and as much as possible—and he could not conceive of sacrificing technical beauty and freedom to painstaking analysis, or of spending years on one picture when one might produce twenty in the same time. But if he wanted good painting he wanted nothing else of art. He hated taste and denied the existence of style. Anything like classic elegance and reticence savored of aristocracy to this democrat, and all restraints were intolerable to his exuberance. As for Romanticism, with its exoticism and its research for emotion, all that sort of thing struck him as purely "literary." He cared no more for medieval knights or Oriental sultanas than for Greek nymphs or Roman emperors. His business was to see and to paint, and to paint only what he saw. The one important thing about a subject was that it should furnish good paintable material and that was to be found all about him. Thus it was in the attitude of the artist to his subject, where the Pre-Raphaelites remained idealistic or sentimental, that Courbet was most revolutionary. Where they were most revolutionary he was least so and was content to paint in a manner founded mainly on that of Ribera and the seventeenth century realists—a manner of vigorous brush-work and powerful light and shade, not unlike, though less sombre than, that which Ribot made the vehicle for his graver naturalism. Later, in his search for vigor, he used the palette knife in place of the brush, and some of his most original and effective paintings are rather unpleasant in handling.

As Courbet was a politician as well as a painter,

and a most active beater on the great drum of *réclame*, it often happens that his most "important" canvases are theses rather than pictures. The "Funeral at Ornans" can hardly be taken seriously as a representation of anything that ever happened and "My Studio after Seven Years of Artistic Life" seems rather a preposterous allegory than a record of fact. Moreover his mere vigor of representation was not enough to carry him across such vast spaces, which need tying together and unifying by atmospheric subtleties of which he had no perception. It is in smaller things that he is at his best. Some of his portraits are admirable and his early portrait of himself, known as "The Man with the Belt," is superb. His nudes, inelegant and even incorrect in form, are yet masterly in the rendering of the pulpy firmness and softness of white flesh under a studio light. It is only when he puts a landscape behind them that the very literalness of his observation of them entails a falsity of relation. Perhaps he is at his best in his animal pictures and hunting scenes, where his somewhat brutal power has full play, and in his landscapes which, if they inevitably lack grace and sentiment, are as inevitably full of sap and life and of a certain freshness and joyousness which is invigorating.

Forcible, unfastidious, a bit rude, now and then not a little vulgar, Courbet, at this distance of time and in comparison with many of his successors, assumes rather giant-like proportions. Certainly he was a great power. His work is the starting point for that of Manet and he influenced men as unlike as Whistler and Monet. Not only impressionism, but all that less specialized and less scientific naturalism which in many forms pervades the later nineteenth century is the child of his loins.

REFINED NATURALISM

Among the group of young men of the early sixties who were to make so much noise in the world, an intimate of both Manet and Whistler, was a quiet, gentlemanly painter who, because he indulged neither in controversy nor in self-advertising, has been relatively neglected—yet who seems to many of his admirers to have had a rarer talent than either of his more loudly acclaimed friends. By his charming pastels illustrative of music, of which he was a true lover, Fantin-Latour is a Romantic, but in his portraits and flower pieces he is a pure naturalist, content to see and to paint, but to see with a fine and sensitive penetration, to paint with a breadth, a precision, a refinement and a restrained power almost beyond praise. His canvases are very gray, almost colorless, yet full of those delicate discriminations of hue which mark the accomplished colorist. His drawing is correct, unnoticeable—almost photographic, one might think, were it not always beautiful and always expressive. His light and shade is simple but his perception of subtle gradations of value is almost infinitely tender. He never speaks loud—he is as reserved as Ver Meer of Delft—but what he says is well worth listening to, and it is always perfectly said. The same eminently aristocratic reserve marks his presentation of character. To have been painted by him is almost a certificate of good breeding, and if one were ever inclined to heretical doubts of the genuineness of Manet's talent and character, a look at Fantin's

wonderful portrait of him is enough to reassure one that the sitter must have been worthy of the noble fidelity of the treatment. It is one of the greatest of modern portraits, and no other painter of the time was capable of emulating its admirable faithfulness restrained by perfect taste, unless it were another of those artists whose popular reputation has never equalled his merit, Elie Delaunay.

A talent not unlike that of Fantin, but exercised upon a very different subject matter, is that of Gustave Guillaumet. Guillaumet may be reckoned among the orientalist in so much as he went to Algiers for his subjects, but he has little else in common with the romantic painters. There is nothing of "the gorgeous East" in his work, no glitter of costumes or prancing of horses. What he saw there was sun-baked, dust-colored villages under an ardent sky, the inhabitants as sun-baked and dust-colored as their houses; and these he painted with wonderful truth, gaining an extraordinary illusion of brilliant sunshine and clear, dry atmosphere by the perfect modulation of his simple tones. His work is a capital example of what has been the chief task of modern art, the discovery of new opportunities for beauty in the intelligent study of hitherto neglected aspects of nature.

The Dutch and the Flemings have always retained something of the spirit of their older art, and even Israëls was a sound naturalistic painter, if not a very great one, before, in his addiction to sentimentality, he almost ceased to be a painter at all. But it is the Belgian Alfred Stevens who gave to the nineteenth century its nearest equivalent for the sober and admirable art of Ter Borch and Metsu. It was in this same wonderful time of the sixties when the Barbizon men were still living and painting, when Courbet was at the height of his power, when Manet and Whistler, though young, were doing their best work; it was in this silvery age—the brazen was yet to come—that he produced a series of little pictures of the *Parisienne* in her habit and her habitat, as she lived. They are marked by a mingling of delicate sentiment and yet more delicate humor which gives them a slight literary flavor—a flavor advantageous to them, though Ter Borch would not have appreciated it—but they are seen almost as the old Dutchman saw things, with the same breadth of effect and the same sharpness of realization, and they are painted with almost the old Dutch feeling for beauty of surface and grace of handling, making the very paint a precious and delectable thing. But the love of painting for its own sake, which in these early works is balanced by a thorough observation of nature, leads Stevens in the end to a mere display of virtuosity. The more human and the more truly artistic side of his talent tends to disappear and, from a little master who might almost be called a master without the little, he became an astonishingly clever painter of clothes and bric-à-brac.

THE VIRTUOSI

It is virtuosity that distinguishes a whole section of modern realists—realists in so much as they care for little in art beyond representation, having nothing more to say than that "things look so to me," but differing from the refined realists we have been considering in that they care less for the things

represented, or even for the truth of their own observations, than for the brilliancy of the language in which their observations are set down. If there were no painters who care more for painting than for what is painted, there would be no pictures of still-life; but not all still-life painters are virtuosi. Chardin was a pure painter who could find enough occasion in a jug, a bunch of grapes and a homemade loaf for the expenditure of his best powers, but there is nothing of the virtuoso in him. His observation is close, attentive, almost humble; his painting exquisite but with no display—rather with a careful hiding—of his dexterity. With Villon or our own Chase you feel that the immense brio, the evident delight of the painter in the wielding of his tools and in the exercise of his skill is the principal source of your own enjoyment, and that the truthfulness and acuteness of observation, acute and truthful as it is, is a secondary matter. Of course neither Villon nor Chase are mere still-life painters, and indeed there is almost nothing that Chase has not painted and painted extremely well. But whatever they paint you feel that a masterly and vigorous handling of their material is the thing that has most interested them, and is therefore what most interests you.

But it is with certain Spaniards and Italians that virtuosity most completely usurps the place of everything else, and the display of it becomes apparently the sole aim of art. In the marvelous little pictures of Fortuny and the almost more marvelous little pictures that Boldini used to paint in his younger days everything becomes still-life and is treated quite impartially as the occasion for a dazzling and capricious brilliancy of handling. In looking at such a picture as Fortuny's "Choice of a Model" you cannot feel that the nude back of the woman interested him any more than the rococo table on which she stands, or that he cared for the heads of his Academicians as much as for their clothes. He does not say "things look so to me" but rather: "See how well and how easily I can paint things! See what witty touches I can invent! Would you ever have thought painting could be so entertaining?" And Boldini, on his six-inch panels, can be even more fantastically and audaciously amusing. There is a less artificial side to Fortuny. He had at bottom something of the old Spanish temper and he could feel inclined to paint a "Moorish Slaughterhouse." There is rugged character study in some of his figures of Arabs and Kabyles and he was one of the serious students of sunlight. But, after all, his prodigious virtuosity remains his chief characteristic, and even for sunlight he cared primarily, one imagines, because of the glitter and the touch-and-go of his manner of rendering it. In Robert Blum America had a technician of the same school, and of almost equal brilliancy, who died before he had completed that evolution towards a larger style which is shown in his decorations for Mendelssohn Hall.

REALISM AS SEARCH FOR CHARACTER

A naturalism of a very different order is that of the Germans Lenbach and Leibl. Theirs is a realism by true descent from that of Dürer, a realism of which the exact expression of character is the primal aim. In Lenbach's thinly smeared, bituminous portraits nothing but the character exists—

the character almost unembodied—but the research of character is carried to a point of extraordinary vividness. Leibl's studies of peasants are more in the old tradition. They are hard and gray and flat, exhaustively studied in detail, showing no more care for general effect than for beauty or for suavity of manner. Character is attained in them by the remorseless pursuit of the individual and the accidental—by the portraiture of every wart and the mapping of every wrinkle. In Paris that admirable engraver Gaillard did much the same thing in his few paintings, handling the brush like a burin and pushing analysis to the rendition of the separate hairs of the eyebrow, the striations of the iris and the minutest corrugations of the skin of the lips. His results are as dry and as effectless as Leibl's, but far more agreeable because more sympathetic. You feel that Gaillard likes the people he is depicting and pushes his investigations so far only because he wishes to depict them completely. Leibl seems moved by a cold curiosity which has no feeling of any sort towards its subject.

In a brief sketch of the multifarious activities of nineteenth century naturalism during thirty years it has been possible only to touch here and there and to mention none but the most prominent or the most interesting among the swarms of artists who were working at one or another part of the great task of a detailed re-examination of nature. By the end of the seventies the time had come when, if ever, the audacious attempt of the Pre-Raphaelites at an art entirely devoid of convention and corresponding at all points with the actual appearance of the real world might be renewed with some prospect of success. The renewed attempt was made by Bastien-Lepage.

RENEWED ATTEMPT AT EXACT IMITATION

At the first glance the resemblance between such a picture as Bastien's "Hay Harvest" and the works of Holman Hunt and Madox Brown is apparent. Here is the same contempt for conventional composition, the same awkwardness of attitudes imitated from nature and not invented, the same replacement of artificial light and shade by a thorough analysis of out-of-door lighting, almost the same insistence on accumulated detail. But the differences are very great also, and they are almost all in Bastien's favor. The efforts of a generation of painters have taught him both what can and what cannot be done, and his realism is less uncompromising than it seems and is wisely limited in what it attempts. Also he is a Frenchman, with French training and French taste, and therefore incapable of the crudities of technic which marred the work of his English predecessors. Bastien realizes that the task of imitation is difficult enough without unnecessary complication, and he limits himself to the painting of one or two figures at a time, composing them with a certain care, in spite of his air of unconventionality, and avoiding, except in its simpler forms, the problem of placing figures one behind the other at varying distances. He knows that sunlight cannot be imitated and that it can be suggested only by such methods as are incompatible with prolonged and careful study in the open air, and he paints only on cloudy days. He knows that even in cloudy weather the sky is bright beyond the range of his

palette and he reduces the sky in his pictures to the smallest limit or excludes it entirely. Finally, though he gives great fullness of detail he is too intelligent to attempt the microscopic, or to give more detail than can be readily seen and appreciated.

By such careful limitation of his effort to the imitation of what is most nearly imitable in nature, and by the exercise of very great talents, Bastien succeeded better than any one else has done in actually holding the mirror up to nature—in producing the nearest possible resemblance to the image on the back of the camera. And his very success in this is decisive of the uselessness of the effort. His pictures leave us entirely cold. They approach so closely to the exact reproduction of a natural scene that they produce no other effect upon us than that which the scene itself would produce, and they are therefore quite evidently superfluous. There was great good sense in the question of the peasant to the painter: "Why take so much pains to imitate an oak tree when you can always look at the tree?" You scarcely get from such pictures even that lowest and most fundamental of the pleasures afforded by the imitative arts, the pleasure of recognition, just as you do not get it from the image in a mirror. The imitation is so much like the thing imitated that there is not the least excitement in the perception of the likeness. The experiment has proved too successful, and it is doubtful if it will ever be repeated. Even with l'Hermitte, who most resembles Bastien, there is more composition, a more academic drawing and much less insistence on detail.

NATURALISM AS CURRENT PRACTICE

After 1880 there is a sort of relaxation of fibre in modern naturalism. Its strenuous days are over. The great investigations have been made and their results are at every one's command. Every one has learned to paint in the key of light which shocked the conservatives when Manet first employed it. Every one has learned to see blue shadows instead of brown ones, and to dissect light more or less after the manner of Monet. Every one draws in the naturalistic way and composes unconventionally if he takes the pains to compose at all. What has been innovation has become current practice, and what it had once taken courage and originality to do, it now takes courage and originality not to do. Henceforth the revolutionary spirits will be found fighting against rather than for naturalism. But as naturalism has become the art of all the world, it must somewhat mitigate its rigor. If all the world is to take to recording observations, the observations cannot be very profound and they must be recorded in some current language, not too difficult to learn and admitting of rapid and facile expression. This language was furnished by that brilliant portrait painter Carolus Duran and by his yet more brilliant pupil John Sargent. Duran somewhat rapidly degenerated from the sound and vigorous realism of his earlier work into a facile painter of fashionable ladies in splendid toilettes, but he had a great command of his brush and invented a manner of painting, founded on a simplification of the later method of Velasquez, which, after Sargent had supplied and enriched it, became the basic manner of recent naturalism, on which each practitioner founds his own,

following it as closely as he is able or varying from it as much as he chooses. It is a manner of painting more or less directly in opaque color, without preparation or underpainting and without subsequent modification by transparent rubbings or glazes, the colors being mixed on the palette and applied in great sweeps of a large brush. Such a method has been used by artists of many schools for rapid sketching because it lends itself readily to the notation of effects and the expression of masses, but it cannot easily express beauty of line or readily attain to any great fullness or subtlety of color. In the hands of any but the greatest painters, it tends to become a kind of enlarged sketching which gives up at the first glance all that it contains.

It is impossible to notice one out of a hundred in the multitude of clever practitioners who, in something like this style, have registered for us their impressions of man and of nature in every quarter of the globe. We must let a very few stand for all the others. In the work of Alfred Rodl, sturdy, solid, with a certain homeliness, there is much of that sound sense for the paintable which has always marked French naturalism. His "Woman with a Bull" is like a Courbet painted with a more modern palette. Brighter, sharper, more wide awake and up to date, superficially more brilliant but fundamentally more rudimental, Anders Zorn may represent a host of modern Scandinavians. The Spanish aptitude for virtuosity made of Sorolla the somewhat startling phenomenon that he seemed to us a few years ago, until we discovered that his observation is as facile and as much on the surface as his very able handling. His countryman Zuloaga sees deeper and has more of the old savage Spanish spirit which had always a rather cruel delight in ugliness and deformity. But the ablest of all these more modern realists is John Sargent, and if I were to choose one picture as an example of the best that the school can do, it should be one of those that this many-sided man has produced for his own amusement in the intervals of painting portraits for a living and mural decorations for glory. He has produced them at all periods of his life, with ever increasing power; and for acuteness of unexpected observation and easy, direct, almost instantaneous execution I know nothing more astonishing than, for instance, his "Hermit" in the Metropolitan Museum. It is a particularly typical if extreme example of the school, in the way in which the effect of light has become the centre of interest, the figure of the hermit himself almost disappearing into his surroundings and receiving attention only as another object on which the spots of sunlight fall. This is the final state to which a too exclusive occupation with the visual aspects of nature was bound to lead.

UNIQUE PLACE OF WINSLOW HOMER

Our own school of painting has, almost all of it, inclined more or less toward naturalism, and in Winslow Homer this country produced one of the most powerful and original realists of the nineteenth century—a painter so entirely independent and self-sufficing, so surprisingly free from any trace of the influence of others, that it is impossible to consider him except by and for himself. He be-

longs to no school, he is just Winslow Homer—a separate and distinct personality, almost as detached from groups and movements as if no one else had been painting during his lifetime. He was one of the most acute observers that ever lived, almost every picture he ever painted being the result of a fresh observation of nature differing from all previous observations, and he covered an extraordinarily wide range of subjects including figures, animals, landscape and, above all, the sea. He had little academic training and never mastered the structure of the human figure, but his native sense of weight and mass gave his figures bulk and even a certain majesty, and he almost infallibly finds the one right and inevitable attitude to express the action and the state of mind of his personages; while the same sense of weight and bulk and movement which confers expression and dignity upon his figures gives an unequalled power and veracity to his pictures of surf and rock. No great painter had ever less amenity or less care for the purely decorative and æsthetic elements of art. His coloring is sometimes powerful, sometimes almost non-existent, but is never subtle and seldom beautiful. His handling is vigorous but rude and even harsh and repellent. In everything his work is calculated to give the utmost sense of unmitigated truthfulness and he is quite ready to forego charm—if he is even conscious of the existence of such a thing.

All this is realism, but it is a very different realism from that which deals primarily with the visual aspects of things. If it had occurred to Homer to paint a hermit, which, since he saw no hermits in the world he knew, is a quite unlikely supposition, there could have been no doubt as to what was the principal subject of the picture. The hermit himself and his human significance would have been everything to us and to the artist. That the picture should have become a sort of puzzle of light and air, or challenge us to find the hermit, is quite inconceivable. It is first this power of dealing with essentials, whatever the subject on which he is engaged—a power in which he is akin to such a true classicist as Millet—that raises Homer out of the ranks of the mere naturalists and marks him as a great interpretative artist; and with it—perhaps a part of it—an extraordinary capacity for vital and original design. He is certainly one of the most remarkable painters

of his time, and his peculiarly native quality gives us an especial right to be proud of him.

OTHER AMERICANS

How much our contemporary painters of the sea owe to the example of Homer it is difficult to judge, but we have a whole school of marine painters such as, I think, exists nowhere else. Waugh is the most exact realist of the school, Dougherty perhaps the most brilliant painter, while Emil Carlsen adds to his profound knowledge of nature an unfailingly decorative sense of color and line. The most conspicuous of our present-day landscape painters are direct and rapid sketchers of nature's aspects such as Schofield, Redfield, Gardner Symons and a host of others. A more delicate and penetrating observation marks the work, whether in landscape or figure, of Julian Alden Weir and is combined with a charming personal caprice in the pictures of T. W. Dewing; while a quiet and thoughtful naturalism is the principal characteristic of Sergeant Kendall. Finally, in the work of what is known as the Boston school, with Edmund C. Tarbell at its head, we have a naturalism akin to that of Stevens, less witty and less technically admirable, but pushing the study of interior-lighting to a higher refinement.

If, in all this naturalistic effort of the last seventy-five years, there has been some neglect of the higher aims and qualities of art, yet the naturalistic movement has been in the main a wholesome one. At least the naturalists have never forgotten that it is the business of a painter to paint, that painting is essentially and necessarily an imitative art, and that, if an exhaustive analysis of the aspects of nature is not artistic creation, yet all acquired knowledge of such aspects is an invaluable tool in the hands of the artistic creator. They have been equally free from the pedantries of a hide-bound pseudo-classicism on the one hand and from the excesses of a lawless individualism on the other. In an age not very propitious to the creation of art, because the natural relations of the artist to his public have been dislocated, they have at least kept the tools of art bright and furnished, and the best of them have produced works of real merit which are likely always to retain some interest for mankind.

Kenyon Cox

ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE

Translation of a Paper read before the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters

By PROFESSOR GUSTAVE LANSON

LADIES, GENTLEMEN!

Seeing that the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy have done me the very great honor to ask me to read before you at this important meeting, my first words can only consist of an expression of my profound gratitude. I know very well that this honor goes beyond what is due to my own person, and that I owe the compliment especially to my country, to France, whose civilization, literature and arts are admired here

with so warm an affection. This I know; but to the heart of a Frenchman this fact only renders the debt larger and pleasanter to acknowledge.

Ladies, gentlemen!

In the literary life of France there has been noted for several centuries—and this is one of the most remarkable of its characteristics—a kind of rhythm, a movement of upward and down—which causes us alternately now to open, now to close the importation of foreign ideas and of foreign forms of art.

Periods of imitation follow upon the periods of creation and in turn make room for the reverse without our ever remaining for any length of time simply ourselves.

We are Italians, Greeks, Latins, Spaniards before being ourselves. Then we throw ourselves into Anglomaniac and we become obsessed with the idea of a gentle, and dreamy and housekeeping Germany. In fine you have seen us recently throw ourselves headlong into Tolstoism and Ibsenism, not to say Nietzscheism; and to some degree it is your William James who has caused us to trifle with Pragmatism.

Very often these phenomena have been observed with indignation by contemporaries, and by historians with severity. By an association of ideas that was involuntary and almost a fatality, such times of foreign influence in our literature have become identical in our mind with the cursed period when the stranger has invaded our soil, occupied our cities and menaced the very existence of the people.

Breezes from without, it has been said, are mortal to the French spirit, and it was gravely reasoned that it (the French mind) could not open up without changing itself, could not call in ideas without abandoning itself and playing the traitor!

There is a good bit of illusion in this, ladies and gentlemen. People imagine to themselves I know not what battle between indigenous and foreign *genres*, just as in a primitive picture the Virtues and Vices appear at war with one another. On this reasoning it becomes a national misfortune when a foreign *genre* overcomes the indigenous *genre*, or when the French idea is extinguished by the idea from outside. But let us consider matters as they are: in these fantastic unreal battles the only real thing is the spirit—the French spirit, which marches onward toward a larger measure of Truth and of Beauty, and which always makes a gain when it comes into possession of an idea—for is it the Idea that captures it, or it that seizes the Idea?

The point of view of Joachim du Bellay is the more correct, when he likened to a conquest the introduction of the wealth of a strange tongue into our own, and invited the youth of France to advance and pillage the literatures of Greece, Rome and Italy.

That is no paradox. If you will be pleased to reflect upon the function that the intermittent influx of foreign thought and art has exercised on the literary life of our country, you will perceive that, far from representing a lessening of vitality, a depression or exhaustion, it manifests on the contrary the will to exist, the power and renaissance of a genius still active and robust.

The function I speak of is twofold. In its one aspect, which one discovers at first, it consists in raising the national soul above itself and, by nourishing, aiding to develop it. One would have to have a very badly built mind in order to refuse to send a child to school out of fear lest he might corrupt there the original purity of his nature. But it would not be a case of having any healthier a mind, if in adult age one should pretend to owe nothing to anybody but oneself, to one's own development, to one's personal discoveries, and to refuse all the acquisitions for which one must beholden to others. None other is the case with regard to nations. Whoever shuts himself up to the contem-

plation of himself and believes that he has nothing to obtain from others will surely exhaust himself, put himself out of joint and dry up more or less quickly; his light is condemned to be extinguished.

We Frenchmen are a queer people. We have never been able to support with tranquillity the fact that other persons should understand what we do not, or should enjoy the pleasures that we do not feel. Any advance made by others in letters or the arts has fired us to emulation, incited us to follow in their track, not in order to march behind them but to overtake them if we could and to overpass them. We presented ourselves in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with a Tragedy, because the Greeks and Italians possessed one. We presented ourselves in the nineteenth century with a Lyric Poetry, because the English and the Germans had one. Our will has followed our intellect; our effort to create has been directed by the clear-cut idea of what we lacked and what we perceived among other nations.

Who knows whether we would not have remained far below our normal selves, had it not been for these incitements from outside? During four or five centuries, from the Middle Ages to the sixteenth century, we possess a flourishing theatre; yet the dramatic art does not progress. One day we set ourselves to imitate Seneca and Sophokles, not to say Trissino or Giraldi—and it turns out that this art of the drama, which we had not known how to organize by ourselves, is one of the most assured vocations of French genius! Thus it is that at the first beginnings of many of our progressive movements there lies an influence from outside, an intention to imitate, which, far from quenching our originality, on the contrary awakes it and forces us to draw out of ourselves that latent power, the existence of which within us might have never come, otherwise, to our consciousness.

The second, the other function of foreign literatures which is not less important, has been to give back at certain moments the right of being ourselves—more than once the influence from outside has been that of a liberator. At one time it is Latinity that frees us from the sway of Italianism, at another time England helps us to throw off the Greco-Roman stencil. But at times, also, one of the cultured nations or the other has delivered us from ourselves.

It sometimes happens that the masterpieces of genius are used in order to paralyze genius. We do not remember that Corneille and Racine only did, as Flaubert said, "that which they wished to"; and that those who came after them were condemned to do, not, as they were able, the thing they wished, but whatever was in accordance with the masters—and that whether they wished or not. No plays were considered "correctly done" except those that were cast in the molds of Augier and Dumas *filis*, unless it were in those of Scribe or Sardou. It was not a question of resemblance to life or the expansion of a personal estimate of life. It was a question of not varying from the models. Then it was that whoever had something to say, whoever had conceived an idea or perceived a beauty which the technic did not permit, rose in rebellion, now in the name of Shakespeare, again in the name of Ibsen, to-day for an English ideal, to-morrow for a Scandinavian—as a matter of fact always for himself,

for the intimate and personal ideal of his poetic nature.

It has come about also that French society has changed its character, has acquired new sentiments, new methods of reacting against the eternal conditions of human destiny or the modified conditions of national existence. In the meantime the writer folk do not trouble themselves and their quiet little trade for so small a thing, but continue to furnish the public—which is no longer the same public—with the same old products. Then that public turns itself away from an art that was made for its great grandfathers and goes off to ask from foreign works the ideas, emotions and poetic beauty which correspond to the secret aspirations of the present day.

People turn to Ossian because they have Bernis; they turn toward Byron because they have Parny.

Imitation is a means to liberation. For three-quarters of a century the souls of Frenchmen had been inflated with romantic sentiments, when the Romanticism of the *Cénacle*, whilst putting on the air of sacrificing classical traditions to an unhealthy taste for exotic eccentricities, just simply broke to pieces the superannuated forms, cast in new molds a petrified language and adapted French literature anew to French life. Lamartine and Musset have written the poetry which Mademoiselle de Lespinasse demanded with all the passion of her stormy and insatiate heart, but such as she could not obtain from the men of great polish and taste who surrounded her.

In that direction an apparent contradiction is explained, by which one cannot fail to be struck. We French people are seen during the course of our history with eyes always fixed on the foreign literatures, employed in admiring and introducing and copying them. And always we are told that we are incapable of understanding them. The English amuse themselves with our Shakespearean imitations; and Mariano de Larra bursts out laughing at the Spain he finds in "Hernani." It is a fact that the great number of our Romantics and frequently those who are daubed the most with exotic clay do not understand or understand badly German, English and even Spanish.

The truth is that what interests us is not the reproduction of foreign thoughts or the foreign poem as they are, along with whatever it may be that makes them resemble and please the nation which produced them. We take from it only that which is useful to us. The idea of it which we frame for ourselves, whether true or false, only needs to be adapted to the unexpressed dream of our heart. We make out of Shakespeare or Byron, Schiller or Ibsen, in accordance with the times, just that which Montaigne made out of Plutarch and Seneca. We are not seeking out their meaning but our own, and we talk in accordance with them "in order to express ourselves so much the better."

Undoubtedly it is possible that one writer or another may be crushed beneath the weight of his booty, that at one moment or another the imitation may become mechanical and servile. I do not propose to rehabilitate the *Française* of Ronsard, who

was a great poet nevertheless and a vast genius. But these unlucky experiences are just the things that trace the bounds of possible and fruitful appropriations from outside, and the very checks received one day prepare for the victory to-morrow. It was necessary to massacre many a tragedy during the course of nearly a century in order that the perfection of the *Cid* and the *Horace* could be realized.

I know also that there are peoples whose minds are unable to receive an alien influence without being oppressed by it, without losing originality. Be sure of this, they have only lost what they did not possess. I have my doubts of a personality which evaporates so easily in the sunlight and dissolves at the first contact. In any case I do not fear anything so far as France is concerned. "Tant-pis" doctors prescribe that the French mind should keep its room and undergo a diet. They forbid all travel lest it catch cold; they forbid all eating for fear that by an absorption of foreign substances it might alter its essence. That is to treat it like a person having very little health. I believe it is more robust and capable of reaction against all the pressures from outside, capable of assimilating all the food it can absorb. Our past is warrant in my mind for our future. We have very fairly digested Rome.

This power of assimilation and the curiosity which supplies the materials are in strict correspondence with the most marked characteristics of our literature, the traits which Brunetière has defined so eloquently in one of his finest essays. Other literatures are perhaps more original than ours; nationality and race may cause themselves to be more powerfully felt in them; they have preserved better their independence, their purity, the savor of their country. In our literature the characteristics of nationality have become less apparent. We have not developed in the direction of particularity and localism but in that of universality, of humanity in general. We have desired that one might become more French in the same degree that one becomes more human. We have never known what French verities might be; we only know about Verity without an epithet—the verity that belongs to all mankind.

That is the reason we have always welcomed all the ideas of all the nations. We have treated them as our own ideas, filtered and humanized in order to distribute them afterward through Europe and throughout the entire world. The civilizing virtue of our literature consists in the fact we have never repulsed either a form of truth or a form of beauty as if alien to our race. The power of our expression is built by our own proper receptiveness. If at times Europe, if the whole world at times has given an almost universal empire to our tongue, that is because they considered—they knew—that we did not bring to them any tyranny of an ethnic temperament, but the light of human reason.

Could we have been enabled to play this historical part, which is a glory to us, if we had entertained the puerile and illusory fancy of remaining uncontaminated—the vainglorious and savage pretension not to mingle our minds with the minds of other peoples and to give, without receiving in turn?

Gustave Lanson

A STANDARD OF ART MEASUREMENT

PART I

CONCEPTION IN ART

By F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL

IN his "Philosophy of Art," a collection of lectures delivered at the École des Beaux Arts at Paris, Taine opens thus his chapter on "Kinds and Degrees of the Ideal": "Among the ideas that artists express in their works are there some that are superior to others? Can one indicate one characteristic that is worth more than another? Is there for each object an ideal form, outside of which all must be deviation or error? Can one discover a principle of subordination which assigns different ranks to different works of art?"

"At first view, one is tempted to say no; the definition of art that we have found seems to bar the route to such a research; it leads us to believe that works of art are all on the same level, and that the field is open to arbitrary judgment. . . . Yet, nevertheless, in the imaginary world, as well as in the real world, there are different ranks, because there are different values. The public and the connoisseurs assign their ranks to some and estimate the value of others. We have done nothing else during the last five years, in our survey of the schools of Italy, of the Low Countries and of Greece. We have always, and at each step, passed judgment. Without knowing it, we had in our hand an *instrument for measuring*. Other men do as we are doing, and in criticism, as elsewhere, *there are certain settled rules. (Italics are mine.)*

"Every one recognizes to-day that certain poets, like Dante and Shakespeare, certain composers like Mozart and Beethoven occupy the highest place in their art. We accord it to Goethe among all the writers of our century. Among the Flemish no one disputes the place of Rubens; among the Dutch none questions the place of Rembrandt; among the Germans that of Dürer, and among the Venetians that of Titian are not challenged. Three artists of the Italian Renaissance: Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael rise, by unanimous consent, above all the others."

And Charles Dudley Warner said in his "Fashions in Literature": "If there is a standard of literary excellence—as there is of all beauty—and it seems to me that to doubt this in the intellectual world is to doubt the prevalence of order that exists in the natural—it is certainly possible to ascertain whether a new production conforms, and how far it conforms, to the universally accepted canons of art."

"To work by this rule in literary criticism is to substitute something definite for the individual taste, moods and local bias of a critic. It is true that the vast body of that which we read is ephemeral and justifies its existence by its obvious use for information, recreation and entertainment. But to permit the impression to prevail that an unenlightened, popular preference for a book, however many may hold it, is to be taken as a measure of its excellence, is like claiming that a debased Austrian coin, because it circulates, is as good as a gold stater of Alexander. The case is infinitely worse than this; for slovenly literature, unrebuked and uncor-

rected, begets slovenly thoughts and debases our entire intellectual life."

As this book by Mr. Warner was published with a preface by so careful a writer as H. W. Mabie, in which he approves Warner's position, I feel safe in saying: It is possible to give a MEASURE or YARD-STICK, to speak plainly, by means of which any cultured layman can, after more or less study, assign to any work of art its proper rank in the category of Art. I shall attempt to give such a yard-stick or standard in the following formula:—The highest Standard of Art Valuation is: POWER OF EXPRESSION; and the elements of art expression are Six: CONCEPTION, COMPOSITION, EXPRESSION, DRAWING, COLOR, TECHNIQUE; and that is the Greatest work of art, in which these six elements of expression are displayed in the highest degree.

Some artist might say I should add a Seventh element, "Style." I reject this because all great works of art have style, at least of a Universal or Impersonal kind. An excessively marked "personal" style is always a sign either of Undevelopment—before the high-water mark of perfection has been reached, or of Degeneracy—after the mark of perfection has been passed in the evolution of any artist or school or epoch. Mantegna had a personal style—due to imperfection and undevelopment; while Bandinelli had already inaugurated the Decadence of the Renaissance by his strongly marked personal style—due to overdevelopment.

Now, when we contemplate a work of art the first thing we should do is to estimate the social importance and beneficence of the Subject chosen. I rate all art subjects in the following order of their social importance and nobility: Religious, Ethical, Allegorical, Historical, Important Portraits, Genre or Contemporary Life, Landscapes and Marines, Still Life. For it is evident that the effect of the operation upon society of the spirit and form of Michelangelo's "Creation" is far more potent and beneficent than the operation of a "Dutch Tap Room Scene" by Teniers.

Having decided on the social value of the subject of the work of art, the next thing we should do is to decide whether the *conception* of the subject is high or low, commonplace or original, beautiful or ugly, weak or forceful.

Let us consider the first and highest element of art power: Conception.

As I said before, it makes no difference how poor the craftsmanship of any work of art: it is always a work of art. But no work of art can enter the category of Great Art at all unless its "technique," its finger-workmanship is of a high order. An artist aiming at enduring Fame—as he should—must first of all be a good workman before daring to talk, preach or rhapsodize in art. Before this first-class workmanship is arrived at, his drawing, modeling, values and surface manipulation—personal or impersonal—must be of a high order of truth and of relative exactitude to nature. When, in his school

of training, the artist has acquired sufficient command of the grammar, syntax and laws of the Art-Language in which he proposes to talk to mankind, to amuse, to delight or to inspire it; when he is a first-class workman, then the element of the *conception* of a subject becomes of the first concern, as the most important in a work of art.

At the outset I will note: all art is Decorative. That is to say: It ornaments or decorates the object or person or space to which it is applied. And all art is also Expressive, either of an idea or of the temperament of the artist or of the spirit of the epoch in which he worked. But as some works are made purely to ornament something and others purely to express an idea, all art may broadly be divided into two great categories—Decorative and Expressive art.

Let us deal with expressive art alone, that in which ideas, sentiments, stories, etc., are expressed. Let us say the subject chosen for representation by a number of artists is "The Last Supper." How shall the artist conceive the subject, its character, its tone, its expression?

First comes the question of Originality of conception. Because those deepest laws of our nature "The Desire to Persist" and "The Desire for the Better" require Change, Novelty and Freshness. It is this need of change which is at the base of all human progress. It results from the capacity of men for getting tired of even the most perfect things of their time, if forced to live with those things only and always, without ever coming in contact with new things, whether superior or inferior, to serve as a contrast and point a comparison. Therefore, originality of conception is the first important thing to be considered in works of art. Everything else being equal, that is the greatest work of art which is the most original. This is fundamental.

But, while originality is the first thing to be considered in the conception of a work of art, the ultimate and most important thing in the conception is not originality—but Beauty.

This is what the "modernist" in art—your "individualist" à l'outrance—cannot understand or refuses to sanction.

It is true, as Rollin Lynd Hartt says in "The People at Play": "The people crave three things: a chance to wonder, a chance to shudder and a chance to be scared out of their wits." But while this is true they do not want the shocks except for the purpose of varying the, generally preferred, monotony of their lives; the stability of which requires prolonged periods of placidity as far as it is possible to establish them. Your rabid "modernist" artist and critic, knowing the need of these occasional shocks and of originality—which is always a shock—stupidly imagines that people want such shocks all the time and at all hazard; and that the uglier and more disgusting these shocks, this originality may be, especially in art, the more they will be appreciated!

Therein lies the fundamental error of the whole "modernist" movement, and is the basic cause of the ocean of art-trash which has been inflicted upon a disgusted public during the last generation. This modernist craze for originality came at the end of the greatest and most productive art epoch that France or the world has seen since the Renaissance, an epoch at the end of which people saw so many

masterpieces of art that they became tired of perfect and beautiful work and, for a change, tolerated imperfect and ugly things—just as most men, after a long period of abstinence and goodness, crave a cup of indulgence and a dash of wickedness. This same thing occurred soon after the Periclean period in Greece and after the Renaissance in Italy.

What the human soul really thirsts for is not so much originality as—Beauty. If to Beauty is added Originality, so much the better. But above all we must have Beauty. And the artist or epoch in art which forgets this fundamental law is in full decadence.

There have been epochs in which originality of all sorts was under a ban. Lombroso in his book on "Genius" gives many instances going to prove that men of genius, in their old age, become particularly resentful of the new, while, in their youth, they may have been revolutionary opponents of the old. This senescence is not only true of individuals but of the race as a whole. There are certain epochs in which the majority of men think that the world is of age, and that nothing better than what then exists can be imagined. This was true of the *ancien régime* in France, in which an effort was made for a stable and durable perfection when, as Mr. Irving Babbitt, in his "On Being Original," says: "Social custom so entwined itself about the whole nature of Frenchmen of the old *régime* that it finally became almost as hard for him as we may suppose it is for a Chinaman to disengage his originality from the coils of custom. The very word 'original' was often used as a term of ridicule and disparagement. . . . 'When it is desired to turn any one to ridicule' writes Boursault about this same time 'he is said to be an *original sans coiffe*.' Anything in literature or art that departed from the conventional type was pronounced 'monstrous.' La Harpe applies this epithet to the Divine Comedy and points out how inferior the occasional felicities of this 'absurd and shapeless rhapsody' are to the correct beauties of a true epic like Voltaire's 'Henriade.'"

When such a conventionalizing into fossilism comes to a head, then a Revolution announces itself, such as the French Revolution of 1793 in government, and the Romantic Revolution of 1830 in art. Let us not, therefore, join the class whose brain-fibre and soul-structure becomes semi-fossilized. Let us welcome the new and original. But let us be reasonably sure that we are welcoming something that is truly original and not crazy before we give way to the onslaught of those who imagine they are original when, in reality, they are only bizarre and ugly.

It is true, as Mr. Babbitt says: "The attempt of the neo-Classists to tyrannize over originality and restrict the creative impulse in the name of the type was bound, in the long run, to provoke a reaction."

It did bring the reaction. But have we not gone too far in the other direction? I think we have. I agree entirely with J. A. Symonds when he says: "It may be added that the liberal culture of the sort described goes far toward emancipating men from the vanity which aims at originality in and out of season. . . . For it is better to repeat all things, if true, than to improvise new things, if they are not true" (or not beautiful). In short, one truly

beautiful thing in art, however conventional, is worth a cargo of ugly things, however original.

The Modernists who have ushered in the decadence of European art forget that to be original in art is easy; but to be *original and fine* is difficult and rare indeed! Especially is this true of marked originality. For fundamentally every work of art, like every human being, no matter how apparently conventional, is truly original; nature has taken care of that.

Let me repeat: while it is very easy to be original it is difficult to be original—and fine! Why is this? Mr. Babbitt gives us the reason: "Genuine originality is so immensely difficult, because it imposes the task of achieving work that is of general human truth and at the same time intensely individual. Perhaps the best examples of this union of qualities are found in Greek art. The original man for the Greek was the one who could create in the very act of imitating the past. Greek literature at its best is to a remarkable degree a creative imitation of Homer." In fine, originality is extremely difficult to achieve; it is extremely rare; it never comes by striving for it, but as a gift from nature, and comes unsought. It is never entirely detached from the past; it is a combination of the original and the commonplace, of the Personal and Impersonal, of the Individual and Universal.

Extreme originality, however desirable it may be, is not necessary to make a work of art great.

While the originality of a work of art must be taken into consideration in the judging or the creating thereof, it is of secondary importance to the beautiful, be this beauty Picturesque, Graceful or Sublime; this beauty finally resulting not from any one art element but from all the elements involved.

The second element to be considered in the Conception of a great work of art is: The *beneficent character* of the idea, story or subject of the conception. That is: not only should the subject be a noble one, but its tone of execution from expression to technique should be noble also. The so-called modernist artists, occupied solely with their absurd little technical artistic dodgers, which they throw off with a hop, skip and a jump, ridicule the idea, not only of a noble subject, but of any subject at all in a work of art. Whistler was one of these. In "The Red Rag" he says: "Why should not I call my works 'symphonies,' 'arrangements,' 'harmonies,' 'nocturnes'? I know that many good people think my nomenclature funny and myself 'eccentric'—yes, 'eccentric' is the adjective they find for me.

"My picture of a 'harmony in grey and gold' is an illustration of my meaning. It is a snow scene with a single black figure and a lighted tavern. I care nothing for the past, present or future of the black figure, placed there because the black was wanted at that spot. All that I know is that my combination of grey and gold is the basis of my picture. Now this is precisely what my friends cannot grasp."

Had Whistler stopped here it would have been well—or said something like this: "I do not care what people say about my theories or my work; it may be only clever color-juggling and trivial in purpose; but it is my own stuff and the only kind I can produce and it pleases me to produce it. I leave it as it is to posterity, to judge me and my work." But when he waves the "Red Rag" and says: "The

vast majority of English folk cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture, apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell. . . . As Music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of color"—when he says this he gets on dangerous ground. This shifty sentence may be approved when applied to a mere Decorative panel, but it is utterly false and deceiving when applied to an Expressive work of art. This is bad enough, as it asserts that "technique" and mere "painting" is always art—is alone art—instead of being only one side of it.

But when he goes further and reels off the following he becomes grotesque: "Art should be independent of all clap-trap, should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear, without confounding this with emotion entirely foreign to it—as devotion, pity, love, patriotism and the like. All these have no kind of concern with it, and that is why I insist on calling my work 'arrangements' and 'harmonies.'" This is indeed the veriest clap-trap of a charlatan bent on making a market for his own wares by humbugging people with fine ambiguous phrases, whose sophistry they cannot stop to analyze.

Were these only the fugitive exclamations of stray, disgruntled hours, one would say nothing. But in his lecture "Ten O'clock," a serious, self-defending lecture, and propaganda of his art philosophy—serious, though in a form full of cynical wit—he says in speaking of Tintoretto, Veronese and Velasquez: "No reformers were these great men, no improvers of the ways of others. . . . In all this their world was completely severed from that of their fellow-creatures with whom sentiment is mistaken for poetry and for whom there is no perfect work that cannot be explained by the benefit conferred on themselves.

"Humanity takes the place of art, and God's creations are excused by their usefulness.

"Hence it is that nobility of action in this light is hopelessly linked with the merit of the work that portrays it. . . . So we have come to hear of the painting that elevates and of the duty of the painter—of the picture that is full of thought and of the panel that merely decorates."

From this it is evident that it never dawned on Whistler that it is fine thought alone that lifts human craftsmanship into the domain of truly great art.

George Moore—also one of the high priests of modernism—says: "Les Palais Nomades" is a really beautiful book and it is free from all the faults that make an absolute and supreme enjoyment of great poetry an impossibility. For it is in the first place free from those pests and parasites of artistic works—ideas. . . . Gustave Kahn took counsel of the past, and he has successfully avoided everything that even a hostile critic might be tempted to term an idea, and for this I am grateful."

We can pardon the absurd point of view of this literary mountebank when we reflect that on page 27 of his book "The Confessions of a Young Man" he confessed: "I was not dissipated but I loved the abnormal."

All this would not be so serious if this philosophy had not made great headway in our own America.

In a recent New York paper appeared the follow-

ing: "The death of Jean Georges Vibert the French painter terminated a career illustrating to perfection the vogue which a purely literary manifestation in art may sometimes obtain. It is possible that in his youth, or for that matter even in his maturity, Vibert may have wished to achieve work in which the *painter's painting* would win the applause of his fellows. It is never safe to assume that the merely popular artist has never had a kindling emotion or a high ambition (*sic*). But so far as we know Vibert was content all his life long to produce painted anecdotes in which the anecdote was always the main thing."

In the first place this phrase ends with an untruth. In Vibert's pictures the anecdote was not always the main thing. For nearly all of his pictures show internal evidence that he strove always to paint as well as the best painters on earth. He always made a great effort to reach the highest watermark of merely skilled craftsmanship; and that he often reached this, close to the best of the world, is sure. When he did not it was because he could not. Certainly for fine drawing, true values and a complete expression of thought some of his works are marvelous. He had the true artist's eye to express some fine or interesting or comic thought with the utmost possible technical power and ever in the modern realistic feeling. That the great public bought many of his works and the price of them is constantly rising is a proof of his sincerity.

But how childish to speak of the "high ambition," to please the artists, when scarcely two artists think alike and most of them are jealous of the technical skill of their fellows, also in view of the obvious fact to-day that if a man pushes his individuality to an extreme he will have a vogue only for a few years and then be a back number! Do you suppose Homer ever thought of writing "poet's poetry" or Shakespeare "Dramatist's Drama," or Beethoven "Musicians' Music" just to dazzle a few "fellow-artists"? Did they not rather try to conquer immortality by enthraling a world?

To offset these gibes, made by clever jugglers in paint against those who insist on ideas, thoughts and sentiment in art, let me quote mostly from the great French writers of the past centuries. Said Diderot: "Every piece of sculpture or painting should be the expression of a great maxim, a lesson for the spectator; without this it is mute." In the preface to Renan's "Morals and Criticism," page XVIII, we find the following: "All the refinements of the world are not worth one good sentiment, even if badly expressed." But the vaudevillians may say: "Diderot was brilliant and erratic and must have been in a cloud when he talked as above; and Renan was an ex-priest and a professional moralist."

So then, let us go to a scientific critic, Taine. He says: "To this scale of physical values corresponds, step by step, a scale of plastic values. Everything else being equal, according as the character handled in a painting or a statue is more or less important, that painting or that statue is more or less beautiful. . . . The concordance is therefore complete, and the characters (types) bring with themselves into a work of art the value which they have already in nature; according as they possess, in themselves, a value more or less great, they communicate to the work a value more or less great. . . . We now understand why the hierarchy of art repeats their

hierarchy. At the summit of nature are the sovereign powers which master the others; at the summit of art are the masterpieces which surpass the others; the two tops are on a level and the sovereign powers of nature are expressed by the masterpieces of art. . . . We have considered types according as they are more or less important; we are now going to consider those types according to their being more or less beneficent. . . . Let us begin with moral man and with the work of art by which he is expressed. It is manifest that the characteristics by which he is endowed are more or less beneficent or maleficent or mixed. . . . We must now see this man in his group. What is the disposition which renders his life beneficent for the society in which he is comprised? We know the interior faculties which are useful to him; where is the interior spring which will render him useful to others.

"There is one which is unique: it is the faculty of loving; for to love is to have for one's aim the happiness of another, to subordinate one's self to him, to work and to devote oneself to his good. You will recognize there the beneficent type par excellence; it is visibly the highest of all in the scale we are constructing. . . . Such is the double scale by which are classified, at once the types of things and the values of works of art. According as the types are more important or beneficent, they occupy a higher place, and put into a higher rank the works of art by which they are expressed."

But lest these festive modernists should say: Taine is already *vieux jeu*, let us come down to a later date. Is Arsène Alexandre the "Boulevardier" sufficiently "modern" for our vaudevillians? And is the *Figaro* of Paris sufficiently cynical and *demi-mondain* to satisfy our "up to daters"—since it is not in the class of "hysterical moral forces" of the world?

Well in the *Figaro* of April 30th, 1908 we find a notice of the Salon des Champs Elysées by Alexandre. It is headed "Ideas and Works of Art" and runs: "This year the Société des Artistes Français has replaced ideas by a whitewashing of its walls with a new tone and works of art are replaced by carpets in all its halls. It is neither through a spirit of chagrin nor of malevolence that we make this statement. We do not find any pleasure in making it, while, on the contrary, it would be a joy to be able to become enthusiastic over some noble ideas, to acclaim some great works truly new. But how can the critic feel enthusiasm when the artists either seem to be fatigued or ashamed to express ideas? Why should we play the rôle of deceivers or make the public play that rôle in taking for works of art a lot of things that are mere journeyman productions?"

"We regret, therefore, to say that the Salon is poor in beautiful works and extremely poor in beautiful ideas. Can we attribute this to lassitude? Surely not. Never were there more painters nor more people knowing how to 'paint' well, in the literal sense of the word, if not with great refinement. But also never, it seems, did there exist a greater laziness of thought among artists, answering perhaps to a laziness of taste in the public. They are satisfied with the first spectacle that they meet and they reproduce it with a sort of neutral

cleverness. And those who do not imitate the others repeat themselves.

"We must therefore conclude that because of their living in their studios and not in their brains or hearts, because of despising—and why?—pure thoughts and living emotions, which alone will always be, whatever may be said to the contrary, the inspirers of truly beautiful works of art, the artists, retaining a prestige poorly justified, have become for the most part not carriers of light but traders of images—and even a small number of images and always the same. Skepticism—that which the old education called 'human respect'—has killed or bridled in most of them their lofty flights, until they have fallen into great errors. The necessities of living, which is besides badly understood, have killed this beautiful profession.

"And we have arrived at this point, that the painters of to-day are, above all, people who fail to grasp the possibilities of all the good opportunities. They have a chance of decorating public edifices, and that for a society which will renew itself; and they acquit themselves of this task by spreading in a commonplace language a lot of conventions—not even traditions—which mean absolutely nothing!

"And beyond that? They have the chance of being able to seize a scene and to relate it with means far more striking and far more complete than mere words. They have this exceptional fortune, not possessed by either the poet or the musician or any one, of being able to suggest by a few spots all the enchantment and intoxication which light and air can give! And they offer what? Always the same Spaniards, always the same markets of Brittany, always the same Fishermen of the studio, always the same landscapes, repeated after the same models, patented and medaled. Does this not spell the decadence of art?"

As the *Figaro* is a paper supporting the Aristocracy and the Academy, the modern scoffers at ideas may say that Alexandre is nothing but a newspaper critic, prejudiced against the modern philosophy of "individualism" in art. So let me finally quote again from Véron, who made a bitter fight against the fossilism of the old Academic Art of his day, one who may be said to be the real father of modern Individualism in aesthetics, and the best friend that mere "technicians" ever had. Says he, among other things: "From this point of view, the choice of a subject is far from being so much a matter of indifference as a certain number of critics affect to believe. The choice of a subject that an artist makes enables us at least to judge of the force of his intellectual power, which is already a matter of importance, if it is true, as we believe, that the value of the work of art depends in a large degree on this; that it reveals the personality of the artist.

"You must even admit that, through the just reaction against the ratiocinative and literary criticism, which has always been dominant with us since Diderot, and which often considers in a work of art less the truly artistic qualities than the extrinsic merits of the subject and the composition, we have arrived at an advertisement of a superb disdain for all sides of art which demand the intervention of reason and reflexion. The painter makes a glory of despising all that is not purely pictorial—line and color!—all the rest is worthless!

"It is an error or at least a dangerous exaggeration. It has ruined a good number of artists who, in virtue of this fine theory, concluded that genius consisted in separating oneself from reason, seeing that reason is not a faculty specially artistic, artists who, in consequence, decided to be guided only by their fantasy. . . . Since painting consists essentially in the use of lines and color, it is altogether natural that all subjects should present themselves to the imagination of the painter under the appearance of lines and colors; we may even say that, if he is a painter, it is precisely because he has a mind made in such a fashion that things do appear to him under this aspect, and it is because of this that they strike him and appeal to him.

"Shall we say, however, that, looked at thus, there could be nothing else? Those lines and colors, must they be so empty of thought and ideas that it would be impossible for other men to discover something else? That is an exaggeration against which we must protect ourselves.

"In spite of a few illustrious exceptions like those which I have mentioned, who were able to make up for their defects in ideas by a prodigious virtuosity, it remains nevertheless true that the doctrine of Art for Art's Sake applied to painting and music produces results necessarily inferior to those which presuppose the intervention of the intelligence. And what we have said before contains the explanation of this inferiority."

I could bring many more quotations from old and young, dead and living Frenchmen, to prove that in France the best thinkers, and those who have French welfare at heart, not only do not teach that ideas and lofty sentiments are out of date and undesirable in art, but that on the contrary ideas and emotion of a noble order are really all that make Art great and respectable. Why then do the charlatans, both in and out of France, spread about their idiotic calumnies on France? Because, being unable to handle a great subject on account of their empty brains and submerged souls, they inwardly feel that they are not great men or great artists; having been born small song-and-dance men, clever alone with fingers and feet, and consumed with a vanity that drives them to try to paint or sculpt or versify when they ought to be selling thread or farming, they needs must, with charlatan impertinence, decry that which is truly great, in order to humbug the busy public into believing that their "clever" stuff is the only thing in art worth honoring or purchasing. It is—Business!

That is why the public is filled with lassitude as Arsène Alexandre says, and that is why no truly great art or very little is being produced in France or Europe to-day.

It is only the vast importance of this subject which has allured me to dwell upon it so much and perhaps repeat myself here. But to conclude this line of argument—I will quote what John C. Van Dyke says in his "Art for Art's Sake": "Yes, there is a third, a higher quality of painting. For poetic feeling is as wide as poetry itself and may be lyrical, sentimental, epic or sublime. There are grades and degrees of poetical conception, rising from mediocrity to lofty heights; and, as the painter's observation is dull or keen, as his feeling is indifferent or passionate, as his mental capacity and imaginative powers are weak or strong, so may his

art be of a commonplace nature or of that kind which breathes the mystery and awe of prophetic things from the vault of the Sistine."

The betterment of man, the progress of civilization is just as much in need to-day of the help the great artists can give it to destroy selfishness, cruelty, vulgarity and undermining bestiality—which always follows in the wake of an excessive individualism—as it ever was. If art need be no longer an engine of the church, it can be an engine of modern society. This modern society is now only in a state of becoming. But it will soon be born into a definite shape with a definite aim and then the leaders will again need art as an engine, as a lever, as the church still uses it to raise life onto an ever higher plane. Then the present art-for-art's-sake artist, now devoid of faith in the wonderful future of man, satisfied now to putter about in the barnyard of art, will once again use his talent—not to serve any art sect or narrow church—but Humanity itself!

The third important element in the conception of a subject is—Expressive Force. That is to say:

Shall the work be powerfully and dramatically expressive or merely mildly and decoratively expressive?

For example: "The Last Supper" painted by Raphael is the least expressive of the possibilities of the subject, the least dramatic, the least stirring of the emotions; Ghirlandajo's is more expressive; Tintoretto's still more; Del Sarto's still more; and Leonardo's most of all, and makes all the others take a lower rank—in Force of Expression.

Now, these three elements of the way of conceiving of a subject—Originality, Beneficence of Character and Expressive Force must be considered at the very beginning of the artist's travail in his effort to produce a great work of art on a given subject. And upon this depends the measure of his success—assuming that he has perfect command of the means of artistic expression.

When he has those three elements determined upon, he begins the real labor of expressing his subject—by means of Composition, Expression, Drawing, Color and Technique.

I will treat of composition in my next article.

F. W. Ruckstuhl

THE PRAYER OF THE WOMEN

Mary of Sorrows and Mother of Tears,

By the Cross on Calvary,
By the thong, and the thorn, and the Roman spears,
Pray to the wounded Christ who hears—
Pray for the women of all the years
Who crossed Gethsemane!

Mary of Mercy and Mother of Pain,

When you tell your rosary,
There are beads for the souls of the brave men slain,
Beads for the crime of kings and Cain,
Beads for the women who wept in vain,
Impotent agony!

Mary of Heaven and Mother of God,

When the world is shadowy
With the weft of the night o'er the bloody sod,
You, who have bowed beneath the Rod,
Pity the women whose feet have trod
The path to Calvary!

Kadra Maysi





DELAWARE VALLEY WATER GAP

BY GEORGE INNESS

See page 310



OCTOBER—NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MONTCLAIR

BY GEORGE INNESS

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ANTONY MEETING CLEOPATRA ON THE NILE

BY L. ALMA-TADEMA

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

AN ANALYTICAL STUDY OF THE FIRST ACT AND GENERAL SUMMARY

By GRACE D. VANAMEE

[**HISTORICAL SYNOPSIS:** It will be remembered that Shakespeare drew his information about Antony and Cleopatra from North's English translation of Plutarch's Greek history of the early Romans. The plain historical story is this: After the murder of the great Julius Cæsar, 44 B. C., his nephew, Octavius, joined with Marc Antony in a war upon Cæsar's murderers. In the course of this war the First Triumvirate was formed, consisting of Marc Antony, Octavius and Lepidus. Before this joining of Antony and Octavius there had been bitter feeling between them, for each sought to be chief ruler. However, each needed the other to reinforce his own strength and so the triumvirate was formed—Lepidus being merely a figure-head. In the year 41 B. C., Antony, as he passed through Cilicia, was met by Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who had formerly loved and been loved by Julius Cæsar. She had at one time lived at Rome with Cæsar, and one son, Cæsarion, was born to them. She now came to meet Antony to answer charges made against her during the recent war. Antony at once became her willing slave, following her to Alexandria, although he was married to a Roman woman, Fulvia. While he lingered under the spell of Cleopatra, Fulvia, joining with Antony's brother, made war against Octavius, and Antony was obliged to return to Rome, but not until he had heard of his wife's death. A reconciliation was effected between the triumvirs and was cemented by Antony's marriage to Octavia, sister of Octavius. Now the Roman world was redivided—Lepidus receiving Africa, Octavius the West and Antony the East. For a time Antony had great success, beating the Parthians, capturing Jerusalem and conquering Antigonus. His relation with Cleopatra was re-established on his return from Italy and again upon his return from his Parthian expedition, when she met him at Syria with money and provisions. We hear of the gentle Octavia leaving Rome to go to her husband's assistance, but he headed her off by meeting her at Athens and commanding her to return to Rome. Antony drove his wife back to her brother under the ruse that she was to make peace between Antony and Octavius, who had quarreled. Octavius was very angry and determined to get rid of Antony. War was declared against him. Two years were spent in preparation and delays on both sides, but in the year 31 B. C., at the battle of Actium, Antony was defeated. Cleopatra was present and gave the sign for retreat, herself leading the way. To the dismay of his countrymen, and to his own lasting disgrace, Antony followed her. He sought refuge in Egypt but was followed there by Octavius, and at last, in the year 30 B. C., believing that Cleopatra had committed suicide, he killed himself. When the Queen heard of his death she did take her own life, allowing an asp to sting her. She was then thirty-nine years old, and with her ended the dynasty of the Ptolemies in Egypt. She left three children by Antony.]

IT is night in Egypt. The blue Egyptian sky bends lovingly over that land of mystery and enchantment as though enamored of her charm. The stars flash their eternal questions upon the pyramids, relics of man's earliest thoughts, as alluring and mysterious as the stars themselves. Silently, as though ruling both land and sky, pyramids and stars, the mighty Sphinx curls its inscrutable smile and challenges man to define its meaning. This land of antiquity, Country of the Nile, coffin-shaped sepulcher of ancient rulers, enchanted hiding-place of arts long dead, mighty Egypt, rests from the glare of her tropic sun—rests but does not sleep, for in the night's long watches she abandons herself to revelry and mirth, while the Sphinx looks on with the patient tolerance of a God. Amid those solemn evidences of life and death, there where all things whisper of the Power Unseen, the Power not to be compassed, or classified, men and women are living, loving, suffering, dying. Yonder glimmer the lights of Alexandria and down those crowded streets wander a man and a woman, living and loving—not yet suffering and dying; a man and a woman, in themselves mysterious as the land and the night; swayed by a power not to be analyzed, yet so terrible in its influence that it annihilated their reason, stifled their conscience and impelled them to ride over laws and conventions, forgetful of

sceptres and diadems, duty and honor. Nearly 2,000 years ago, somewhere between 30 and 40 B. C., this man and woman became the central theme of a picture so vast that it includes two great nations, the fleets and armies of two world-powers. No painter ever conceived a theme so brilliant and audacious, yet so terrible in its suggestion of a coming Nemesis. Plutarch made a pen-and-ink outline of the picture, but we had to wait for a Shakespeare to give it to us upon a canvas that stretches from Alexandria to Rome, and holds us enthralled by the perfection of its art. Plutarch told us the incidents in their lives, but Shakespeare gave us the life itself of Egypt's dazzling Queen—Cleopatra, Wizard of the Nile, and the great and powerful, though weak and vacillating Roman—ruler of men, hero of many a battle, warm-hearted, human, miserable Marc Antony. Critics have said that Shakespeare's Cleopatra is not history, but who that has lived in the play will not agree with Furness, who said, in writing to Monsieur Jusserand, "Who cares for history? If you had lived with Cleopatra for two years, as I have, you would adore her as much as I do." When we have finished our study, we may conclude with Goethe that we have heard proclaimed with a thousand tongues that self-indulgence is incompatible with achievement. Be this as it may, we do not study the play for the purpose of discovering the

moral, nor yet for the historical facts; we study it because it is a powerful drama in which the chief actors were rulers of two great people. Men and women of every time and nation have lived similar lives, been swept on and overcome by similar passions, yet few of them can challenge our attention, or appeal to our imagination, because they are of less importance in the history of the world. Antony and Cleopatra are not simply a man and a woman indulging in a love which made them defy law, trample upon convention, and ruthlessly ignore the rights of others. There would be nothing uncommon about this—the newspapers are full of such stories. But in the love of Antony and the great Egypt there *is* something uncommon—something so awful in its scope, so terrific in its power, so tremendous in its effect, that the world is charmed by the colossal outlines, and fascinated by the tragic beauty of the drama, even while a large portion of it may be shocked by the violation of its most sacred principles. Antony and Cleopatra could not live their lives without affecting thousands of other lives; and their love carried ruin and disaster in its wake, brought sorrow and shame to Egypt and to Rome, and made two nations blush in an age when blushes were not common.

Let us take the first act and see how it reveals the characters of Antony and Cleopatra.

We quickly learn how Antony's countrymen looked upon his love for the Egyptian when Philo speaks in the opening scene. Here Shakespeare sounds the keynote to the situation. In the fewest words Philo gives us his estimate of Antony and Cleopatra, his disgust at Antony's infatuation, and his genuine regret for his downfall. Speaking to Demetrius, Philo says:

"Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust."

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see."

Then we hear Cleopatra's rich, passionate voice quickly following the words "a strumpet's fool"—asking the eternally feminine question: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much," to which Antony replies: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd," and Cleopatra playfully says "I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved," and he responds, "Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth."

Is it mere chance that Shakespeare makes Cleopatra speak almost before Philo has ceased calling her by the vilest term he could use, and that she should ask the simplest and most feminine of questions: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much?" It is no chance, but the most exquisite art. Shakespeare meant to give us public opinion in the voice of Philo and then to let the enchantress speak for herself, that we may at once receive our own impression of her, not from what Philo says, but from knowing her as she is. Indeed, so powerful is her

personality, so striking, forceful and individual, everything she says and does that she compels our attention at once and in the end we judge her on her merits—and the personal equation wins. But even though we have to admit that she has no sense of conventional morality, no remote thought of duty, that she is a law unto herself—yet from the moment we hear her speak, we know she is not the common creature Philo paints her. She is a woman with a mighty capacity for loving, with a wonderful, passionate tropic nature, whose love leaps over all barriers, and whose will, as strong as her love, makes her in the end a woman who could die as well as live for love.

Shakespeare has given us many women whose love was the ruling passion of their lives. He has given us a Portia, whose love was supreme, yet was controlled by her sense of honor and duty; a Juliet, whose love was all-absorbing but all-innocent; an Imogen, who would have died rather than prove faithless to her love; a Desdemona who left home and father to follow the dusky Moor; an Ophelia, whose poor, girlish heart broke under the pain of disappointed love; a Lady Macbeth, whose love and ambition for a weaker husband made her approve of murder. All of these women have charmed us, yet none of them can compare in complexity of character, and brilliancy of coloring, with Cleopatra. What drew Antony to her? It was the power of magnetism too great to be resisted. He felt in her the charm of all the ages. No blandishment, no folly known to woman but was known to her. Against that romantic background of antiquity, she seemed to Antony the epitome of grace, elegance and refinement. She had intellect and temperament, humor and wit, ardor and audacity, and she used all the weapons at her command upon the man whom she truly loved. We are not surprised to hear him say: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd." He had apparently forgotten Fulvia, his wife under the Roman law, but he is not left long to dream, or to forget, for he has scarcely ceased his extravagant reply to Cleopatra when messengers from Rome are announced. Now we see Cleopatra in another mood. She is practical and shrewd, perhaps curious enough, to wish to hear what the messengers have to say, for she says "Nay, hear them, Antony"; but her good advice is undone by the torrent of sarcasm that follows:

"Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this,
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee?'"

And, when Antony expresses surprise at her tone, she continues:

"As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!"

Antony, unable to endure it longer, bursts forth with that wonderful expression of his love:

"Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless."

We should expect Cleopatra to reply with a quick response of love. Not so—the chameleon-like Cleopatra could not be consistent, yet her next words show that she is not blind to the situation. If she is foolish, she knows it; if it is folly to love thus madly with a Fulvia over there in Rome, she knows it; if it is illogical for her to believe in Antony's faithfulness to her when he has been unfaithful to Fulvia, she knows it, for she says:

"Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself."

Antony replies:

"But stirr'd by Cleopatra,
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?"

Cleopatra is still insistent: "Hear the ambassadors." And then Antony gives us one of the most perfect characterizations of Cleopatra in the whole play:

"Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine; and all alone.
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it."

It is evident that she is not deaf to this appeal, for they move away together as he says to the ambassadors: "Speak not to us."

Perhaps the chief purpose of the second scene is to introduce Enobarbus, the friend and follower of Antony, who furnishes the scant humor of the play and, like court jester, reduces tragedy to comedy, and often shows comedy in its truest light of tragedy. Enobarbus is interesting because he is an excellent reflector of Antony and Cleopatra and of all that is taking place. Having given the command: "Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink," Enobarbus endures for a time the silly and often vulgar talk of the servants, and then, seeing Cleopatra approaching, says: "Hush! here comes Antony." This is a thinly veiled sneer, for he sees only Cleopatra, who upon entering, says to him: "Saw you my Lord?" . . . "He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden a Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!" . . . "Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?" "Here, at your service. My lord approaches." Whereupon Cleopatra, though eager to see him, in her capriciousness, says: "We will not look upon him; go with us." Antony enters and we hear him talking with a messenger from Rome and eagerly plying him with questions. We learn that his wife has made war against his brother, then joined her forces with his against Octavius and both had been driven out of Italy. Antony is impressed with the seriousness of the situation and sees the folly of his dallying in Egypt, for he says: "These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, or lose myself in dotage." A second messenger, closely following the first, tells him that his wife is dead, and he pays her a very generous tribute when he says:

"There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; . . . She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch."

Summoning Enobarbus, Antony tells him that they must leave Egypt. Enobarbus answers in a light vein with many sarcastic thrusts at Cleopatra, until Antony says: "Would I had never seen her!" to which Enobarbus makes the remarkable reply: "O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel." When Antony tells him of Fulvia's death, Enobarbus gives him no sympathy, but virtually says: "Well, be thankful, now you can marry Cleopatra," but Antony is too sore for jests, and says:

"No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part—"

In Scene 3, Cleopatra, impatient at Antony's absence from her side, says to Charmian: "Where is he?" Charmian replies: "I did not see him since." Cleopatra gives the command:

"See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sullen; quick, and return."

She must tease him to pay for the pique she feels at his delay in coming to her. When she sees him she at once says to him: "I am sick and sullen." This makes Antony's task much harder. How shall he tell her that he must depart? His first attempt: "I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose," is met by Cleopatra with:

"Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it."

Now she sees by his face that he has bad news to tell her and, Cleopatra-like, she makes the telling of it difficult, by pretending to expect good news:

"I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are."

Ant. The gods best know—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra—
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Ritiuous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords:

* * * *

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death."

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garbolls she awaked: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleopatra retorts:

"O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be."

Cleopatra is not logical in this, for she had no reason to know how great a love Antony had ever given Fulvia, though she had been his wife. Antony is stung by her sarcasm and says:

"Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st."

Cleopatra continues to taunt him, until unable to endure it longer, he bursts forth:

"You'll heat my blood: no more."

Still she teases him, though in a lighter vein, for she is quick to see that he is getting angry and now she tries to turn it into a joke and laugh him into good humor again, but when he says coldly "I'll leave you, lady," she comes to her senses and her love conquers her capriciousness. The rest of the scene is noble and befitting the two great natures, and their great, though guilty, love.

Cleo. "Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved—but that's not it:
That you know well; something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten."

* * * *

But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeing here remain with thee.
Away!"

Scene 4 is laid at the house of Octavius in Rome. The young Octavius is reading a letter from Egypt and talking to Lepidus, whose chief aim seems, to keep peace between him and Antony. Now, while Octavius is fretting at Rome and Antony is hastening thither, we turn to Cleopatra to see how she bears the absence of her lover. Speaking to Charmian in the fifth scene of act one, she says: "Give me to drink mandragora," and when Charmian asks

"Why, madam?" she replies "That I might sleep out this great gap of time My Antony is away." Again, a little later:

"O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison."

Later in the scene, after she has received the messenger with a gift from Antony, she says:

"Ink and paper, Charmian.
Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony."

* * * *
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood.
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt."

Now, how has Cleopatra been revealed in this First Act? We have seen her loving, playful, capricious, sarcastic, tormenting, sorrowful, dignified, oftentimes petulant and wilful, but ever adoring. We have found her at all times interesting and feminine to her finger-tips. From her first sentence: "If it be love indeed, tell me how much?" until the last: "Get me ink and paper!" "he shall have every day a several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt"; there has been nothing of the vulgar enchantress about her. More than once she has uttered great thoughts and used noble language. She has shown that she understands human nature, and, what is more to the point, that she understands Antony's nature and her own.

Antony's character is not complex and, by his own words and by those of his countrymen, he has been revealed as a brave and dauntless Roman, a man of strength and marked ability held in the toils of a fascinating woman, whose love for him is matched by his love for her. Rome is none too pleasant a place for Antony. Since the murder of Julius Cæsar, many, knowing Antony's love for Cæsar, look upon him with scant affection. Antony was quite willing to be the absent ruler, knowing that in any great issue the youthful and inexperienced Octavius, the weak and inefficient Lepidus would need his services. As soon as he sensed real danger he tore himself away from Cleopatra. To be sure, he told her that he would go or stay as she bade him, but he meant to go and she was aware of his real intention. At all times, in his attitude toward Cleopatra, Antony is dignified yet humble, her slave, at the same time her master—enduring much from her, yet knowing how to check her when she goes too far—a Roman always, even in his folly.

Do we not get a marvelous light upon the qualities of Antony and Cleopatra in just the First Act? Where is there any parallel, even in Shakespeare, to the wealth of character revealed in this First

TWO GREAT IDEALISTS

G. F. WATTS, ARNOLD BOECKLIN

By GEORGE B. ROSE

IT was reserved for the last half of the Nineteenth Century to formulate the most abominable doctrine ever promulgated in art—that it makes no difference what you paint provided it is well done; that the cunning hand and the discerning eye are all in all; that a picture should not be a vehicle of thought, but merely the presentation of a fact—the more commonplace the better. To this negation of the human intelligence the name of "Art for Art's Sake" was given; and even now, in the presence of the most awful tragedy in the world's long sad history—a tragedy which should awaken every one to the deep seriousness of life—there are many who think it smart to repeat the silly formula.

It is true that the clear-seeing eye and the well-trained hand are the first essentials of art. No matter how great our ideas may be, they are of no avail unless we can express them. The man who has no vocabulary and is ignorant of the rules of grammar may have the soul of a poet; but he must remain mute and inglorious. But when he has acquired command of words and a mastery of syntax, he is only at the beginning. If he uses them for trite and commonplace purposes, he should live unhonored, and he will surely die forgotten. But if he uses them like a Shakespeare or a Milton, a Byron or a Shelley, a Tennyson or a Swinburne, immortality will be his portion.

So is it with art. Mastery of technique is only the vocabulary and grammar of the artist; and his position in the art world will depend on how he uses them. He may eschew the deep problems of human destiny, and yet win for himself a secure, if an humble position in the Hall of Fame, as did the flower painters of Holland; but no reasonable man would think of giving these a place beside the mighty Rembrandt, who peered into the very depths of the human soul, and dragged its most hidden secrets to the light.

The principles which should govern the production of a work of art are nowhere better stated than by Goethe: "Reality is the nourishing soil whence springs art, the marvelous plant, whose roots should plunge into the real, but whose stem should blossom in the ideal." Of course, the disciples of the "Art for Art's Sake" doctrine look on Goethe with the same contempt with which Bernard Shaw regards Shakespeare; but still those mighty geniuses seem secure upon their golden thrones.

Fortunately the half century that formulated the rules of "Art for Art's Sake" gave to the world two of the greatest exponents of art as intellectual creation—George Frederick Watts and Arnold Böcklin—perhaps the two most searching minds that have been devoted to art since the greatest of Dutchmen passed from earth, neglected and forgotten.

In some respects men could not be further apart than Watts and Böcklin; the one proclaiming in thunder tones the Gospel of Righteousness, and striving, as no one has ever striven with the brush, to justify the ways of God to man; the other, the deep-sighted interpreter of Nature's every mood, as

indifferent to moral problems as the sun that shines alike upon the just and the unjust, making the harvest of the sinner flourish like the harvest of the saint. For the one art is ethical; for the other it is pantheistic. Their points of view are as far apart as the poles; but they are alike in the intense intellectuality, the profound significance of their work.

Watts comes nearer to the greatness of Michelangelo than any other artist that has lived since the mighty Florentine limned those stupendous figures upon the Sistine's vault. They are widely different in their beliefs: Michelangelo a devout Christian, and Watts a believer in no creed save that the world is ruled by a divine Providence for noble ends. Yet the result is much the same. Every soul, of whatever faith, must be uplifted by the prodigious forms upon the ceiling of the papal Chapel. We know that they are intended for Mosaic and Christian characters; but in them there is nothing especially Christian or Mosaic. Their power, their earnestness, their greatness must appeal to every serious mind, regardless of religious belief.

So it is with Watts. His appeal is to the universal soul of humanity, that sorrows and strives, that is cast down and crushed, yet hopes and struggles upward to the end. He who stands in that wonderful room in the National Gallery of British Art consecrated to his genius feels himself uplifted as does he who gazes on the Sistine's ceiling, with something less of awe, but with something more of hope. The one was fed upon the sublime but austere teachings of the Hebrew prophets; the other upon the broad humanism of the Nineteenth Century. Yet the great Englishman is perhaps closer akin to the great Florentine than any one who in the interval has wielded brush or chisel. It would never have occurred to Michelangelo that man should presume to justify the ways of God; while the most striking of Watts' works are devoted to that justification. Still, in their earnestness, their elevation, their intensity they are much alike.

Watts also resembles Michelangelo in his exclusive pre-occupation with the human form. His view of the mountains of Mentone sufficiently proves that he was capable of attaining distinction in landscape; but he found the human body more suited to his message; and he devoted his life to displaying its beauty and its expressiveness. In the body, however, he saw nothing gross or impure. Full and voluptuous as are his splendid female figures, there is never in them any suggestion of impurity. They are used to convey a lofty ethical message, or to delight the eye with their womanly charms.

The man who can enter the Watts room in the London gallery without emotion is not to be envied. His soul is so arid or so light that the great problems of humanity are beyond his ken. All those whom I have conducted thither have stood spellbound before those sublime creations. Of course, there are some too frivolous or too dull to grasp their message; but they appeal, as few works of art have ever appealed,

to the great heart of humanity that loves, and mourns for the loved ones that are gone.

Watts is the supreme painter of the two things that touch closest the soul of man: Love, which binds hearts together, and Death, which tears them asunder; Love, which makes existence sweet, and Death, which makes it bitter; and he strives with an almost pathetic vehemence to justify the seeming cruelty of our mortal lot.

For him Love is not Anacreon's mischievous urchin, or even the dainty youth that Psyche won and lost and won again. It is the universal bond of affection between human hearts; it is the tie that links the parent to the child, the youth to the maid, the friend to the chosen friend. It is the thing that cherishes and preserves, that strews with flowers the long road to the tomb, that sweetens the uses of adversity. It is the power that bears up the weary traveler on life's highway, lest he dash his foot against a stone; that cheers him as he passes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. For him Death is not the grim skeleton that Holbein made to dance before a cowering world; it is the great Consoler, who comes to ease us of the burden that has grown too heavy for us to bear, to wipe the tears from eyes that are red with weeping, and to lay upon them the balm of gentle sleep.

Of all his pictures those which best convey his message are the "Love and Life" and "Love and Death"—the one showing the powerful Love folding his mighty pinions, which could soar heavenward even to the throne of God, and gently sustaining the frail form of Life as she struggles painfully upward over the rocks to her unknown goal; the other, showing Love resolute, yet powerless, to defend the beloved door from resistless Death, who comes with no unkind intent. These pictures are prodigious in their power, the greatest perhaps of all symbolic pictures that the hand of man has wrought. If Watts had painted nothing else, his position among the masters would be secure.

But he painted a great deal more, and his works cover a wide and varied field. Many of them are devoted to the justification of Him who has sent Death into the world. Such are "The Messenger," where the beneficent genius who holds the infant so gently to her bosom comes to relieve the aged from an existence that has grown to be a burden; "Death Crowning Innocence," where the great winged spirit enfolds the babe like a loving mother, shielding it from the sorrows that might have been; "The Court of Death," where the warrior comes to lay down his sword, the monarch his crown, where the woman finds consolation for the love that has brought but grief, and the long-suffering beggar finds relief at last; the noble recumbent figure of "The Dead Warrior" with its pregnant inscription: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have"; "The Happy Warrior," who, dying in the discharge of duty, finds a beautiful angel bending above him to receive his spirit.

Others are of a broad moral significance, like the "Time, Death and Judgment," with Time marching so relentlessly on, accompanied by the pallid form of Death, bearing in her apron sweet flowers to lay upon the tomb, and Judgment following so swiftly after; "Mammon" crushing under his brutal feet the noblest types of humanity; "Conscience, the Dweller in the Innermost," with those awful eyes

that seem to sear the soul; "Charity" gathering the children upon her lap.

Perhaps the most popular of all his pictures is the "Hope." Probably it is the most haunting figure that has been created since Michelangelo wrought the Medicean tombs. There she sits with bowed head upon the world, sounding the one remaining chord of her broken lyre! If the painter had not named her "Hope," none would have guessed her title. She is one of those inscrutable beings who haunt us like the "Melancholia" of Albert Dürer, like the Hamlet of Shakespeare. What she means we know not; but the most ignorant love her for her beauty and the grace of her attitude, while the wisest find in her a mystery they cannot fathom.

Watts is no painter of allegories. The genius of a Rubens may invest allegories with beauty and charm; but allegorical pictures are essentially unpictorial. He sought to body forth the great ethical truths in symbols that would be comprehensible to all mankind. In this he failed, as all must fail. Without explanation none could know that the powerful youth helping the frail maiden upon her stony path was Love, or that she was Life; nor could one divine that the godlike woman who approaches the door so gently is Death, or that the child who so resolutely seeks to stay her footsteps is Love. But when the symbolism is explained, a noble and uplifting influence is brought into our lives. This is all that we can expect of symbolic art; and what distinguishes Watts' symbolism from that of lesser men is the nobility of the types, the lofty sweetness and consoling power of the message conveyed and the splendid execution of the pictures.

From the subjects of so many of his works one who had not seen them would imagine that Watts was an austere painter. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His art has all the sensuous beauty, the voluptuous fulness of the Venetians; and many are painted for their loveliness alone, with no thought of aught beside. Titian or Giorgione, Paul Veronese or Palma Vecchio would have loved the luscious forms of the "Fata Morgana," the "Daphne," the "Bacchanal," the "Life's Illusions," the "Eve Tempted," the "Repentant Eve," the Diana hovering over the Sleeping Endymion or the Nymphs that guard the boyhood of Jupiter. In these and many others he reveals all the splendid pagan beauty of the Venetian school, with no suggestion of the moralist or teacher. Indeed I recall none of his female forms that are not richly developed save that in the "Love and Life"; and here there was an especial reason for representing her as delicate and frail. Like Homer he was a lover of "deep-bosomed" women. His ideals were lofty, but there was about him nothing of the ascetic. He loved humanity, and rejoiced to see it in its strength and beauty. He felt that the world was made for man, and that in strengthening, cheering and consoling their fellows, man discharged their highest duty. Being a painter of the eternal verities, he is, like Michelangelo, essentially a painter of the nude. And, like Michelangelo, he realizes that the emotions speak as eloquently in the body as in the face. For this reason, in many pictures the countenance is hidden or turned away, so that from the form alone we must read the struggles of the soul. Thus in the "Repentant Eve" we can see all the agony of the Fall, though her face is hidden; in the "For He Had

Great Possessions" we perceive in his dejected carriage the anguish of the young man who could not renounce his riches even to save his soul; in the "Love and Death" the attitude of the woman with her back to us reveals all the beneficence of her purpose; in the "Minotaur," who looks out to sea, we realize the greedy lust for blood, the monstrous appetite of the fiendish brute.

To such a nature it was inevitable that the spirit of Christian Chivalry, which has been one of the greatest influences in the uplifting of humanity, should make a strong appeal; and some of his most beautiful pictures present to us types of youthful warriors, clad in the steel armor of knighthood. Neither in art nor in literature will you find more delightful presentations of chivalrous heroes than in his "Sir Galahad," "The Watchman," "The Happy Warrior," "Aspirations," or "Una and the Red Cross Knight." They are the very ideals of youthful purity and courage, beautiful young men without fear and without reproach, who live only to serve God and their fellowmen, and to protect the weak against oppression.

It is strange that this fervent idealist should have been one of the greatest portrait painters of all time. It was his ambition to transmit to posterity a living presentment of all the great Englishmen of his day; and the most conspicuous of them will live for posterity as depicted by his brush. With realistic power he gives us the outward lineaments; but this is the least important part of his work. He drags the soul of the man from its hiding-place, so that upon his canvas we see all that passion and thought, toil and aspiration have made of him. It is a faithful portrait of the physical aspect, and a priceless revelation of the soul within. His portraits are like the marvelous bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, in whose lineaments we can read the fate of Rome.

Though he loved woman's beauty so much and presents it so often in all its alluring splendor, he rarely painted the portrait of a woman. As with Rembrandt, it was chiefly character that interested him, and owing to their habits of self-control and their shielded lives, character is rarely conspicuous in the female face. So, like the great Dutchman, he was essentially a painter of male portraits; and they are the most soul-searching presentments of the human countenance that we have had since Rembrandt. Unhappily most of Rembrandt's sitters are unknown to us, and their likenesses shed scant light on history; but Watts has given us the foremost men of his time, with a vital power and a penetrating insight that will make them truly live for posterity.

He said that portraiture was the best discipline for the ideal painter. It keeps him in close touch with the real and prevents his drifting off into those lifeless abstractions that are so often the ruin of the idealist. To be of any value, an ideal work of art must be as real as a picture by Chardin or Jan Steen. Shakespeare understood that. Hamlet and Ophelia are as real as Falstaff and Mistress Quickly. All the great idealists, such as Homer and Dante, Raphael and Michelangelo, are also great realists. They are masters of their craft, who present their figures with convincing realism, but who select for presentation the noblest types.

And few pictures are likely to endure so long as

those of Watts. The most modest of men in every other respect, he felt that he had a great message to transmit to future ages, and he took every precaution to ensure its preservation. His colors were ground for him specially and kept in sealed jars until ready for use. Knowing the destructive influence of too much oil, he used only enough to make the paint adhere. Understanding likewise the disintegrating chemical action that often takes place when paints are mixed, he applied each color separately in points and lines and blotches, so that he got the effect of mixed paints by the blending of the light reflected from pure touches of contrasting color laid side by side. He was not the first of the "Pointillistes." Paul Veronese especially had used the method with conspicuous success. But no other great painter uses it so uniformly, and none other has produced thereby such magnificent results. His pictures are not to be looked at close at hand. To enjoy their beauty one must stand at a considerable distance. Then the contrasting points of color are blended into a mellow splendor worthy to be compared with the works of the great Venetians.

He was Venetian, too, in his method of working. The Florentine made a preliminary drawing, usually many of them; and from these he made a cartoon, from which the picture was painted. The result was a continual insistence upon the line. The Venetian, on the contrary, generally painted from the living model, so that the rotundity of the forms and the play of light and shade upon them are more conspicuous than the outlines, which are somewhat indeterminate. So it is with Watts; and like the works of the Venetians, his pictures gain in vitality what they lose in precision.

There are few things more surprising than the technical mastery acquired by Watts without any technical training. When a boy he went for a few weeks to the Royal Academy; but those were the days when the highest aim of the artist was to produce a huge historical composition painted with colors soaked in bitumen. Watts promptly saw that he could learn nothing there; and he pursued his path alone. Yet the portrait of himself painted at seventeen and the "Wounded Heron" and the two portraits which he exhibited at the Royal Academy at twenty show a mature technique. He always declared that his real masters were the Elgin Marbles. From these he drew the nobility of his forms and those exquisite clinging draperies that clothe the figure while revealing all its beauty. From the first success attended him and in early youth he was able to spend four years in Italy, and a little later to travel through Greece, Asia Minor and Egypt. Yet he made no copies of the great pictures, no drawings of the noble monuments which fell under his observation. Instead, he spent his time in absorbing into his inmost soul the essence of their beauty and power. He did not imitate them; but their loving contemplation made him the great man that he became.

He was strangely independent. He was no recluse. He was on intimate terms with the greatest artists and writers of his day. He was keenly alive to the intellectual movements of his time. Yet he went on his own way, preaching his own gospel of nobility and beauty, apparently uninfluenced by his surroundings. He borrowed nothing either from the technique or the ideas of his associates. He

grew like a great tree standing alone in the meadow, drawing its sustenance from the sunlight, the soil and the atmosphere about it, yet developing solely upon its own lines.

When we turn from Watts to Boecklin we pass into a new world. It is like turning from Michelangelo to Leonardo, from the man of lofty soul to the man of penetrating intellect. Indeed, it is likely that no artist since Leonardo has looked so deep into the heart of Nature.

Boecklin shares none of Watts' conviction that the universe is ruled for a moral purpose. He makes no effort to justify the ways of God to man. He dives into the very heart of Nature, and surprises her deepest secrets. He attributes to her no beneficent design. He rejoices in the infinite variety of her inexhaustible beauty; but he sees her as she is, apparently indifferent to good and evil. He gives us a deeper insight into Nature than any one who has ever wielded the brush; but he has no message of comfort or cheer.

No other man has ever comprehended the soul of nature as he, or embodied her spirit in such truthful types. He has created a vast number of beings that have never existed, and which yet are the most convincing revelations of Nature's attributes. Nominally they are revivals of the old Greek myths; but he has clothed them in new forms, and infused into them a new reality.

The mythological creatures of the Greeks had no deep significance. The centaur was only a horse from whose shoulders sprang the body of a man. The Triton was only a man with a fish's tail. The Satyr was only a boorish peasant with the horns and the legs of a goat. The wood-nymph and the sea-nymph were only beautiful young women, who lived in the forest or the waves.

But the mythical creations of Boecklin reveal the very soul of the elements whence they spring. His wood-nymphs are strange wild creatures, shunning the gaze of man and in whose eyes is all the haunting mystery of the forest. His sea-nymphs have all the gladness and languor, all the beauty and charm of the ocean. In his Tritons we see all the joy and the terror of the sea. His creatures are sad, wistful, timid or ferocious, as Nature is.

Look at the centaur that bears Dejanira in "The Elysian Fields." Here is no artificial conjunction of man and horse, as in the Greek centaurs. It is a true blending of the human and equine natures. It is exactly what would result if so monstrous a union were possible. The blood that flows through the equine body pulsates in the arteries of the human portion. It is not the body and countenance of a man that spring from the shoulders of the brute. It is throughout half man and half horse. It is a monstrous conception, but absolutely true to nature.

Equally amazing in their lifelike probability are the creatures which contend so fearfully in "The Battle of the Centaurs." To find action so intense, animated by a parallel ferocity, we must go to Leonardo's "Battle of the Standard" or to "The Lion Hunt" of Rubens. And the creatures which fight here with such unspeakable rage and hate are wonderful evocations from an unknown but possible world, where beings that are at once both equine and human have sprung from Nature's lusty womb.

And so it is with all Boecklin's other creations.

His fauns and satyrs are no fortuitous conjunctions of animal and human parts. They are not composite creatures. They are thoroughly organic, just such beings as would spring from the union of a goat and a man, suffused in every part with the human and the goatish elements.

He was very fond of the faun and the satyr, and he presents them in a surprising variety, expressive of many of Nature's moods. In the early "Pan Frightening a Shepherd" he had scarcely got beyond the Greek conception; but year by year as his insight into Nature deepens he gives them a greater significance. The "Faun Piping to a Blackbird" of 1864 is a purely original creation, with a vitality, a joy in life, a humanity combined with sensuous animalism that is new to art. The two fauns in the "Springtime Dance" of the Dresden Gallery are still more surprising, compelling us to think of the strange creatures that we see in the forest waters. The nymph riding upon the shoulders of Pan and driving him with blows of his own stick is a singular revelation of the serfdom of senile love. In the Pan who pipes in the "Spring Evening," unconscious of the listening nymphs, we have all the pensive revery of the sunset hour. In the queer satyrs that watch the sleeping nymph we have a presentment of mere animal delight in the contemplation of female beauty that is most amusing.

He loved the forest and wandered in its untrodden depths with a soul awake to all its mystery and charm. He knew not only its outward aspect but its haunted soul; and he presents to us a number of beings that science knows not of, which perchance have never existed, yet which are exactly what the forest would have created if it had desired to reveal to us its deepest instincts, so full of terror, of joy, of wistful longing.

But master as he is of the spirit of the woods and although he was born in Switzerland, it is perhaps in the sea that he is most at home. His sea-nymphs and his Tritons are, it may be, his most amazing creations. They are filled with the beauty, the gladness, the horror of the sea. In them are mirrored the very soul of that fascinating and unstable element, so alluring in its beauty, so terrific in its power. Usually it is the beauty or the terror of the sea, its gladness in the sunlight, its gloom in the shadows; but sometimes he gives us a picture like "The Sport of the Waves" at Munich, with an elemental humor such as has scarcely been seen since Aristophanes held the boards.

His sea pictures are very numerous. He has no superior in depicting its varied aspects in storm or calm, the pellucid splendor of its sunlit waves, its dreamy languor in its hours of rest, the awful fury of its wrath. But he is never content with the sea as it shows itself to common mortals. He peoples it with beings we have never seen; but they are presented with such realistic power that it is hard to doubt their existence when we stand before the canvases.

Of these works perhaps the most delightful is the "Sea Nymphs at Play" in the museum at Basel. These maidens with fish's tails, disporting in the waves and leaping from the rocks, filled with joyous merriment, while the strange sea-monster looks on with greedy eyes, are most delightful; while the fish-tailed baby who is swept down by the receding wave, still clinging to the little fish that she has

captured, is worthy to be placed beside the baby satyr that drags the deer's head in Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." But this picture is scarcely more charming than the nymph who holds the serpent's head while the triton blows his horn; or the nymph who lies dreaming upon the rock while the triton plays with their rollicking infant; or the mother sea-nymph who looks dreamily out over the waves while her infant presses her mighty bosom, and the husband drags up the seal for the amusement of their older child; or the mermaids who sing their wild songs with the harp-playing triton, listened to by uncanny creatures whose fantastic heads emerge from the deep; or that beautiful being upon whose reclining form the gulls are perching, while in the waters below a strange and hideous thing with fishlike eyes and serpent's tail is staring up.

When we speak of Watts, the first memories that arise before our mind's eye are his great symbolic pictures dealing with the eternal problems of Love and Death. When we turn to Boecklin, the first thought is of these marvelous creatures which he has evoked from the womb of Nature, the children that tell so openly the secrets that hitherto she has hidden from our sight. They are Boecklin's supreme achievement; for in them he is not only a great artist, he is a great creator. He has evoked beings such as Nature has never made, but which are nevertheless apparently inevitable, just what she should have made to express her very soul. He is the greatest myth-maker of all time. He has called into existence vast numbers of beings unlike anything that the eye of man has ever beheld, yet perfectly true to their origin and environment—genuine children of Nature, as real as any that she has borne, and strangely disquieting as revelations of her inmost heart.

If this were all that Boecklin had done, it would suffice to rank him with the masters. No artist, however, has covered a wider field.

He is one of the greatest of landscape painters; indeed, the Germans proclaim him to be the greatest landscapist of all the ages! Certainly none other, unless it be Turner, presents nature in such a variety of aspects. Compared to him the Barbizon painters, exquisite as they are, seem pitifully narrow; each devoting himself to some one style, painting year after year the same sort of pictures, presenting ever similar scenes under similar conditions of light and atmosphere, so that when we have seen one Rosseau, one Corot, one Daubigny, one Diaz, we have practically seen them all.

Boecklin never repeats himself. Like Leonardo, whom he resembles in so many ways, each of his pictures is an effort to solve a new problem. He tries to present every aspect of Nature, her smiling sunlit gladness, the reverie of the twilight hour, the freshness of the dawn, the terror of the tempest. His landscapes, like his views of the sea, though sufficient in themselves, are never without animated forms. In the fusing of the landscape and the figures into one expressive whole he has no rival. His figures bring out the meaning of the landscape, the landscape enhances the feelings that animate the figures, until the united effect is one of poignant intensity. He is the most convincing of pantheists. For him all nature is living and sentient, and the inanimate world shares the joy and sorrow, the love

and anger, of the beings that people it. This combination of nature and man united in the same feelings gives to his works a power that is unique, and sometimes of a singular nobility.

Perhaps no landscape is so impressive as his "Island of the Dead." One never grows weary of that wonderful island with its rock-cut tombs and its solemn cypresses, toward which the boat is bearing another body to its lasting rest. The very spirit of eternal repose, the very sadness and mystery of death are here revealed. Six times he painted this haunting vision under different lights and with varied schemes of color, and each possesses a unique fascination.

Equally unforgettable is "The Villa by the Sea" with that lonely woman gazing out across the waves with unutterable sorrow and infinite longing, while the trees, bending landward, speak of the fury of the winds that have blown from the now peaceful ocean. It is a picture worthy to illustrate the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides. He repeated the subject five times; but each time with changes of light and color that produce a different but always equally poignant effect.

For a truly religious solemnity nothing can surpass "The Sacred Grove," with the procession of white-robed priests advancing from the temple almost hidden in the shadow of the mighty trees, while two women, shrouded in white, kneel before the woodland altar.

It would be interminable to speak of Boecklin's landscapes. In the majority of his pictures a landscape appears, and always it is a novel creation, evolved from his teeming brain; as real and as convincing as if it had been painted on the spot with photographic accuracy, but dowered with a significance and a unity of effect that no literal transcription could possess. His women usually have classical names and classical attributes; but their beauty is purely modern. Theirs are not the perfect lines of Greek statuary. Their forms are studied from life and their charms are those that we see in the women about us; faulty, perhaps, in their contours, but filled with the allurements of the living flesh.

Boecklin was one of the great revolutionists. To him was first revealed the possibilities of intense color. Men had painted with the mellow splendor of the Venetians, the silvery tones of Moretto or Velasquez, the riotous glory of Rubens, the clear brightness of Fra Angelico; but none had dreamed of the poignant intensity of color that Boecklin threw upon the canvas. It was so intense that the first view of many of his pictures comes to us as a shock. But the more we see them the more we become reconciled to their intensity of contrasting hues till the time comes when we love it as we love the fierce lustre of orient gems. Rüdissühli and others have now learned his secret; and the German exhibitions display many works revealing the lesson that he taught. But amongst them all, he still remains the master.

In his brush work he is the antipodes of Watts. Instead of dry color put on in little stipples of contrasted tints, he paints with a full brush dipped in pigments already mixed. The result will no doubt be less enduring than the works of the mighty Englishman; but for the present age they have an unrivaled splendor.

He is no impressionist. His works are finished

with an extreme minuteness. And this gives to his fabulous creations a convincing realism. We cannot believe that he could have painted with such minute accuracy creatures that he had never seen. This richness of detail also lends to his pictures something of the charm that we find in the primitives. We do not exhaust them at a glance. Every time that we return to them we find something new.

Watts and Boecklin were alike in their independence of the model. Usually they were guided alone by their mental vision. They had trained themselves like the artists of Japan.

In a Japanese art school models are unknown. Suppose the scholars are to paint a tiger: They do not sit down before his cage, pencil in hand. The master takes them to see the tiger and bids them impress upon their minds every characteristic of its form and movements. Then they go back to the studio and each pupil draws or paints the tiger as he remembers it. Thereupon they return to the cage, and in the presence of the beast the master shows them the defects of their work. And so they go back and forth from the studio to the tiger until the pupils have formed in their minds a perfectly accurate conception of how a tiger looks and how he moves, and can paint from memory tigers in every position. Thus are produced those marvelous pictures, embroideries and sculptures, which give us the most accurate and lifelike renderings of plants, birds, fishes and animals that we possess.

Watts and Boecklin had cultivated their artistic memories in the same way, and their imaginations were so vivid that they could see with their mind's eye, living and moving before them, the forms which their genius evoked. In this way they lost perhaps something in literalness; but they gained enormously in freedom and power.

Unlike Watts, whose talents received instant recognition, the greater part of Boecklin's life was spent in poverty and neglect. His works were too strange, too profound, for the public of his youth and prime. In his old age his greatness was recognized, and he had the satisfaction of seeing a world, which had come to scoff, lay at his feet every tribute to his greatness. Like Watts he passed away full of years and honors.

As Watts is scarcely seen outside of England, so Boecklin is rarely to be met with outside of Switzerland and Germany. Our collectors have almost universally ignored both; and but for Watts' generosity in presenting to our nation the "Love and Life," we should scarcely have a worthy example of either on public exhibition. But the war of extermination now waged in Europe is going to reduce the people of that unhappy continent to such poverty as will compel them to part with their dearest treasures. In the buying of foreign masterpieces that will ensue, let us hope that our collectors will not be blind to the merits of the two great geniuses, to whose worth this paper is an unworthy tribute.

George B. Rose

GOD'S EMPLOYMENT

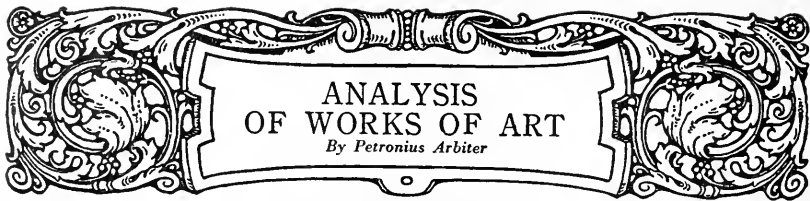
ART is not diversion. The Oversoul
Finds in expression ending of desire.
Man at his best to Beauty must aspire
And in aspiring make his spirit whole.

How poor those lives contented with the dole
Which Fortune gives, while lacking living fire
By which to see their path when they shall tire
Of earth's pursuits and near the unseen goal!

Sweet are the hours of those who simply fare,
Their years obscure, their fortunes without hope,
If blessed with visioned beauty which does bear

Great recompense: unhappy those who grope
Unhelped by art or all great nature's joy
As are those souls who share in God's employ!

Owen R. Washburn



ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By Petronius Arbitrator

A GREAT WORK OF ART ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE FOR THE FIRST TIME

By PILS

See page 343

OUR CREED

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of Works of Art is based on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power. That is to say: the greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject, which is socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression—on the faces of the figures, in the details and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate and un-offensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality and so co-ordinated as to insure a Style at once Personal yet Universal, in which a Subject is Expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony, so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art Great or Trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this Standard. "Nothing to Excess."

Those who rush through Paris are apt to pass by one of the small but great works of art in the French section of the Louvre: "Rouget de Lisle Singing the Marseillaise for the First Time"—even though it is "on the line" and close to the eye among modern French masterpieces. This is because simple, straightforward un-charlatanistic works of art, like simple men, fail at first to catch the eye, but when once they do and we take time to analyze them we gradually see that they are great.

This picture by Pils is so unpretending that only the old *habitués* of the Louvre, who now and then take a whole afternoon to brouse around in one room, know of its existence. But it is a source of emotional delight for those who do know it.

Judged by a photograph its figures look the size of life, but the picture is scarcely more than thirty-two by thirty inches. That does not prevent it from entering the class of truly great works of art.

Who has not heard the "Marseillaise," that immortal anthem of France, the most wonderful of all battle hymns?

*Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé! etc.*

And whoso has heard it, knowing the words, will forever thrill at hearing this anthem.

Says a French author: "When it was first heard in Paris everybody wanted to sing it and that the enthusiasm of Rouget de Lisle counted for much in the victories of the Republican troops is certain. This was, besides, the opinion of the Generals who commanded them. One of them wrote: 'We fought one against ten, but the Marseillaise fought at our sides.' And another: 'Send me one thousand men and a copy of the Marseillaise and I will guarantee you victory.'"

The words and music were composed by Rouget de Lisle and first sung by him about 1792 at Strassburg. He was about thirty-two years old and a captain in the Republican army. The painter has told the story so completely that a description is needless.

We will take this opportunity of placing before our lay-readers the best method to follow in estimating any work of art. We will take a figure painting, though the fundamental laws are the same in all the arts.

When you find yourself face to face with a picture and are asked to judge it, the first thing you should do is to ask: Is the *drawing* good? that is, Do the figures show that they are drawn and not photographed, and then, is the drawing so good in *movement* that you are not strongly *conscious* of the drawing on account of any peculiarity or stiffness or a marked departure from nature, either through incompetence or design. If the figures seem alive then the drawing is faultless, not otherwise. If the drawing is bad, make a move to pass the picture by.

The next thing you should do is—to determine whether the *technique* or surface painting is good.

A good technique is one in which the artist has tried to represent all objects simply, with at least relative truth as his goal, by a manner of painting at once universal in its appeal and yet personal, either like the technique in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" or Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus" or Velasquez's "The Lances" or Rembrandt's "The Syndicate of Drapers" or Holbein's "George Gisse"—all different, all universal, yet modestly personal and wonderfully skilful as mere technique and absolutely fitted to the size, place and purpose of the picture.

If the painting of the picture is a mass of coarse egotistic braying in brush-work, obscuring the subject and forcing the artist instead of the subject into the fore as in many "modernistic" works—it is bad. If then both the drawing and the technique are bad—flee the picture, it is bad art!

But if both are good, then the next thing you



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MATERNITÉ
BY CARRIÈRE
A Clever Work of Art

See page 345

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should do is to recognize that you are in the presence of a master craftsman and look at the title of this picture to see to what purpose this master workman has used his language to speak to mankind.

Let us say his subject is "The Marseillaise." How did he *conceive* his subject? That is then the third and supreme question, because a great craftsman is morally bound not to form a low conception of any subject.

In this picture Pils has followed these principles so far. The conception is nobly dramatic, his drawing so faultless that we do not notice it and therefore his figures all live, and his brush-work, though different from that of the surrounding pictures, is still so modestly personal as to be universal in its appeal and unobtrusive effectiveness, at least among the public which does not care for "stunts" in paint.

His composition, which is the next thing to be considered, is so splendid that we do not feel like making any change, each figure having the appearance of being placed as it should of necessity be. And the element of a lifting pyramidization is so skilfully introduced that we are at first not aware of it. The color is charming, though the picture must be seen to appreciate it.

The final thing that you should always ask in judging any work of art is, How profoundly did the artist express that which his subject demands that he should express? Here Pils scored heavily. One of the fundamental laws of good composition is "the law of concentration of effects." That is to say: Every line and object in a work of art should aid, either positively or negatively, the concentration of the *attention* of the reader, the hearer or the beholder, upon the main point of interest in the composition. Whenever this law is violated disaster follows.

In this picture we see every face directed, either upon or in the direction of Rouget as he sings. The result is, our eyes cannot wander away from the enthusiastic face of the gallant captain, and if they are allured away to analyze the various expressions

on the other faces, we are always brought back to the face of the hero of the picture. If then, as in this case, the face expresses all that it should and all that the public has a right to expect that it should express, and if this expression is helped out by the gesture and expressions of the body, we cannot help being emotioned—and then the artist conquers us.

In this case all men who adore liberty as the highest good and who know what sacrifices for the liberation of the race were made by the heroes of the French Revolution cannot fail to be lifted to the highest pitch of emotion as they study, if only for a short while, this picture in the Louvre. The writer of this can scarcely escape having a lump in his throat every time he contemplates this marvelous work.

Note also the variety and truth of the expressions on the faces. Notice how profoundly each face is expressive of that which it is supposed to express. We can almost enter into the very soul of each individual person in succession. We seem to see two men lost in ecstasy, three others making stern resolves to fight the invaders of France, and even the women are nerved and lifted to a higher resolve. The whole atmosphere is electrifying to all lovers of liberty. From the standpoint of expression of emotion this is one of the greatest pictures since Leonardo painted his "Last Supper." It is an honor to French art and to the French nation. A monument to the artistic capacity of her children.

In every work of art the goal should be: To express profoundly that which it is supposed to express and that which the subject logically should completely express, and with such a measure of artistry that the artist easily and quickly passes on to his fellowmen the emotions he felt, so as to arouse the same emotions in the hearts of all beholders. The work of Pils does this with the utmost completeness. That is why it is great.

This is a strictly modern work, having been painted since 1804. We will consider next a *modernistic* work.

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "MATERNITÉ" BY CARRIÈRE

See page 344

WHEN Carrière chose maternity for his subject he selected one that is of universal appeal. But instead of making a work of art of universal charm he made one that appeals to a limited few of his "intellectual" admirers only. It is a clever work of art, not a great one. It is one of the early modernistic works, one of the precursors of the legion of absurd modernistic creations, made since then by the very men who now look upon this work as "academic trash" because hopelessly out of date according to their calendar. Why?

Because its technique is considered to have had its day by the latter-day stuntists in all the arts who judge art only by the one criterion—peculiar, personal technique and craftsmanship. And this is the condemnation of their whole point of view.

For if an artist is sure that his craftsmanship will be out of date in ten years with this modernistic band of aestheticians, what use is there for a serious man to mournfully waste his time in that corner of the field of art? How insufferably silly it all seems! How much it debases activity in the sacred temple of art to a mere selling of the trumpery fads of temporary art-fabrication!

This picture by Carrière is a fine conception, well composed and in all large matters—movement and proportion—well drawn. But the drawing, in its details, was spoiled by the very quality of clever painting for which it was, in its day, highly praised by the modernists—those who now pooh-pooh it—so that which should be the main object of the serious artist who is not a haberdasher parasite [*i. e.*: the

expression of an emotion so completely that it will not fail to stir the emotions of his fellow men] is thwarted by being only half complete, because lacking in force of expression.

In the first place the color is a general brownish-black, hence forbidding instead of delight-giving. Second, everything is only half-realized in form and expression, so that the atmosphere seems to be filled with smoke. Now this smokiness gradually gets on one's nerves; because, as a result of our instinctive hunger for a complete realization of the form, we yearn to brush away the smoke. The result is, the smoke is an obstacle between the subject and our soul—like a veil of gauze—which keeps our minds busy asking questions and therefore annoys our soul, because it prevents our being rapidly and highly emotioned.

Fancy a dramatist, after he has his stage set and while the curtain is going up, suddenly rushing into the stage-picture and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, do not forget that it is I who wrote this play. Please look at *me*." What would the audience say? "Take him to an asylum!"

This is precisely what happens in this picture, only in a much less degree. Why? Because the "smokiness" is out of place; it is Carrière rushing into the stage-picture with his individualistic personality.

The modernists will answer: "We must have mystery in art." Yes, in a work whose subject calls for mystery. Were the subject "Dawn," "Twilight," "Nirvana" or "Creation" or "London in a Fog"—yes! But in such a simple, every-day subject as "Maternity" the demand for clarity and fullness of expression is imperative.

Even one of the admirers of Carrière's manner has said: "There were cases in which the employment of Carrière's plan of the delicate veil of enveloping mist were not successful." We claim it was never entirely successful. Because, to quote him again: "At the first glance at a picture of Carrière, one is *very forcibly* directed to what was *important to the painter*." That is the great trouble with his work.

Herbert Spencer in his "Facts and Comments," speaking of style, shows that the "Force of Expression" is the first need in any work of art. He says: "I have been repelled by the ponderous, involved structure of Milton's prose; while on the other hand I have always been attracted by the finished naturalness of Thackeray. And from the applause of Ruskin's style I have dissented on the ground that it is too *self-conscious*—implies too much *thought of effect*. In literary art, as in the art of the architect, the painter, the musician, signs that the artist is *thinking of his own achievement more than of his subject* always offend me." [Italics are ours.]

Now anything which interferes with a penetrating force of expression, like "smoke," is so evidently against commonsense that one is amazed that Carrière did not see that he was defeating himself—if his purpose was to make an enduring emotion-stirring work of art, which purpose alone can put and keep a work in the ranks of great works of art. But our amazement soon ceases when we find that he was part of a movement whose very essence was the assertion and parading of self, of one's "temperament" at any cost, instead

of first of all satisfying the legitimate hunger of mankind for exalted emotion when it finds itself face to face with a pretentious work of art.

When will our "individualistic" artists learn that the way to proceed in all the arts is as the dramatist does: He writes his play, stages it, allures the public to see and judge it—always keeping his personality *out of sight*. Before obtruding his person upon the picture he waits—close behind the curtain, it is true—till the audience has been emotioned to such a pitch that it *cannot help* applauding and calling him to step into the picture to receive his mead of well-earned praise for having lived long and deeply enough to have lifted his fellows to a high plane of delight. Why should a painter or sculptor or poet do differently, and, like a child, rush into the picture to its eternal trivialization?

Here we have a perfect example of "The intellectualization of the emotions." The work is so "mannered," so highly "intellectual," so personal, so peculiar, that its appeal never gets beyond merely occupying the intellect, never reaches the soul of most persons. Therefore it falls flat and never enraptures them as does the great work of Pils which we just considered on page 350 and ends by tantalizing us, because of the more or less incompleteness of its expression.

In Pils's work we have all simplicity, naïveté and commonsense. Here we have complexity and sophistication. Here the expression is incomplete, there it is profound. Here we have "intellectual" interest—there we have emotional exaltation such as we seek now and then in a cathedral when our soul hungers after higher things.

Every aesthetician knows that the "law of concentration of effects" demands that whatever tends to lead the mind up to the center of interest in a work of art is good and should be used, and whatever tends to take the mind away from that point of interest is bad, and should be eliminated because it occupies the mind with questions and so precludes the soul from being rapidly affected and emotioned. Carrière violated this law when he slurred the form in the hands and feet of the mother and child in this work and also by adopting the very trick he chose—the concentration of the circle of light on the face of the mother and child. This defeats itself because, instead of concentrating the attention on the *drama* of the mother kissing her child, it calls attention to this theatrical trick, which is disconcerting.

Judged by this work, Carrière appears to have been interested less in stirring the emotions of sympathy of the public for the mother than he was in arousing the envy or admiration of his fellow-painters. The work does not appear to have been painted for the public but for his fellow-painters. It is an art-for-art's-sake painting.

But painters are not always the best judges of *art*. They are the best judges of *painting*. But painting is not art. It is only part of art or of a picture, and really of tertiary importance in a picture compared with profundity of expression.

Carrière had his reward. He sought the approval of a few painters and was applauded by them; but the public of culture when it passes by says: "Yes, it is a very clever painting, but not a great work of art because too personal."

A TRIVIAL WORK OF ART

"TAP-ROOM SCENE IN HOLLAND" BY TENIERS

See page 349

THERE is not much to be said of this work beyond that it is skilful painting and a trivial creation.

It is one of Teniers' works of which we are told that it belonged to the lot which was placed in the ante-chamber of Louis XIV during an absence of a few days. On his return they disgusted him so that he cried out: "*Otez-moi ces magots là!*"—take away those monkeys there!

As mere craftsmanship it has great charm. It is also an example of rational, unoffensive individualism of manner in painting. In walking through the Louvre one can single out a Teniers at sight—not merely by his choice of Dutch low-life subjects but by his manner of painting or technique, which is really fine. It is rich, simple, direct and full of modest dexterity; it is devoid of all clap-trap "peculiarity" and impertinent assertion and parading of self; it is admirably adapted to the telling of his stories.

Hence it is at once an individualistic yet a universal manner, one in which the universal appeal is made to dominate the personal charm. Hence it is perfect as mere craftsmanship.

Had Teniers used his talent in painting to produce sublime creations instead of pot-house pictures, he would have become a great artist also, instead of remaining merely a great painter. However, let us take him to our intellectual heart. For he is expressive of the low life of his time. As such he is an unctuous historian of Dutch low life and full of interest to the mind; only "let us put things in their places" as the French say. Let us not mistake; and, while not at all despising his triviality—since the trivial, when simple, direct, unhypercritical and skilful is often admirable—let us not place his trivial works upon the same level with those of the great kings of art.

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART

"TORSO OF A YOUNG WOMAN" BY RENOIR

See page 349

WHEN we say a work of art is degenerate we do not mean to say that all the works of the man who made the work in question are degenerate. We mean only that the work in question is degenerate. Many, even great artists, have made degenerate works and paid the penalty.

Why is this work by Renoir a degenerate work? Because it is full of the fact of de-formation of the form and of a vulgar spirit. It is a piece of mannerism. It is a manner of painting which whether consciously adopted or unconsciously drifted into and then defended by him, is a sign of intellectual aberration.

The manner manifested in this picture by Renoir is totally different from his manner in other fine things he painted. Why did he adopt this manner? No one can say. Only one reason is apparent to a normal man—a desire to merely parade a new-fangled, personal and peculiar species of tricks in brush-work or painting. To do that he chose to paint the nude torso of a woman. Why did he not, like Fouace or Vollon, great masters of brush-work, choose some fish and beer bottles—since mere stunting in paint seems to have been his sole aim?

To do this stunt he slurred the drawing of the entire figure. The hands seem scarcely to exist; the breasts are more like rubber balloons and the face looks as if it had been half burned away in a fire. Then the skin looks more like the hide of a leopard than of a human being. It is supposed to represent, we think, sunshine and shadow; but falls woefully short of the truth. Then the background looks like a spotted hay-stack. If the American public saw the work itself in Paris it would soon per-

ceive that the color is not at all true to nature—is not flesh, but mere painty-paint.

Says the same writer quoted above: "Monet's joy in light becomes with Renoir an affectation. He has not the simple love of truth of his comrade. He falls into exaggeration which betrays conscious purpose and straining after originality. His two 'Young Girls' at a piano have the color of cranberry syrup; his nude figure of a woman [the one we are considering] on whose skin lights and shadows play so unfortunately that she looks as if beaten black and blue, in places even as if studded with the corpse-stains of putrescence in the second degree."

But, worst of all, it degrades the divine beauty of perfect womanhood to ugliness and so destroys the basis of the only reverence we can have for the body of a woman by vulgarizing it. And it needs no argument to prove that, once a woman becomes vulgar, she has lost her reason for being. Moreover, to vulgarize woman in art is to degrade her and the civilization of which she is through human fatality the corner-stone. That is to debase art to the lowest level, because it is absolutely destructive in its tendency to the social well-being we have achieved, not to speak of social progress we still hope for. Only by idealizing and actually lifting womanhood can social progress be hoped for. This is so simple an axiom that it is amazing so many artists cannot see it.

So then, this work is true to nothing, neither to beauty nor good painting, nor good drawing. It is merely an incarnation of one man's peculiar whimsicalities in paint. This and nothing more. It is ugly, disappointing and disheartening to all but

abnormal men. Then, what possible human ends can be subserved by signing or selling it or foisting it upon a public museum?

If this creation is the result of a mere desire to shock the patient public into gaping at Renoir as he struts through the world of art, it is a piece of insufferable charlatanism; if, on the contrary, it is the result—as we truly suspect—of the high-brow æsthetic philosophy worked out in their "Ivory Tower" by a few Mandarins of the Romantic-Impressionistic-Parnasso-Paranoic brotherhood of Modernistic artists and critics, it is at best a degenerate creation unworthy of a man who has done some fine things, one who should not have allowed himself to fall so low as to permit this creation to go out of his studio, much less let it be placed in the Luxembourg Museum to make him ridiculous as long as the canvas lasts.

When we look at Renoir's fine "Portrait of a Family" in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and then at this half-nude aberration we can realize how a false philosophy either in life or in art always leads to degeneracy and that, all along the line; and this, if not arrested, will surely help to bring about a social decline. What an abyss between this inept thing and Giorgione's exquisite "Sleeping Venus" at Dresden!

The modernists may answer: this is not an attempt to produce classic beauty, but an effort to show a "personal technique." If so it is a rebellion

against the commands of the Cosmic Volition: "Seek ye the beautiful, even as I seek it!" and the substitution of intellectual paralysis for commonsense. For the public is no more interested in Renoir's vaudevillian stunts in paint than in last year's snow. And the painter who paints only to astonish other painters, as some women dress themselves to rouse the envy of other women, is simply beneath the contempt of mankind.

Modernists may answer again: it is only "experiment." Then it should not have been allowed to go out of the studio, above all not to be placed in a national museum to receive thereby the stamp of approval from the government as a finished work of art and to be regarded there by all—to the eternal bewilderment of the public which never will and never should understand. To give such a work valuable space in a costly museum is a profound mistake and an insidious error to say the least.

When will our modernistic artists learn that the world has a supreme disdain for the mere hand-writing of a painter? and reserves its laurels only for such as have used the language of painting for the creations of poetic beauty, such as is capable of enduringly delighting mankind? When will they see that any attempt to parade in the world of art a personal trickery, instead of offering a sublime message, is to degrade beneficent egotism into a corroding ego-mania?

THE LURE OF THE ORIENT

The voice of Memnon, vibrant as a lyre,
Borne o'er the desert, billowing like the foam;
The dirge of waves round the razed walls of Tyre
Call again home!

The roses of Fayum wherefrom the bees
Build through long languid hours the nectared comb,
The rapt muezzin's cry when daylight flees
Call again home!

Anemone torches shimmering in the sun
Where bands of Bedouin rove the Syrian loam;
The amber grapes on lofty Lebanon
Call again home!

The silence that wraps Tadmor when the stars
Gather at midnight in the sky's blue dome;
The jostle of the Damascene bazaars
Call again home!

These, with a potent lure transcending art,
Whitherso'er his questing feet may roam,
To him who holds the Orient dear at heart
Call again home!

Clinton Scollard



TAP-ROOM SCENE IN HOLLAND

BY TENIERS

A Trivial Work of Art

See page 317



"TORSO OF A YOUNG WOMAN"

BY RENOIR

A Degenerate Work

See page 317



FIG. 1

An optical illustration of the N. Y. C. R. R. waterfront. Do you want this as the official landing-place for distinguished guests—the gateway of America?



FIG. 2

Unused lands; N. Y. Central Yards near 60th street. Disuse there makes for congestion farther north. Why not use this instead of asking for Riverside Park?



FIG. 3

Filled-in land. Ideal for playgrounds, ball grounds, only awaiting development to solve all of the city's problems of park and playground. Why not keep it for the children?



FIG. 4

A fine block of residences just opposite the proposed railroad yard in Riverside Park. There the roof will start to rise though the Park lies low. Is the destruction of property to be the sacrifice of individuals to a corporation?



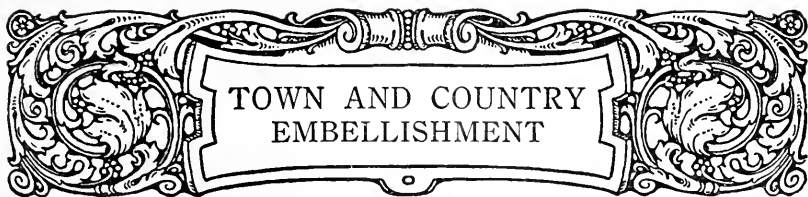
FIG. 5

An example of a commercialised dock in front of Riverside Park.



FIG. 6

The above yard starting at 72nd street will, according to the new plan, start at 84th street.



TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT

WHAT ARE THE REAL AIMS OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL?

By MRS. CHARLES AUSTIN BRYAN

President, the Woman's League for Protection of Riverside Park

See page 356

ONE of the purposes of THE ART WORLD is to help in the embellishment of the cities, towns and countryside of our land. Hence, the creation, preservation and embellishment of Parks is one more of its chief solicitudes. Therefore if it sins at all, it purposes to do so on the side of those who protest against the real or apparent desecration of any park in this city. Because of this we publish the following paper by the President of "The Woman's League for the Protection of Riverside Park." Our purpose is not to take sides, but to help to force a profound consideration of the whole subject by those whose special business it is to see that our parks are not uglified but beautified.

If the New York Central Railroad Company will reply to this, we shall be glad to print it.

For seventy years, and free of charge, the New York Central Railroad has occupied the streets of the West Side of New York City and by virtue thereof has become the greatest and richest railway in the world.

As the city has grown toward the north, more and more has the railroad encroached on the city's streets, and, in the open cut through Riverside Park, become not only a nuisance, but a serious handicap to the proper development of the city.

From time to time attempts have been made to settle the difficulty—the Saxe law of 1906, the Grady bill of 1909 (disapproved by Mayor McClellan) and litigation between the railway and the city in 1910 represent some of the efforts to end "Death Avenue" and the disturbance and turmoil of railroad operations in Riverside Park. Next came the enactment of a so-called "Enabling Act" in 1911 by arrangement between the New York Central and the Gaynor administration. This act permits the city to make an agreement with the railroad in regard to a re-arrangement of its tracks, but it does not require the railroad to enter into such agreement. The city can do nothing but accede to the railroad's demands. A distinguishing feature of this "Enabling Act" is the attempt to deprive the Public Service Commission of any voice in determining the propriety and sufficiency of the railroad plans—a feature that characterizes no other legislation passed since the Public Service Commission came into existence.

After the passage of the "Enabling Act" the railroad submitted its plans to the Board of Estimate, and on September 28th, 1911 they were referred to the Port and Terminal Committee of which Mr. John P. Mitchel, then president of the Board of Aldermen, was chairman. These plans remained in Mr. Mitchel's committee for eighteen months, during which period 2,000,000 cubic yards of broken rock were dumped in Riverside Park along the water's edge to be used for new tracks. The presentation of a report by Mr. Mitchel's committee on March 27,

1913 was accompanied by an effort to repeal the law which in 1898 had extended Riverside Park one thousand feet out into the Hudson River. When the plans became public, so great was the indignation aroused that they were rejected and abandoned. During his mayoralty campaign when Mr. Mitchel came to the West Side and was asked about these 1913 plans, he said in effect that the railway had held the whip hand, that he had no public opinion back of him—so what could he do? Nevertheless, since the 1916 plans had been made public, he has shown resentment when that same public interest has pointed out the atrocities in the 1916 plans.

When Mr. Mitchel became Mayor, Mr. Prendergast the City Comptroller was made chairman of the Port and Terminal Committee and in April 1916 reported a new set of plans to the Board of Estimate.

Under these new plans Riverside Park is to be blasted away almost in its entirety. Where the Park widens part of it will be left; where it is narrow little will be left; 1,800 trees, some of them very splendid, will be chopped down; 5,000 shrubs and bushes, some of them fifteen feet in height and six inches in diameter, will be torn up and thrown away. We are told they will blast away a strip of land from 15 feet to 115 feet wide; but we all know that this strip cannot be sliced off clean, as if it were cheese—no one can guarantee that a dynamite charge shall not extend beyond 115 feet. Moreover, on the hillside above the soil will be loosened—practically the entire Park will be destroyed! When that is done six tracks will be placed in this gash made in the hillside, these six tracks widening as they go south into twenty-one tracks, beginning to fan out at 84th Street and widening into twenty-one tracks at 72nd Street. We have been told this is a "tunnel" plan. It is distinctly not a "tunnel" plan but a "cut and fill" plan. The tracks will remain at the present level, only they will have been moved partly off Twelfth Avenue into the Park, this leaving Twelfth Avenue free for loading and unloading at any time in the near or far future.

When Riverside has been blasted away and the tracks in number from six to twenty laid in this great cut, they will be covered by a shed or roof rising from seventeen and a half feet to thirty-one feet. From Grant's Tomb to 86th Street it is to be seventeen and one-half feet high; at 86th Street it starts to rise, slanting up to thirty-one feet—high above the Park, where the Park lies low.

We can easily visualize the appearance of the Park after re-construction, with this high ridge or terrace changing and distorting the entire character of the Park. According to the plan the roof is to be covered with soil, varying in depth from six inches to three feet, and on the gravel roof there has been planned a playground of four and a half acres. Because of criticisms made, we are told, the placing of more soil on other parts of this roof is being considered; but whether much or little soil, the Park invasion remains, and the character of the Park changed, and distorted. In the roof ventilating shafts ten feet by fifteen feet, as I recall, will be placed at intervals of about eight blocks. Ventilating shafts for railroad nuisances are hardly in accord with park ideas and park ideals—but if the railroad is given the yard in the Park, it must be given the ventilating shafts.

This playground planned on top of the bleak, exposed roof is not to be equipped by the railway company as compensation for turning the children out of their heritage, their only waterfront playground, but is a mere potentiality—which may be provided by the city at some future time, should the city ever have the money to spend for equipment. Should this spoilation of the Park take place, fences would be required to prevent people from falling over the side of the roof, a distance from the ground varying from seventeen to thirty feet. But the city will never be called on to spend money for playground equipment, for no mother who regards the health of her children would allow them to go to this bleak, wind-swept roof, absolutely unprotected from the cold and storm of winter or the merciless heat of summer. At present children are taken to the many nooks and corners in the Park sheltered from the winds; there will be no such refuges on the proposed roof. Incidentally there is a clause which gives the railroad the right to either lower or *raise* that roof, the only condition being that it get the consent of the Board of Estimate; the public need not be consulted.

As the railroad grows it must be allowed to expand; as the city grows its parks must expand. To have allowed freight yards in the park is to have established a precedent, a very good reason and an unanswerable argument for further railroad demands—since the railway and the Park cannot occupy the same place at the same time! With the city's history of ruthless sacrifices to so-called "business needs" we may easily guess which will yield—the railway to the park, or the park to the railway.

Lying between Central Park and Riverside Park is the finest residence section in the city—one of the few bits of the city intelligently planned as a park section; this can never become valuable as a business section, because it is cut off on the east by Central Park, Morningside Park and Cathedral Heights, on the west by Riverside Park; it is reached from the north by a long steep grade; it is easy of access but from one direction, from the lower end of the island, and there the congestion at Columbus Circle is a serious handicap.

The same physical features which unfit it for business make it ideal for residence and this increasingly so, for already business men are complaining that their homes are being pushed farther and farther away from their offices, sometimes need-

lessly. And now, just at a time when Riverside district has been assured for residence by the Zoning Commission, the Board of Estimate committee brings forward plans which will drive every rent-payer off Riverside and ruin property values. For who, not compelled to do so, will live on Riverside during the years of destruction of the Park, the laying of tracks and the roofing over of these tracks; the noise and danger from blasting, the clouds of choking dust, the procession of carts and drays, the incessant pounding of dummy engines, the steam drills, the putting together of iron beams? Who, not compelled to do so, would stand these nerve-racking noises, extended over a period of six or eight years?

South of the Park the railway gets the yard from 72nd to 59th Street, closing all access to the River, and is relieved of paying rent. Still further south it gets valuable waterfront, and on the citizens will be saddled a huge debt for changing the location of Twelfth Avenue from 51st to 42nd Streets. It is true that, except for the many and numerous ramps, the tracks are to be removed from grade along "Death Avenue," but for giving up "Death Avenue" the railroad is to get Riverside Park—the health and happiness of children in exchange for their lives!

We are told it is a fifty-fifty agreement, that the city pays nothing and the railroad nothing—merely an exchange. Those who tell us that overlook the purchase of Inwood Hill Park and its accompanying cost for a viaduct (unless it is to remain inaccessible), the ruin of property values in the neighborhood of the great marine freight yard at Manhattanville, the great cost of the new Twelfth Avenue from 42nd to 51st Street (a half mile of the most valuable waterfront in the city) the loss in rentals no longer paid by the railroad when it gets its perpetual rights, the ruin of Riverside district as a high-class residence section, with its consequent reduced rentals and lowered taxes, and the ousting of people from the last Waterfront Park easily accessible—a park which offered the solution of all the park and playground problems of the city! Not all people know that the newly filled flat land west of the tracks along the water's edge is *park land*, only waiting to be developed as the city's needs require (and at almost no cost) into ball grounds, swimming pools, playgrounds and park spaces for tired mothers with sick babies to come for rest and health. Beside a franchise thrown away for a song, all this destruction and blasting of hopes!—and they call it a fifty-fifty agreement!

To explain the plans and their cost to the city, without also giving the unusual circumstances surrounding their presentation, tells but half the story. On April 7, 1916 the plans and profiles were reported to the Board of Estimate by its committee, and on that date hearings for the public were set for April 25th. But though a written report was stated to have accompanied the report on April 7th, it was not made public until April 22nd—three days before the date set for the hearing, two days after the legislature adjourned! Three days were insufficient for the study of anything so intricate as the plans. And even if during those three days people had nothing else to do and so could master the details, should these plans again favor the New York Central as did those of 1913—the Legislature having ad-

journed, no legislation could be introduced to put a stop to this destruction of public rights.

The fundamental principle of the 1916 plans is that whereas in the 1913 plans it was proposed to use Riverside Park *west* of the railroad for the new tracks and yardage facilities, in 1916 the proposal is to cut away and use three miles of the Park *east* of the railroad. This is even better for the railroad than the 1913 plan, for thereby it gets the Park east of its present line, and the Park west of its present line is made convenient for and dominated by the future designs of the railroad. For contrary to widely published and pictured reports, these plans propose the isolation and not the improvement of the filled-in land added to Riverside Park, west of the railroad, by the law of 1894.

Just before the plans and report were released, a propaganda which could not but assure the approval of the report by the public was carried on through the press. One newspaper was actually given a picture showing Riverside Park landscaped to the water's edge, though when the plans and profiles were seen there was *not one line to justify such a picture!* Later, at the hearings, when it was charged that the Comptroller was responsible for this misleading picture, Mr. Prendergast excused it on the ground that it was difficult in so extensive a negotiation not to have errors creep in—a good deal of an error to have crept in! Because of this picture and the newspaper articles evidently inspired by those interested in the adoption of the plans, most people thought the city was about to make a good bargain, and few troubled to compare the plans with the report, or to see if either bore out the claims made for them in the press.

Later, a model was made by the Municipal Arts Society and placed in the Grand Central station. This model is misleading because those who see it do not know that it is *not* a model of what *is* to be after the reconstruction period, but only of what *might* be if at some future time the city had enough money and the people developed enough earnestness to force restoration! As the city is so near its debt limit, such a time is indeed far in the future.

On the shoulders of the few organizations who in these three days of grace were hastily studying the plans and report was laid the added burden of correcting the false impression that the public had received—a herculean task—since the public naturally felt that it had a right to believe the statements in the daily papers. The people were puzzled but trusting, and not inclined to investigate for themselves. However, the hearings began, and as the provisions of the plans became better understood, the civic organizations steadily made converts to their side, even from among the Board of Estimate members, and protest and objection became the rule—not the exception. Those asking for a longer time to study the maps and report were so discourteously treated that the press commented on it. One man who heard the representative of an organization begging for a hearing a week later said indignantly, that, had a stranger dropped in, he would have supposed he was listening to a condemned man begging for his life. The Institute for Public Service said: "Men and women, distinguished lawyers, humble householders, earnest spokesmen for public welfare felt that their courteous requests, statements and protests were unfairly, insolently, flippantly and

contemptuously treated by elected officers"; and it offered twenty-five dollars for the best cartoon that might help to teach elected officers that voters are entitled to the same courtesies after election as before! A Stock Exchange member said: "Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed it possible that New York citizens would endure such treatment." A school teacher wrote: "The attitude of the Mayor and Comptroller toward the petitioners was one of ridicule, amusement and insolence." The *Evening Post* said: "Members of the Board were inclined to be jocular, and scoffed" Yet in spite of all this, opposition grew.

A few interested women who were present felt so sure that the Mayor meant to jam through the contract, in spite of this growing opposition, that they decided to organize The League for the Protection of Riverside Park and carry on a campaign of public enlightenment. They felt that the legal questions, the dangers to business, the waterfront, monopolies, etc., could be left to men accustomed to dealing with such questions. But it has been the policy of the city to sacrifice aesthetic values—its parks, playgrounds and along with them its children, to so-called "business needs." And so these women decided to focus attention on the ruin of Riverside Park entailed in the consummation of these plans. So far as Riverside Park is concerned, the plans show a contemptuous disregard for the landscaped part of the park, and for the undeveloped part along the waterfront, since it contemplates practically the complete obliteration of the present character of the Park, substituting an ugly ridge or terrace, which will make one conscious of the railroad below and forever prevent the joining of the upper and lower park as a whole. We felt that this exploitation of the Park, by lowering the standard of the park itself, must lower the ideals of the people and so make them acquiescent in its further exploitation at some time in the future. We felt that it was wicked to *cut off all street ends, and thus prevent access to the water*. We felt that the loss to the people, even during the years of destruction and reconstruction was too great to be offset by the railroad's needs, needs which just here are very doubtful, since only about *fifty trains a day are operated through the Park*. The cars we see there for most part are *stored*, and we felt that this could be done very much better elsewhere. We felt that if the *present tracks were sunk*, so that the Park could be carried over them to the water's edge, or, failing that, if the railroad were given a new *franchise for a tunnel*, not in the Park, but entirely outside, east of the wall and under Riverside Drive, that Riverside Park would become the greatest asset New York could ever possess as park and recreation grounds for its people, since the nearer a park is to the heart of the city, the greater its value—parks being the lungs of the city.

Tens of thousands of people are able to reach Riverside Park with little effort, and it offers the wonderful beauty of the Hudson to thousands who spend their lives in the swelter of shadeless streets and tenement dwellings. We felt that their needs far outweighed those of the New York Central and that the use of the park must not be interrupted for even a lifetime. We are told it would be interrupted only during the few years of tearing away the park. Surely every one must know that at the end of that time there will be no park, only a deserted, ugly,

distorted hillside barren of vegetation, awaiting that far-off time when we might have a form of administration that would actually receive payment for the city's valuable franchises, and so have money to fill in suitable soil, and then plan trees and bushes. Thus at some time the future generations might enjoy grass and trees—even if the contour of the Park did look a bit queer!

But even if the New York Central itself became so interested in its "west side improvement" plan as to pay the hundreds of thousands of dollars necessary to landscape the Park, and, following the period of destruction, to begin at once the work of restoration, landscape artists tell us it would take a *generation to restore the Park*—and by that time those of us opposing this "improvement" are not likely to be interested in earthly "improvement plans."

Other features of the plans are the requirements that the city buy a fringe of Inwood Hill, ostensibly for a park but actually to enable the railroad to shift its tracks so as to run through "the park" by a straighter and wider right of way; the establishment of a great yard of about forty tracks north of 134th Street on the waterfront, an extension of the 60th Street yards into Riverside Park, using upward of eighteen acres of park land; *a virtual monopoly in perpetuity of the waterfront freight facilities for three miles southward from 72nd Street; and, chief of all, the city proposes to transfer the ownership of great stretches of its priceless waterfront to the railroad*—a thing absolutely prohibited by the charter of Greater New York.

The plans of 1916 have been more strongly condemned than the plans of 1913. It has been stated that changes are being made to meet criticisms. One thing may be taken as certain, that is: when all the changes have been made, *the railroad will be given the ownership of the city's precious waterfront*. To make sure of this, well may the railway agree to a few feet of soil or of fifty feet of soil on top of the roofed cover over the tracks in the devastated section of Riverside Park!

If that is so, and a plan is brought forward which does not preserve to the people the *uninterrupted* use of the Park, then will the Board of Estimate and the New York Central Railroad Company learn that for once in the city's history women will have some-

thing to say about the everlasting sacrifice of children, the sacrifice of æsthetic values and of ideals that must be heeded—even though it be at the eleventh hour. The women are determined that the filching from children, the robbing of those whose defences are weak, must stop! Their needs are paramount and for once they shall come first. The New York Central *can*, and if it *must*, will go *in a tunnel*; but so long as city officials are willing to waste time and money dicker over a foot of soil here or there, while they accept as necessary this despoiling of the weak, then the railway will refuse to be reasonable. We want the railroad to be told where it *can* go, and stop telling us where it *will* go. We want the better type of men to take a stand along with us, not leaving the burden of preserving the health of children, of æsthetic needs and of ideals on the shoulders of women, though we will go through with what we have undertaken alone, if it must be so.

There are two solutions to this question, both practical; one is to *sink the tracks where they are*, the other to remove them entirely from the Park.

If the New York Central is unreasonable, as seems to be the case, and wants to have the waterfront and the Park too, then there is a remedy: a bill has been introduced at Albany which will give the Public Service Commission power to deal with the matter. Opponents of the bill have said that it would cause another delay, but that is not the case—it will expedite matters.

Before concluding let me repeat that Park invasion is unnecessary, that, beside the plan of sinking the tracks where they are, so the Park may be continued over them to the water's edge, there is another plan called the "Citizen's Plan" for which plans and profiles are already drawn. This would remove tracks entirely from the Park and put them outside under Riverside Drive, where tracks could be added at will according to railroad necessity. Either plan removes for all time the menace to the Park. But the New York Central is looking well to the future, and unless the determination on the part of the public is expressed, that the railway shall accept one or other of these alternatives, it will not readily give up the whole plan of agreement, which carries with it the possibility of the acquisition of the entire waterfront in the future.

Nannette Bryan

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

See pages 355 and 356

NOT often does the Federal Government allow itself to deviate from the paths of strict economy and cause the erection of a building to house one of its departments which displays such a wealth of artistic detail as does the Library of Congress.

The project was conceived many years ago and, after many abortive attempts to secure a design and commence operations, work was actually begun upon the building in 1888, following partially elaborated designs by Smithmeyer & Peltz, a Washington firm of architects.

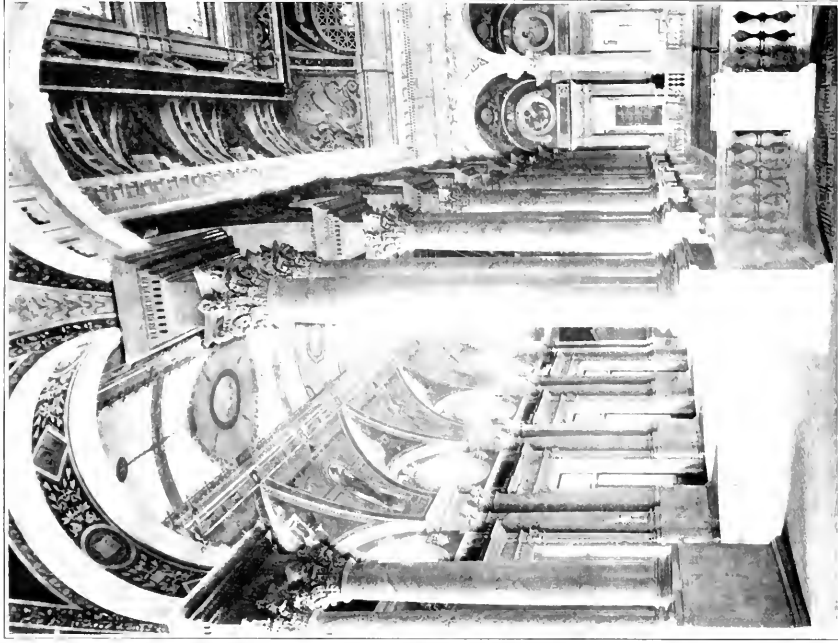
The work, however, had not progressed very far in placing the foundations before trouble arose between the architects and the Committee on the Library of the Senate, who assumed charge of the

work on behalf of Congress. The preliminary estimates proved to be misleading and the continual advance in the estimate of ultimate cost, coupled with other matters, provoked the Committee into stopping work on the project and calling the matter off for the time being.

In this dilemma the Committee bethought themselves of the distinguished services of General Casey, at that time Chief of Engineers of the Army, who was held in high esteem in Congress as one who had completed many works for the government in Washington and elsewhere with economy and dispatch. He was fresh from the achievement of the Washington Monument, which it was thought impossible to complete on account of its inherent



STAIRCASE LEADING TO SECOND FLOOR



GALLERY ON SECOND FLOOR

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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A CORRIDOR ON SECOND FLOOR



ANOTHER CORRIDOR ON SECOND FLOOR

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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defects in engineering. He substituted new foundations under this very heavy structure, causing it to stand perpendicular instead of slightly leaning as he found it, reportioned the shaft and apex of the obelisk and completed the whole with such exactness and refinement of engineering detail and method that, largely in appreciation of this feat, the French Government made him an Officer of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to his country. Another notable case in point was the completion of the construction of the building for the State, War and Navy Departments at almost half the proportionate cost of the first wing, constructed under a different management. Although the character of the work was the same, several millions of dollars were saved to the Government.

Knowing of these and other achievements, the Senate Committee in charge were desirous that he should take charge of the new library building and carry it to completion, a commission which he accepted with reluctance, being already fully occupied with his duties as Chief of Engineers of the Army, which involved not only fortifications but all the improvement of rivers and harbors of the country. He accepted with the proviso that the Committee would see to it that the money for construction was provided as needed and that they would not interfere unduly with the details of construction and management as the work progressed. The Committee good naturedly accepted the proviso and the work was once more resumed on the structure.

General Casey re-engaged Paul J. Peltz, who was one of the original architects, and placed Bernard R. Green in charge of the work. He also had the plan of the building much simplified by cutting out several interior wings, which projected into the courts and darkened certain parts of the plan, and forthwith submitted to the Committee an estimate of final cost amounting to six million, five hundred thousand dollars. Although much costly work not then contemplated in the estimate, including many decorations by the best known painters and sculptors of the country, was subsequently added to the building, the work was completed in 1897 within the estimate, and approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were returned to the Treasury.

Mr. Peltz was retained as architect for some time, but was finally relieved of his duties in that position.

Apparently for some time approaching a year there was no architect directly responsible for the work as it progressed, excepting such as were found in the draughting department. At the expiration of this time the walls of the building had attained nearly to the height of the roof in certain parts as the work of construction had gone steadily forward without cessation. It being of course apparent that there should be an architect to design the interior portions of the building, nearly all of which up to that time had not been decided upon, Edward P. Casey was engaged in that capacity and was retained until the completion of the work some four or five years later.

At that time most of the interior marble work and a great deal of metal interior trim was under contract and had to be incorporated into the complete designs of the halls and corridors, but with some few modifications which were yet possible.

In the large central rotunda, destined to become the reading room of the library, the design of the

marble work to the height of the gallery was pretty well fixed, but the central arch of the eight bays of the octagon, shown for some unaccountable reason to be considerably lower than the adjacent arches, was raised to the same height and the three equal arches made to spring from the same level. The new design for the rotunda was made to scale with this part already accomplished.

The cofferings of the eight large supporting arches of the dome and of the dome itself were brought to this rather small scale and all detail, from and including the capitals of the eight large angle columns up to the eye of the dome, was designed in a harmony which might in a way increase the apparent size of the interior. The large columns engaged in the angles of the octagon were made to support symbolic figures, representative of the various branches of human endeavor, while upon pedestals surmounting the eight bays were placed sixteen statues of men renowned in these subjects. A band about the eye of the dome and also the cap of the lantern were decorated by painting in a similar vein.

The eight large semi-circular windows which light the interior were decorated with the coats of arms of the States in colored glass. The character of the rotunda is not cold or formal, as might be the case were it not used as a reading room.

Possibly the feature of the building next in importance to the reading room is the grand staircase hall with its surrounding corridors. Here it was necessary to provide new designs for the arches, vaults, ceilings, etc., as well as for the mosaic and marble floors. The architect's scale drawings for the decoration in arabesque of the painted vaults of the second story, as well as for the mosaic vaults of the first or main story, were subsequently enlarged to full size, by artists engaged for that purpose, or by those connected with the resident staff of painters.

Certain panels containing figure compositions or single figures were the subject of special commissions given to painters of greater reputation. The domes of the north and south curtain corridors, known as the corridors of the Muses and of the Heroes, the subjects of their respective mural decorations, were entirely redesigned, and, together with the supporting arches, were given a panel treatment of varying designs in relief.

New designs were made for the reading rooms for the Senate and for the House of Representatives, and considerable elaboration of detail in carved and inlaid oak and sculptured marble work was introduced. To complete the interior there remained to be produced designs for all the second story exhibition halls and corner pavilion rooms, the larger portions of which were completed with coffered barred vaults and with flattened domes in the pavilions. Marble and mosaic floors of a great variety of design were not an inconsiderable part of this work.

Architect's designs were made for innumerable features, including the three pairs of bronze entrance doors, the Neptune fountain on the face of the main approach, bronze light-standards, exedra and other features of the entourage.

The architect was insistent with those in authority that the important parts of the extensive sculptural decoration, as well as painted decoration being

then evolved, should be executed by first-class artists, painters and sculptors. With this end in view it was brought about that upwards of forty, including some of the best known American artists, received commissions to execute various works, integral and harmonious parts of the whole scheme, to be carried out under the supervision of the architect. Moreover, to better insure a harmony in the result, it was determined as far as possible to have all the painting in each hall or compartment executed by one individual. As a result, each commission generally comprised a number of different compositions intended to decorate that particular part of the building to which the sculptor or painter was assigned. At that time many of our best artists had not had much experience in executing work intended to form a part of the architectural decoration of a building, but it was thought that a man of ability as an artist could adapt himself to his surroundings and produce work in proper scale and unity with the whole, and this, moreover, was found to be true.

In the main the results of their work were eminently satisfactory, considering the existing circumstances and also the fact that in many cases the work could not be satisfactorily viewed as a whole at the time the scaffolding was in place, and that there was no opportunity for re-erecting the scaffolding and re-studying the work for the purpose of eliminating defects which might become apparent when a view of the ensemble was made possible.

The subjects selected for pictorial and sculptural decoration were generally descriptive of the various phases of human achievement, or were mythological and were generally suggested by those in charge after consultation with various authorities, although in some cases the subjects were selected by the artists themselves. A committee, consisting of J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Olin Warner and others, was appointed by General Casey to suggest names of sculptors for the work, which resulted in most of the sculptors being named by this committee. The sculptors receiving commissions were:

Herbert Adams	Frederick Macmonnies
Paul W. Bartlett	Philip Martiny
Theodore Bauer	Charles H. Niehaus
George E. Bissell	Roland Hinton Perry
John J. Boyle	Edward C. Potter
C. E. Dallin	Bela L. Pratt
John Donoghue	F. Wellington Ruckstuhl
Henry J. Ellicott	Augustus Saint-Gaudens
John Flanagan	Louis Saint-Gaudens
Daniel C. French	J. Q. A. Ward
J. Scott Hartley	Olin L. Warner

Albert Weinert was placed in charge of the modeling of sculptured ornament, which included a good deal of figure work and employed numerous modelers for a considerable time, who worked in the building itself and in constant touch with the ultimate location of their work.

The painters who received commissions were:

John W. Alexander	George W. Maynard
George R. Barse, Jr.	Gari Melchers
Frank W. Benson	Charles S. Pearce
Edwin H. Blashfield	Robert Reid
Kenyon Cox	Walter Shirlaw

Frederick Dielman	Edward Simmons
William de L. Dodge	William B. van Ingen
Carl Guthertz	Elihu Vedder
Walter McEwen	Henry O. Walker

H. T. Schladermuntz was commissioned to elaborate the architect's designs for the mosaic decoration of the vaults and ornamental glass work, and to make full size cartoons for the execution of the work.

Elmer E. Garnsey was placed in charge of the painted architectural ornament and the tinting of walls and other surfaces throughout, and with the assistance of a number of artists, including Charles H. Caffin, Robert L. Dodge, William L. Harris, Edward J. Holslag, William A. Mackay, Frederick C. Martin and W. Mills Thompson, elaborated the architect's designs for the painted decoration of the upper vaults of the grand staircase hall and executed much other painted ornament. All of this included a considerable amount of figure painting, which was of necessity done on the spot directly on the stucco surfaces and involved much arduous work, often in very awkward positions. The compositions in the principal panels in the vault decorations, however, were done by certain of those painters receiving commissions, as above enumerated, and were often painted in place directly upon the stucco surfaces.

The decoration of the building includes many inscriptions and lists of names of individuals celebrated in various fields, which were the result of study and advice from many quarters and were very frequently supplied by the artists themselves as appropriate to their decorations. President Eliot of Harvard suggested the inscriptions under the dome of the reading room, and many others of note gladly offered assistance.

None of the work in painting and sculpture was given out as the result of competition, but was in all cases through direct selection of the artist. The amount of work accomplished by them was considerable, and probably exceeds that of a similar nature in any other public building in the country. The number of separate compositions in sculpture is about sixty and extends from busts and single figures to compositions involving several figures, as in the fountain groups, bronze doors, spandrels, etc.

The case was similar in painting, where there are many single figure compositions in panels, and others in large tympanums and around the collar of the dome, involving many figures and extended compositions. In all, the work in painting by these especially commissioned artists amounted to no less than one hundred and twelve pieces of composition.

These were executed, as a general rule, in oil upon canvas, and were subsequently "rolled on" as it is termed, to the wall surface with white lead. As a result of this process, which is the one usually adopted in modern times, the painting becomes so firmly attached to the wall surface that it is virtually a part of it. Among others there was one notable exception to this, in the case of Mr. Blashfield's work upon the collar of the main dome and on the dome of the lantern, which, being on a surface curving in two directions, had to be executed in place almost directly overhead. Supported on an elaborate revolving scaffold high in the air, and by reclining in steamer chairs while painting, and by other devices, the work was brought to a successful conclusion, notwithstanding this very difficult position.

THE ÆSTHETIC IDEAL

SKETCH OF A PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY

By FR. ROUSSEL-DESPIERRES

Translated from the French

BOOK I—CHAPTER III—*Continued*

PERHAPS it is among the teachings of Confucius that we may find the model of pure morality most conformant to the feelings of our day. So simple are the precepts of the Chinese philosopher that they preserve all their value for us across the ages and despite the difference of races. To love mankind is the great virtue. Is not that the same which christianism has been preaching in vain to the world for twenty centuries past; and that the most irreconcilable philosophies struggle together to inculcate in man? Confucius conceives of the world as a grand moral system of which good is the principle. Is it not toward a conception of this kind that the most modern philosophy tends? Confucius does not foresee any sanction, human or superhuman, for our meritorious or culpable acts. Is it not by that very sign that we recognize the morality of systems? Confucius is atheistic. Providence itself is abandoned by men who preserve the name of Christians and recognize that at bottom the only way to respect the Divinity is not to pretend to explain it.

In our time there are Stoics just as there are some Epicurians. All the ages have seen some, but the idea of progress which has taken hold of all the intelligences is somewhat hostile to these belated survivals of antique thought, who, regarding the world as evolving eternally, with Herakleitos, expect from this evolution neither more happiness nor a loftier morality. Stoicism is a doctrine of revolt against the exigences of nature and the cruelties of life. Like Buddhism, like christianism, it drags us away from the seductions of earth and forms for us a kind of corselet of insensibility against the blows of fate. And in truth its theory of will is sublime. Will is the only thing that is necessary; in fact, nothing reaches us, neither good nor evil, so long as will remains erect and inflexible; the only evil might be that it should come to weaken. The world is not in the dependence of will; therefore stoicism allows no value whatever to the world. Stoicism has the pride of that sovereignty of will. It knows, it dares to say that it makes man the superior of the gods, for the gods are good by nature and cannot cease from being good; but it is because he wills that man is virtuous. The mind of man does not reach a loftier level.

And no blot corrupts this superb conception. The doctrine of stoicism is empty of hope; pessimist in its principle, it remains irrevocably pessimist. "I alone, and that is enough" says the stoic. He quits life as easily as he enters it; life is nothing but a passage between two nihilities; suicide is the noblest manner of bidding good-bye to this world.

The cold and sad energy of stoicism makes the grandeur of it, but that sorrowfulness and that rigor themselves were the causes of its sterility.

Humanity has never yet seen morality except under the frozen traits of a painful educator. It

would have loved it far more if the latter had borne another face. Whence, then, shall come a smiling and serene philosophy which will make pleasure of a good action and of morality a constant joy of the mind?

Since the last days of paganism the oppression exerted by christianity has, as it were, choked the conscience of humanity. In order to find again a pure morality in the world, since the disappearance of stoicism it is necessary to cross two thousand years of theological servitude and intellectual darkness. The philosophy of Kant, the inner wish of which is to create an absolute morality superior by this to all the doctrines, and definitive, is certainly one of the most glorious efforts of the human mind, and though, even in Germany, there probably remains not one single pure Kantian, it has imposed on thought at least certain conditions that admit of no appeal.

Has Kant truly formulated a pure morality? If pure morality proceeds neither from a metaphysical principle, nor from observation of human nature, nor from subjection to an end imposed by beliefs or by nature, certainly Kant's morality regarded under its first aspect is a pure morality. Far from basing itself on metaphysics, it is this which gives its own metaphysics; it is this again determines the end of man and this end is no other than morality. As to psychology, listen to Kant: "Pure morality applied to man does not borrow the slightest thing from the knowledge of man himself, but it gives him laws *a priori*, as to a reasonable being."

Man is free—at least *noumenal* man is, for in this world of phenomena his acts are ruled, as everything else, by an absolute determinism—from that liberty flows the autonomy of moral activity. One thing only is important (and that suffices) the good will! This good will is directed by two capital maxims: "Act in such a way that you always treat the reasonable will, that is to say humanity, in yourself and in others as an end and not as a means." There the ideal is proposed. "Act in such a way that the reason for your action can be erected into a universal law for every reasonable and free will." Such is the criterion of our actions.

Duty confronts conscience with an absolute evidence and this evidence imposes itself on practical conduct; that is the *categorical imperative* which is at once the light and the principle of moral obligation. Thus morality, freedom and reason are at bottom one and the same thing.

Magnificent doctrine, which has caused in many a brain the vertigo of sublimity! marvelous conception, bold as it is in the hypothesis! One would wish to admire it without reserve, not notice the hollow spots, close the ears against criticism, not know how greatly Kant himself has diminished and corrupted it.

That noumenal liberty, like the *noumen* itself,

should be a pure hypothesis, this need not be urged as a blame against a theory, the principle of which is, that it borrows nothing either from a doctrine or from any science whatever. But it is singularly to reduce the autonomy of will under the constraint of the categorical imperative, to enclose it within the bounds of a universal law of consciences! Does not the perfect morality demand exactly an unlimited field for action? Is the will that accomplishes the loftiest acts (such as the sacrifice of existence in those cases where that sacrifice is not a duty) susceptible of being erected into a universal law? On the other hand what is the worth of a liberty without initiative? "Morality of slaves!" says Schopenhauer—and that criticism has nothing unjust in it, except its brutality.

Besides, what is this liberty of the intangible *noumen*, which, escaping from contingencies amongst which we believe we are battling, has nevertheless predestined us once and for all to good or evil? Does it direct itself without motives? Are there good and evil *noumens*? He is a partisan of the noumenal existence, this same Schopenhauer, who has declared every hope of ameliorating mankind a chimera!

Kant has denied having demanded anything of nature. But is then that categorical imperative which he affirms as a *priori* concept, this inward and always wakeful feeling of duty, anything else but a psychic fact? If it were not that, it would be a pure illusion, and—here contradictions begin—Kant does not wish that morality should be an illusion. At first he had disengaged morality from the idea of happiness, but through the stress of justice he brings it back again. "That a being should have need of happiness and that he should be worthy of it, without, however, participating in it, that is something we can regard as conforming to the perfect will of a reasonable all-powerful Being, whenever we try to conceive of such a being." And upon the necessity of happiness (here appears the sanction and morality disappears) Kant proceeds to base metaphysics. "So happiness and virtue constitute together the possession of sovereign good." That possession is not to be realized here below; so justice demands that there shall be a reparative life beyond the life on earth, and from that arises for Kant the certainty of the immortality of the soul and that of the existence of God which is therein implied. "Do that which may render you worthy of happiness" says he. That is no longer a disinterested maxim. "Every one" he says again "regards the moral laws as commandments, which they could not be, if they did not attach *a priori* certain sequels to their rules and if in consequence they did not include promises and threats." All Christianity lies there. Like Spencer, so is Kant—a great victim of the Christian tradition. He will proceed to the avowal that the moral law and liberty would be mere chimeras, if the soul were not immortal and if God did not exist.

Besides, there lies the irremediable flaw of the system; it is morality that proves God, and if God does not exist, morality is illusory. What is it then that proves the reality of morality? The liberty of the *noumen*. But what is it that proves the existence of the *noumen* and its liberty? It can be nothing else than the moral certainty. Dominated by the spiritualistic idea of justice, so alien at bottom to

morality, Kant, in order to save it, shuts himself up in a vicious circle without an escape.¹⁸

Still, the capital error of the attempt of Kant does not, in our eyes, consist in that *petitio principii*; certainly it is disconcerting that he should draw a metaphysical certitude from morality in order to give thereafter morality itself to it as sole guarantee; but the reproach of greater moment which I bring against Kant is to have compromised an admirable conception of moral will by trying to give it an impossible foundation.

Kant has left us a great example of the impotence of reason to erect certitudes. All his critique tends to sap the foundation of his morality and one may say that in that respect it has made a sovereign, definitive work. His system ought to have been the categorical affirmation of an independent moral will, or else—and this surely was not an impossible task—he ought to have found natural roots for the categorical imperative in the subjective study of the human soul.

Is it permitted to add a final criticism in face of the sorrowful check of a magnificent attempt? Because a philosophy so lofty could not be accessible to the crowd, there was no reason to condemn it. But the doctrine of Kant is all in all only a doctrine of respect; now, however lofty the idea of the right of consciences may be, it is sterile. Guyau has very justly observed that respect is merely the beginning of the moral idea. Respect is the timidity of will, the servility of the conscience. The fruitful belief is that one which expresses itself by a passionate activity. The soul has need to expand. What is "right," what is "duty" alongside of love?¹⁹

Two of Kant's disciples, Fichte in Germany and Mr. Renouvier in France have carried his doctrine to the height of the sublime. Fichte is little interested in reality. One thing only is important: that which ought to be, that is to say the good, that is

¹⁸ Note 18.—Morality is in no way bound to justice. However iniquitous destiny may appear, however unjust may the consequences of our acts reveal themselves, regarded as sanctions, the moral ideal does not cease one instant to impose itself upon the conscience. Morality and the justice of things are like two solar systems gravitating at so great a distance one from the other that their common attraction can hardly be calculated save by way of the ideal zero.

¹⁹ Note 19.—Kant's morality tends toward happiness, since, according to it, if the good were not happy, there would be no justice, and if justice did not exist, there would be no God. It makes God the guaranty of happiness. Still, one might more correctly ally it to the pessimistic solutions than to the optimistic conceptions of existence, first, because by attaching all moral conduct to the prescriptions of the categorical imperative, it establishes a rule of servitude; then, because sanction, which it could not do without, is a principle of servitude like obligation: because this doctrine brings itself back to christianism, which is essentially pessimistic; because, being Christian, it is spiritualistic, and because spiritualism, condemning the terrestrial life in order to adjourn the true life, is the finished form of moral pessimism.

Thus Christian, the Kantian morality is no longer a model of pure morality. Why, then, have I attached it to the systems of pure morality? Because it affirmed itself at first, and might have remained, free from any religious attachment, free from the rule of constraint, from the promises and menaces of spiritualism; because, moreover, if Kant, in order to give himself more power, has in a way made a vacancy about it by his criticism of knowledge, it might still have subsisted in the face of science. We have a right to forget how greatly Kant has diminished, abased, prostrated it; and then it remains a type of pure morality almost incomparable in beauty. And that is why it was the place to speak of it here and to evoke its fallen glory.

to say the Ideal. The Ideal realizes itself without ceasing; liberty is an Ideal; it ought to be; therefore it exists. Morality, which is the ideal good, ought to be; therefore it is our end: "Man in his entirety is the vehicle of the moral law" says Fichte—"If I can, if I ought to occupy myself with myself, then it is in my quality of instrument of the moral law and in that degree only." Thus morality is the final goal of the individual. "It is only for that, he is; and if this goal ought not to be attained, then he has absolutely no need to exist."

Thus the moral ideal dominates, in a way annihilates reality. Fichte deduces this from metaphysics: "God is the supreme Ideal that ought to be, and if He is already real, it is because nothing is more real than the Ideal."

Thus the system of Fichte is the very type of an absolute morality. With the materialist Feuerbach one may rank him even higher than the Kantian theory, without which, besides, he probably would not have existed. But he foils really too much our intimate need of seeing clearly, of objectiving, of materializing, if you will, the body of our beliefs. This duty, which all in all is an infinite becoming without fixed form, never does realize itself, since as fast as reality takes on body, just so fast it strips itself in order to frame a new ideal, eternally mobile and flying.

Pure morality is not an impracticable morality, so far as definition goes. Its first condition is to be intelligible; the moral life cannot lose itself in subtle and learned arguments; it is a life of feeling. It contents itself with very simple ideas, but it cannot do without charity. Pure feeling does not exist; it is only born in order to attach itself to an object which, whether being or idea, has taken on a sensible form in thought. Abstraction is truly the enemy of morality, which is all action and ought to have the smiling seduction of love.

Mr. Renouvier also seems to disdain the smile and grace of virtue. Still, his conception of morality is very lofty, very pure and much more intelligible than that of Fichte. Like Fichte—and though he has known how to disengage himself from scholastic chimeras—Mr. Renouvier owes much to Kant; in the same way that the Master ended up in theology, he deduces from pure morality a religious metaphysics, and adheres to protestantism. The religious idea is essentially contradictory to that of pure morality, and truly great is the disaster of that fall of an admirable will, even down to dogma.

In fact Mr. Renouvier gave this double principle to morality: man is dowered with reason and believes himself free. The illusion of liberty suffices in his eyes to create duty: "The postulate of liberty as real" he says "is not demanded for the existence of morality." That is indeed a grand affirmation which the determinist philosophy might seize on: illusion is the true measure of things, of right as of duty, of practical conduct as well as the Ideal. I also prefer, I avow, to the categorical imperative of the Master that human reason which in the doctrine of Mr. Renouvier becomes the principle itself of moral obligation. The parallelism of intelligence and duty, by grace of which, I imagine, duty grows greater as intelligence increases, is a proud conception and assuredly one of the noblest which moral philosophy has formulated.

Has not Mr. Renouvier felt, then, the beauty of his system? Has he not comprehended the force of it? Why has he discredited and subjected it to the yoke of Christian metaphysics?

Like the religions, the spiritualistic theories propose a pessimistic morality, base themselves on the evil and injustice of the terrestrial life, aspire to reparative eternity. They take from action all its merit by the moral obligation; they corrupt the will by the sanction of recompenses; they cause an immense terror to throw its weight upon the soul through the fright of infinite pains; and the ideal which we are seeking has nothing in common with a régime of this kind.

Must one say, besides, that neither Kant nor his predecessors nor his successors have demonstrated the moral certitude? It is enough to the legitimization of a system that it should admit merely a disinterested morality like the doctrine of Confucius for example. But is a perfect morality sufficient for the fecundating of the Ideal?

It would be nothing to have proved the certitude of morality; everything lies in making people love the good. An intellectual morality which does not translate itself in acts is scarcely sincere. The feelings alone lead to action. Pure morality does not elevate itself above the sterile domain of theories, except when it inspires an enthusiastic activity. The grandeur of a doctrine like that of Kant or Mr. Renouvier is the pledge itself of its fruitfulness. Sublimity creates enthusiasm, summons love. The fieriness of morality which it awakens—that is the criterion by which one may judge the value of a system! Passion is a much superior proof than is success itself. Who knows if passion itself is not the veritable goal and real triumph of preachment, and if, to love morality and aspire to perfection is not to have attained morality?

With Kant and his disciples, pure morality is a speculation of the mind. We would like to give it feeling for a principle. What is the Ideal? The distant form of any dream. The moral world which I imagine is that which I love; how could I not wish to realize that which I dream? How could my will resist the longing of my heart when my reason itself, feeling its own impotence, approves and encourages it? The principle of the moral life is desire. Will has no need of proofs. It is a fact. The social value of this fact has for its measure the loftiness of the will. In order to justify a moral ideal it is enough that it be the loftiest creation of the soul which has conceived it. That which gives life to a system is its practical value and the latter depends on the conception, since it forms the measure of the enthusiasm inspired in the moral agent. The certitude of a doctrine is the power of realization which it has and which determines it. To love, to will—is it not to create?

But it is evident that system derived from feeling does not impose itself on the generality of beings, as it appears that a doctrine of reason does. Reason, in appearance at least, formulates universal conclusions. There seems to exist but one rational and certain system, and this system, once discovered, becomes definitive and obligatory for all. On the contrary, feeling, desire, the faculty of enthusiasm, are phenomena of the individual order. Pure morality conceived by desire is definitively a personal will, and the moral value of the agent increases with

the intensity of that will and the loftiness of the Ideal.

I have already refuted this objection: Will might be evil; there are beings who love evil; a moral law is necessary. This hypothesis contradicts the definitions themselves. In fact what is moral will, unless the will to the greatest good? Every being has intuition of good. Morality is the realization of that intuition. The moral is the formula. Where there is no will to good there is no question of moral. It would be singularly to dishonor the word to suppose that a bad will could erect itself into a doctrine of pure morality. On the other hand society is not indifferent to the formation of characters and individual doctrines. There are means for the amelioration of wicked souls. Every being has a vision of good, through this alone, that every one of his resolutions has a possibility of choice for an antecedent. It is the affair of the moral education to fortify that vision to the point of evidence, to cultivate the joy of good actions. If the opinions of an adult man are free, it is necessary on the contrary that education should base itself upon a positive morality.

What shall that morality be? For me the conception of Confucius which assigns the constant perfecting of oneself to the will as the ideal is an admirable conception and perhaps the most fruitful of all those I have reviewed in these pages, because it implies a task and indefinite effort, and because it borrows an ever-reborn force from the inexhaustible contentment when counting the stages in the endless ascent of the being toward the Ideal.

But in vain do I seek in that doctrine the portion of dream and imagination, the psychic spring which will cause a holy enthusiasm to appear, generator of energies and growing wills! As to the spring, I do not perceive it elsewhere than in that universal sentiment which is the æsthetic feeling.

Is it the effect of a personal need to make the Ideal objective under a concrete appearance? Moral perfection, to my mind, is accomplished in beauty;

æsthetic morality is at once the most human and the most ideal of the pure moralities. We shall propose for the theme of practical life the will to realize in oneself the highest imaginable beauty. Perfectionment—if I am permitted the word—is the embellishment of this interior home, this hearth of the intimate life, where holy actions are thought out and from which radiate toward external life the fruitful splendors of a great and beautiful soul.

A doctrine of enthusiasm, believe me!—for where is there to be found a more generous source of lofty inspirations than in the infinite treasure of conceivable beauty? Is not beauty the eternal awakener of love? Principle of action without a peer, I say; for the feeling and pleasure of the beautiful, the æsthetic creation, are entirely personal faculties. They create truly the individual because they differentiate him, and by taking man in a way by the deepest roots of feeling and will, they determine in him a decisive development of the moral activity.

If the merit of religion were to demand a great deal from the human soul, the æsthetic ideal is not inferior to them even from that point of view, since it proposes an infinite moral activity; but it has an incomparable advantage over the religious and the greater number of philosophical doctrines; one and the other, crushed as it were the conscience down upon the spectacle of the misery of mankind and thus paralyzed the moral life (alas, it is the fatality of our nature that suffering revolts it!) This on the contrary, in the good to realize, shows us happiness to attain, the joy to create. Now, if joy is the great hearth of the energies that aid us in triumphing over physical evil, it is also that of fruitful moral will. Thus the æsthetic ideal, ideal of pure morality, optimistic among all the moral conceptions, moral among all the optimistic systems, prepares in joy, beauty and love the reign of absolute Good. It is the radiant symbol of the endless aspirations of humanity.

To be continued.





MISCELLANY

PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN ARTIST

To the Editor

In no country, where culture has climbed up to any appreciable height is the proverb "art goes after bread" so true to its meaning as in America. Nowhere will you listen to so many complaints, observe such eloquent shrugs, hopeless smiles and badly concealed wrath, as in the studios of American artists. There you meet no artists who handle the brush joyfully with creative power or follow the flight of fancy, no painters who conjure their ideas on the canvas and try to hold, in self-forgetting zeal, out of their innermost hearts, the forms or scenes of nature! No disciples of Apollo, submissive to their god, who strive only after the true in art. No. The holy fire of inspiration in these artists is either burnt down to a small heap of cinders, or the flame only occasionally starts up convulsively and glows when, in moments of ill-humor, self-accusation or a burst of rage, the artist looks back on the strifes of his youth and compares them with his real successes. And even then this flame is not a pure one, one that warms the artist's heart, but a flame that endeavors to consume him, and makes the thirst for gratification only more unbearable.

Is the artist perhaps to blame for it when his hand has gradually weakened, the abundance of his ideas has become exhausted, and his inspiration slowly died out? Has he, perhaps, in vain-glorious over-estimation of himself, carried his head too high in his youth, and boldly presumed to reach the stars? And is it now only a just consequence, when he sees his dreams pass off in vapor, his ideals shattered and his aims destroyed? O no. We have to look for the guilty in some other direction.

It would be foolish to think even for a moment that America could not as well bring forth a Raphael, an Alma Tadema or a Menzel. But a true artist can only be born from the ranks of his own people; he must in a certain manner grasp and embody the ideas of art which slumber in his people's mind. To generate artists—there must exist in the people as a whole a feeling, a sense, even more than that, a love for art! Only when the young artist is carried upwards by the people's enthusiasm and love for art, can he ripen to a great master and can he create works that will be worthy of his people. And it must be admitted, without any offence to our young country, that the taste for the fine arts is still undeveloped. The gigantic work, which the immigrants had to accomplish here, the battles with wild nations, the fight with the powers of nature and the cultivation of this huge continent, step by step, has most naturally given the energetic and most praiseworthy pioneers other things to do, than to foster the sense of beauty. Where everything depended on the maintenance of the naked existence, this finer sense had to suffer, and the sharp and cunning intellect overgrew at last all the delicate im-

pulses of the soul. But now, after commerce and industry have grown up to an unprecedented height from one coast to the other, now that the struggle for existence has been pushed into the background and culture has taken possession of our free States, here, where on the average more human beings are able to lead a comfortable life than in any other country in the world, where excellent public schools are open for the children of every race and creed—now the time has surely arrived to think of the encouragement of artistic sentiments and the study of the fine arts.

But that is much easier said and written down than really done. The fact is that it can not be inculcated by education at all, and that all reproaches and head-shakes won't be of any help. And God be thanked, it won't do any harm either! That which slumbers in the people's soul must and will burst forth, and when that time arrives, when the spirit of the American people shall become saturated with the love for true, pure art, then the right men will come, too, who will draw from this source the inspiration for their work and will create master-works.

The American artists of the present time are children of their time. An American art does not as yet exist, an art that springs from the full self-consciousness of the people. And therefore there are in reality no American artists. This is said in all respect to the many painters, sculptors, architects and designers who were born on American soil and who understand in a masterful way to handle the brush, the chisel or the pencil. With all undiminished recognition of their artistic skill, they are to be qualified more as European than American artists. Where did they finish their studies? Who were their teachers? Where has the flame of their inspiration for real art been kindled and nourished? And in what country did they perceive the spirit that was kindred to their own? That may have been France, Italy, Germany or even England, but it never has been America. They who crossed the ocean, blessed with a thousand hopes, to visit old, venerable Europe and to stroll with exultation before the posthumous treasures of by-gone nations—who drank in long draughts of the intoxicating spring of beauty, soon after the return to their native shore, will feel dissipated again.

Did they find there piled up in abundance art treasures that delight their eyes and their soul? They seem to have suddenly stepped into the desert in which only an isolated work of art, like the half-buried Sphinx near the pyramids attracts their melancholy attention. Did they find there congenial, warmhearted companions, true disciples of art to whom contemptible mammon means nothing, the idea everything? Here their hearts beat cold and chilly and the firestream of their ardent inspiration perishes like cinders on a block of marble. Did

they find there a general interest for the creations of genuine art, a reciprocal action between public and artists? Here they very soon feel themselves lonely and forsaken.

What is the artist to begin now? Well, he has still remained too much of an American to succumb to despondency—his common-sense, following his disillusionment, very soon begins to reckon with bare facts. Is he lucky enough to possess sufficient money and talent so that he can not only live independently in the old country but compete with assurance of success with fellow-artists, he will cold-bloodedly pack his trunk again and return to Rome or Paris. From these centres of art he will send to his native country his creations which will now have a double power of attraction for Americans because they come from a countryman and from Europe at the same time. But it looks badly for the poor fellow who has no bank account to fall back upon in time of need. During the first few weeks he lives under the delusion that something good must be in store for him. "Good God!" he says to himself "is my head not filled with wonderful ideas? Did I not learn to handle my brush skillfully? Am I not a son of this country?"

True and good everything, but nevertheless he is unable to dispose of his pictures and if he really finds a customer he has to accept a price that drives a blush into his face. And then his disappointment grows steadily. The poor disillusioned artist who erroneously judged by his countrymen by his own ideas, which he mostly imbibed in Europe, has to descend, step by step and with a bleeding heart, from his high stand, where true ambition, hard studies and unflinching love for his art have put him. He arrives at last there where the American artist can earn his bread with doubtful honor by painting portraits, for which his artistic fancy perceives no inclination whatever. Or he joins the company of "commercial" artists. But he at least lives now and is correctly placed. He rents a studio, puts his name in fancy letters on the entrance door, decorates the walls with his European sketches, which he thought of converting into beautiful pictures, and draws and paints heads and figures of uninteresting people.

Sometimes his blood begins to boil when he looks into the face of a prosperous businessman, or a queen of society and his hand sinks fatigued into his lap. He turns his head toward the window and his look glides beyond the roofs of houses, far away into the open blue space and his thoughts carry him to Rome or Paris or Munich, where he finds himself once again in the midst of young artists, all full of life and love for their art. The blissful time of his study arises before him and the vivid memory of it fills his heart with longing and despair. He starts up from his chair and paces the room with quick and agitated steps. And when the storm in his soul has abated, he picks up from the floor the portfolio in which he placed his scholar-work and sketches, and a melancholy smile flits over his sad face; or he leans against the windowsill and follows with longing heart the flight of a bird that rises joyfully into the air and steers with outstretched wings toward the land of his dreams.

Yes, art in America goes still after bread. It is lowered down to a mere matter of business, and whenever it attempts to ascend into the cleaner and

finer atmosphere the power of public esteem and recognition is not strong enough to hold it there.

"Artists who can work out their own ideas and attain a distinguished name are very rare in America" said not long ago a reputable artist who lived in New York for many years and was a sharp observer in the fields of art. "They simply cannot find eager customers for their pictures, statuettes, engravings or carvings. And the words which not less than four prophets have made famous, namely: "The prophet counts for nothing in his fatherland," seem to be coined especially for American artists. This bitter verdict is based on truth, because in spite of the fact that many valuable private galleries exist in our country, the pictures which adorn them are mostly bought abroad, and native art is shamefully neglected.

Art in the United States is guideless and has no protection under which it could thrive and flourish.

In all the Cabinets of the civilized States of the Old World there is a special place reserved for a minister of public worship. To the functions of this official also belongs the protection of the arts. He conducts the superintendence of all the different academies and schools; it is his duty to encourage talent and to send young native-born artists, when without means, to Italy at government expense and to procure the executions of public works for worthy native born artists. There is a centre round which everything is grouped, from which the interests of the artists are energetically taken care of! He who is in need of advice knows where to apply for it; he who possesses talent is not allowed to go to ruin. Schools and academies, counsel and help are obtainable and open to him. But the State does even more. It keeps in its hands the supervision of all art galleries and museums. Scientifically and highly educated men who have already won a celebrated name through their art-studies are placed at the head of such institutions. They arrange with the help of congenial assistants the wonderful art-treasures in the possession of the State. They catalog and classify them, make new acquisitions, complete with sharp intelligence the collections and watch with open eyes all occurrences in the fields of art. These State institutions are always open to the public and on many days during the week free of charge. It is indeed gratifying to see how people in all stations of life rush to the galleries and museums, and how there, often unconsciously, understanding and love for art (genuine true art) germinate and take root in their hearts. Many a talent which would never have been roused from its deep slumber awakens here, before the masterpieces of art, to sudden vitality and imbibes fervent inspiration for a life time.

America, this great, glorious and to-the-highest-goal-aspiring land, which has already outdone the Old World so many times, cannot yet proudly boast of a sufficient National Museum. And so far very few are the steps undertaken to establish one. Millions are yearly expended by Congress for every kind of industrial and commercial enterprise; the national debt grows smaller and smaller; everywhere blossoms a fresh and vigorous life; only sublime Art is still condemned to a miserable existence. It walks stealthily and hungry through our country and finds at best only a short rest under the roof of a bighearted patron. Art is an important

factor in the education of our people. Rough manners will be softened through its influence, the hard stubborn spirit bent and the heart made receptive for everything that is good and noble. It seems therefore high time that our government becomes conscious of a duty which it has so far neglected in a surprising and regrettable manner.

Paul Grzybowski

WILD-WAYS FOR THE MILLIONS

The American Forestry Association has been foregathering and conniving in the national capital, much to the comfort of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who has spent a good part of his life trying to convince voters and lawmakers of the necessity they are under to preserve the woodlands, if they expect to provide a healthy land for posterity. Mr. H. S. Graves, who belongs to the department of agriculture and is chief of the Forest Service, stated that over a million and a half people use the National Forests as playgrounds each year.

Ten States of the Union, reports Mr. Graves, have asked the government to found national forests for them by purchasing mountain lands; others prefer to establish State forests. More and more, private owners tend to put up signs against trespassers and close large tracts against the public. The closing of private lands points to the value of forests publicly owned, where people living in cities and hot agricultural regions can find refreshment and recreation. "About 25,000 miles of trails and 3,000 miles of roads have been built in the forest. Congress has appropriated a special fund of ten million dollars for road building in the national forests which will become available at the rate of a million dollars a year. This money, added to the quarter of a million dollars now annually available from the receipts of the Forests, will result in opening many regions, now inaccessible, for industrial use and also for recreation." In the national forests of Colorado alone, he says, there were 676,000 visitors last summer. Thousands came in automobiles and used the roads built by the Forest Service under the law which provides that ten per cent. of all receipts from the National Forests shall be spent for road and trail building. Highways that take in the finest points of scenery are being laid out under the advice of a landscape engineer—or shall we say "architect"?—and ultimately routes of tourist travel will be provided with hotels and rest houses. "The country has recognized" remarks the chief of Forest Service "that public lands of chief value for forest purposes and essential to protect water resources should remain under public control. The struggle is now on, as to who shall own and control the public water-power sites, the coal, oil, phosphate and potassium deposits and the common grazing lands that are not suited to development by individuals under any of the homestead laws." This is good news indeed, but meanwhile what has California done concerning the loss of the Hetch-Hetchy valley?

* * *

The prize of one thousand dollars given each year at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, by Senator W. A. Clark, formerly of Montana, has fallen this winter to Hugh H. Breckinridge, a Virginia painter

who was educated in the art schools of Philadelphia. The picture is a nude woman with still-life. Mr. Breckinridge obtained an honorable mention at the Paris Exposition of 1900 when twenty years of age, took a bronze medal at the Pan-American in Buffalo and a silver medal in 1910 at the International Exposition held in Buenos Ayres; winter before last he won a gold medal at the Panama-Pacific in San Francisco.

* * *

New York used to be a cold host toward all old pictures except those by artists of established fame; but the tide is changing. Of late the number of people who have succumbed to the austere charm of the primitives has grown so great that exhibitions which would have had no patrons thirty or forty years ago are well attended and well patronized. For instance, the exhibit made a year or more ago by Mr. Bagge of Copenhagen, who had got together a large collection of Greek ikons and religious paintings during his travels in the Levant, was not only appreciated as a bit for the virtuosos but successful financially. Last month a sale of old pictures belonging to the Rev. Dr. Nevin of Rome and Mrs. Sayres of Bethlehem, Penn., called out a goodly number of buyers. At the galleries of Mr. Satinover primitives are in the majority; he appears to make a specialty of early work by different nations. Most curious is an "Obstacle Dance" by Pieter Aertsen, a Hollander who painted in very individual style, with abundant angularity and strong coloring, the sports of the lower orders of the Netherlands. Not more than a dozen of his pictures are known, while as many more have been falsely assigned him. The National Gallery, London, and the Louvre have none; Amsterdam has his "Egg Dance," a performance in which eggs and other objects are scattered over the floor in order to show the dancer's cleverness; Frankfort-am-Main has a "Market Scene" and Vienna a "Dance of Peasants." The picture in the Satinover Galleries represents a lusty youth and a handsome peasant woman dancing together across the floor of a kitchen on which various objects have been artfully adjusted with the intention of tripping them. The middle distance is occupied by onlookers old and young. A bagpiper is on a table in the background and a large stuffed owl is seen against the wall. Through the window and door in the rear is a glimpse of a village. Grace of line and delicacy of coloring are not to be expected, but there is here a sturdy vigor of action and a power in rendering varied characters which force one to respect the artist, despite a large measure of crudity. It is a museum piece signed and dated 1556.

* * *

Another sale that dispersed many beautiful hangings of old Chinese workmanship, many fine porcelains formerly belonging to the imperial palace, golden and bejeweled hair ornaments from the imperial treasures, was held in January by the American Art Association. Lovers of old Chinese decorative art were greatly stirred by the number and beauty of objects that belonged to an epoch during which China could not be imagined as republican. Many of these pieces, especially the Yamanaka collection just mentioned, reached America because of the change in Chinese government.

WAS THERE MANDRAKE IN THE CESTUS OF VENUS?

The article in the November number on the marble Aphrodité detected by a sharp-sighted Florentine in the Palazzo Altoviti has had some echo in the archaeological press. The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library of Manchester, England has a paper by Dr. J. Rendel Harris of Cambridge in which he advances a curious theory regarding the *kestos*, the magical weapon of Aphrodité, which this statue, now the property of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, carries draped over the right hand. It is Dr. Harris's belief that various gods of Greece can be traced back to certain trees or plants that were thought to have curative and magical qualities by the early peoples about the Mediterranean; in several articles he has maintained this thesis with regard to Apollo, Artemis and Dionysos. With respect to Aphrodité, it is the mandrake or mandragora so much mentioned by the ancients and by the poets and herbalists of the middle ages as a root endowed with dreadful powers, that he fixes upon as the "root" of the cult of Aphrodité.

If not entirely convincing, he brings together much curious and long-forgotten lore. He suggests that the "apple" held by many statues of Aphrodité in one hand is the round golden fruit of the mandrake. But with regard to the *kestos*, he advances the idea that its magical, love-dispensing qualities immortalized by Homer in the fourteenth Iliad may be carried back to the powers ascribed by primitive folk to this singular plant. One reason for the well-known virtues of the mandrake as a charm comes from the fact that occasionally the root is found bifurcated, and by skilful handling can be made to assume the rude effigy of a human being! In some cases the mandrake was used for love-magic. Hence Dr. Harris concludes that the embroidered strap that Aphrodité carried "is the belt of mandrake roots which the women of ancient times wore next their skin." To him, Homer was referring to magic-casting herbs when he spoke of Love, Desire and Persuasion among the powers of the cestus of Venus. In Derby's translation Juno says to Venus:

Give me the loveliness and power to charm

Whereby thou reign'st o'er gods and men supreme
and after Venus has gracefully acquiesced, we are told of the love-charm:

Then Venus spoke, and from her bosom loosed
Her brodered Cestus, wrought with every charm
To win the heart; there Love, there young Desire,
There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt.

So far we have no other instance of a marble Venus the size of life which retains the *kestos*, although small bronzes and terra-cottas and seals are known that show it; also several vase paintings; often it has been mistaken for a girdle, a necklace or a flower.

* * *

Among the January exhibitions few were more remarkable for beautiful objects than the collection of Chinese, Rhodian and Greek pieces of porcelain and pottery shown at the American Art Galleries prior to a sale. It belonged to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke and disperses a very large stock of the finest kera-

mics, such as are sure to make the mouths of collectors water. Particularly delightful were the vases in white with a discreet decoration in low relief, perhaps just a loop of flower-stalk across the highest swell of the vase-body, rising again into a simple flower or leaf ornament, the outline of the vase exquisite in its refinement of outline, the proportions of neck, body and foot most satisfying, the combination stamped with an elegance rare of its kind. The blue vases, bowls and platters which rise above the high levels of ceramic art were numerous, most of them solid-color blues with effects produced by darker shades in a constantly varied series of patterns. The Rhodian platters with their bold flower decorations on cream ground, the lustre pieces from the Levant and Spain, the Greek vases for wine and oil, belonging, not to the greatest art period, but a later, in which the feeling for art still lingered among the decorators of pottery, the Italian vases of the later Renaissance—all of these contained specimens of singular beauty. It was the Chinese pottery and porcelain, however, which held the lead, not merely in quantity but quality. For many years Mr. Clarke has had a buyer resident in China whose taste and skill were notable. This buyer died recently and perhaps his death was one of the reasons for the disposal of the collections.

* * *

An exhibition of work by the late William M. Chase will be held at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, including loans of pictures from all parts of his career. One of his earliest and best paintings "Ready for the Ride," belonging to the Union League Club was lent to the Winter Show of the Academy of Design and held a favored position on the north wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery.

A PLAN TO AID SELF-RESPECTING ARTISTS

The arts in their beneficent variety have the merit of bringing relief to the humdrum that desolates life—that is merely to regard them from the humblest standpoint! Dextrously, suavely, without hurry, they edge our attention over melancholy passages, dim and vacuous, ravaged by Ennui. They supply subjects of interest to some natures that otherwise might turn to coarse pleasures like drinking and gambling, gorging and war; beside that, they afford delight of the keenest sort to other natures more readily affected by objects of the kind.

Even do they go in certain cases so far as to compete with religion. For which reason they have found relentless foes among the reformers who have lacked the necessary breadth and humor to conciliate the two and make them friends—compare Erasmus with Calvin.

In fine, the arts are able to add so much to the joy of living, they may be called sweeteners of life.

This being pretty generally accepted, would not one imagine that the persons who are trained to create objects of the arts, and do produce them with more or less talent and skill, would occupy a privileged place in the community, analogous, let us say, to that of bards among the primitive clans of Gaul and the British Isles?

Very far is this from being the case. In the rough and tumble of life we allow nothing to artists by way of advantage over laborers, tradesmen, artisans,

unless it be an advantage to enjoy more chances to see their names in print, unless furthermore we maintain for their behoof museums in which works of old and modern art are huddled together as well as the wall and floor spaces permit. These latter, however, amassed in galleries and museums, are really not brought together so much for artists as for the general public.

And yet the artists now alive are the builders of living native art.

And yet hereafter, the period of time now slipping by will be searched by writers on civilization for what traces of the arts as well as of literature, philosophy, statesmanship it may reveal. Illuminated by their researches, these times of ours must stand or fall in the esteem of men of the coming ages as a period either to be regarded with approval for its culture or flouted for its materialism and dullness of wit.

What are we doing for the artist who is at grips with destiny, fighting the common fight for bread—too anxious about what is coming to his family to give the needful brooding-time to his ideas?

Well, we are doing just about as nearly nothing as one can imagine. Some paintings, water-colors, pastels are placed for sale at the galleries of dealers or are shown for short sessions by exclusive art societies or clubs. But all that scarcely more than nibbles at the fringes—so large is the output of art-things in New York alone, so populous is the local profession of the arts! The country needs the work of these men and women. The level of its cultivation is now and hereafter will be gauged by such products. And yet the simplest, most elementary form of encouragement is not offered artists and art workers; namely, a place where they can meet buyers and offer the product of their brains!

Artists, it need scarcely be said, are not candidates for charitable schemes. They stand on their own feet and are ready to give a fair exchange for what they receive. Yet in view of the fact that they cannot build it themselves, they may fairly ask for a hall or halls where at small expense they might dispose of their work by auction or by individual sale, and thus relieve at once any stress of want. A bazar, a market—call it what you will—which at all seasons of the year is open to the public for bargaining, is the most imperative need of the art world to-day—under such restrictions, of course, as any exchange must maintain in order to keep bright a reputation for honesty and efficiency as well as quality.

I venture to say that at present this is the most pressing problem in the local world of art, namely, a method for bringing together the maker and the buyer of art.

Quite true that each season brings forth two exhibition of pictures and sculptures held by the Academy of Design, that several other societies exist for water-color and pastel painters, that the Society of Craftsmen looks after some of the workers in the industrial or applied arts, so far as it can, in admirable fashion. There are even specific organizations which try to help the young artist, such being the Art Alliance in which Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock takes a leading part, and the Friends of Young Artists wherein Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is active and efficient. All these are commendable and worthy of aid. But from the nature of things their function

must remain limited to a very small part of the art-folk. Nor could it be fair to fail to mention clubs like the National Arts, Lotos, Salmagundi and Union League that do much which is helpful for sculptors and painters and in the case of the Arts Club, much for the craftsmen through annual exhibitions. Art dealers likewise give aid in various ways. But the field is so large, the number of artists and artisans so great, that all these outlets together do not meet the problem. The call is for a permanent open market for art products, accessible to artist and buyer at all seasons.

The general public, considered apart from collectors and amateurs, cannot if it would, have access to the exhibitions made by Societies of artists and clubs, and in fact does not care for them anyhow! The average man and woman has not time to look up dates and places, still less is he or she disposed to seek artists in their studios. If there were an established market or exchange for such objects as are made here by members of the army of workers, the citizen could find there what he wants or learn where it might be found. Properly administered, such a business would offer guarantees of low prices and sound workmanship and would be conducted without loss to the projectors. It might be started under the lead of the Arts Club, which has specialized as an institution devoted to the bringing together of the layman and artist. The Arts Club might well extend its beneficent work into larger circles of the citizens and workmen in the arts.

Modern times present a very different aspect toward the arts than did the days that are past. Even the last century was very different from the present. We are still hampered by old-world traditions regarding the dignity of art work; there are many prejudices inherited from the past which hinder progress, such, for one instance only, as the curious traditional forms of caste in the art world which impel artists and laymen to esteem pictures in oils above pictures in pastel, while all three exult over the engravers and other workers in black and white.

That's one side of the fallacy that the material or medium outweighs the spirit of a work of art. Then the paraphernalia, the "fuss and feathers" introduced by French and British academies to please the great and impose themselves on innocent groundlings wedded to such ideas, have had a baneful echo throughout the world. America, though protesting, has succumbed to the prevailing fashion. It is humbug; for at bottom it is an attempt to deny the simple fact that artists must live by the sweat of the brow, just like artisans, tradesmen and those who labor with their trowel and axe, pick and shovel. Far more picturesque and graceful is that fancy which spells how the magnates of central governments and the Church encouraged artists and skilled artisans, collected art works that are now part of public museums and art galleries abroad—and deserved well of their own generation by so doing. But even if we should desire a return to that vanished Age of Gold (as we might persuade ourselves it was—and not a wasteful Pinchbeck Age) still would the matter be a purely empty academic discussion—for that age is gone and modernity knows it not.

No, the artist primarily is a workman who has goods to sell and the grievance that nine out of ten artists have to ventilate is the fact that their fellow-citizens are not far-sighted enough to provide a

place where they can put their goods before the public and obtain for them whatever the day may bring.

Such a mart would be democratic in the sense of giving a chance to the poor as well as the rich, to the struggling apprentice as well as the master.

Such a market would not be one haunted by millionaires, for they have purveyors for their own investments in art, but for the average citizen who wishes to get something charming, or useful and charming for his office, his club, his library, his household. Nor would it be so much used for the sale of work by masters already formed by clients and admirers, but for those who have not made such connections, the artist who must live, even if he has to sell his work at a lower figure than he thinks fair. It would be a place for quick sales and bargains, auctions from time to time, cash payments and immediate deliveries. The local press, which has always been liberal to the artists in an unprecedented degree, mentioning their work unstintedly and without reward, would give to any such movement the tremendous aid of publicity; for it would not aim to be a money-making concern, but an effort to help American art in the simplest, most efficacious way.

As soon as the location of such an art mart became generally fixed in mind, buyers and bargain-hunters would flow in, not merely from the great surrounding city, but from places far and wide. Everybody would soon realize that it formed a permanent institution open every week-day throughout the year. Part of its organization might well include a bureau of information where the names and addresses of workers in various branches could be had; in other words, the market might be run on the broadest principles of fairness to the whole of the art world.

Let us resume:

1. New York contains the largest population of artists of any city in the world.

2. New York has many small exhibitions for

certain branches of the fine arts and a few of the industrial, but these meet scarcely a tithe of the demand.

3. New York has thousands of artists but no provision for the immediate sale of their works.

4. New York has no well-placed, permanent halls for the disposal of art work by local artists, open all the year round to the public without charge.

"How shall I reach the public?" is the query that agitates the breasts of the great majority of artists. There is no common ground open to all, reflects the artist, where I can find out whether anybody in this vast commonwealth cares enough for my work to offer a pittance for it.

Strange, and yet so it is! Could it not be remedied? Are there no people with capital who would hazard enough to try out the matter of an art market? If there should be a small deficit the first year, the second year would more than liquidate it. That is what many, many hundreds of talented men and women are thinking and saying—sculptors and painters, engravers on stone, steel, copper and wood, artistic photograph makers, firers of porcelain and pottery, makers of enamels—why enumerate? "When are we to have fair play, and an open market?"

Holland and Flanders once had somewhat similar markets in several of her larger towns. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were active local exchanges and marts for works of art. At Dordrecht, as John Evelyn tells us, the municipality gave the use of the old Mont de Piété or "Pand," and he describes the bustle there, as pictures, sculptures and engravings were bought and sold, some for home consumption, others for export to all parts of the world. London has a survival of similar ventures in "Christie's." If we do not take care promptly of our rising generation of artists, we shall not have any American art worthy of consideration.



ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME

AN INDIAN BOY ARTIST

LITTLE SAMPSON OF THE QUICK VISION AND CUNNING SCISSORS

By E. KILPATRICK AND A. POWERS

WITH a pair of cheap scissors a five-year old Indian boy on the Grande Ronde Indian reservation in Yamhill County Oregon, has for nearly a year been cutting pictures of animals out of pieces of pasteboard culled from discarded shoeboxes picked up in the rear of the reservation store. This little fellow is named Sampson Simpson. He is a full blood Indian. He has never been to school. No one ever told him to cut out pictures from pasteboard. No one ever gave him any training. While boys and girls several years older than he, in city schools throughout the United States, are making their first crude attempts at cutting silhouettes, guided and supervised by trained teachers who prize this "cut-out-work" as a form of manual training "to develop the hand as a sense organ" this untutored red boy sits on his mother's doorstep and from stray scraps of pasteboard cuts outlines of the animals that he sees about him, silhouettes full of meaning and action.

Sampson does not trace his pictures. He cannot write and, so far as any one knows, has no special aptitude for drawing. That old pair of scissors is the instrument by means of which he expresses with fidelity varying aspects of animal life and action—the unbroken bronco backed by the wild reservation rider, the indignant steer with stiff front legs trying to dislodge the riotous cowboy, the frightened fleeing rabbit, the fish flipping free from the water in a curve which city children might think unnatural or even impossible, the hog, fat and obstinate, the lamb, the turkey, the cock, the dog, the squirrel. He cuts no figures that do not show action. Nearly all his outlines have knees and the knees are generally bent.

These bits of pasteboard are often grimy. They are not produced in a sanitary schoolroom under the guidance of a kindergarten teacher. They are snipped out with a pair of rusty shears by a little Indian boy who turns them over and over in a dirty little fist and then stores them away with his simple playthings. The edges are not al-

ways smooth. Even the stoutest pair of scissors, after cutting patches for nine papooses, may become loose in the hinge. Little Sampson has risen superior to difficulties that would deter many a teacher and many an artist, without even knowing that he has encountered difficulties. With crude implements and in primitive environment, without training and without encouragement, unconscious of achievement, this youngster has managed to express the genius that is in him. Sampson does not know that he is doing anything out of the ordinary. He is just a stolid, taciturn Indian boy, little more than a baby, dividing the limited advantages and accommodations of his home on the reservation with six brothers and sisters. Two brothers, eldest born, are dead of consumption, the scourge of the Indian.

This little Indian may never know the possible significance of the pictures that he cuts in his play. The over-worked teacher in the one-room reservation school will have no time and probably no ability to do special work with the boy when he enters school. He cannot be admitted to the government Indian school at Chemawa until he is 14, nine years hence, and even there he will not be at all certain to find sympathy and direction in the development of his artistic gift. There is nothing as yet to indicate that the boy possesses the determination, ambition and perseverance necessary to force his way in spite of hindrance. The spectre of disease lies in wait for him as it does for all Indian children.

His future is uncertain. But too small to be concerned about it or to know the meaning of it, he sits there at his mother's door with one brown thumb through the oval handle and four brown fingers through the oblong handle of the rusty family shears, occupying himself for hours at a time in clipping sheep and hogs and steers into being from the pasteboard that he has collected around him. His outlines are not imitations and his habit of making them is not imitative. He did not acquire the practice from other



LITTLE SAMPSON OF THE QUICK VISION AND
CUNNING SCISSORS



AN UNTUTORED RED BOY SITS ON HIS MOTHER'S DOORSTEP AND FROM STRAY SCRAPS OF PASTEBOARD CUTS OUTLINES OF THE ANIMALS HE SEES ABOUT HIM, SILHOUETTES FULL OF MEANING AND ACTION

children. He has never observed any one else cutting out pasteboard animals. He does not know that little boys and girls in a thousand school rooms are clipping silhouettes. Unconscious of any example and unconscious of any fellowship, independently and by his own discovery, with a child's natural desire to express the world about him in some form and with facile hands to make this form possible, he began cutting out the animals about him somewhat more than a year ago, when he was only four years old. His dark face is set in inanimate demeanor, the corners of his mouth are turned down, his tongue is generally silent. He is stolid and unsociable. He does not trouble his mother. He only asks the boon of her shears and spends the hours by himself.

Sampson's methods though untrained and self-discovered might for that reason contain something of pedagogical value. It is self-appointed busy work that needs no variation. It is play but it is not objectless play. It is an occupation that absorbs his attention. He becomes interested in a turkey or a rabbit or he sees a pigeon light with uplifted wings. An aim is born. Forthwith he wants to make a silhouette. No matter if his mother is using the scissors. She puts out her reaching hand where she laid them down, but they are gone!

Sampson is never at a loss for an interesting and familiar subject. He never has to ask "What shall I make a silhouette of?" The resources of the whole reservation world are at his command. A dozen animals are nodding at once for him to go ahead. He does not trace his outlines. Extemporaneously and without guiding lines, he directs the rusty shears in and out, up and down, in angles and in curves. He always represents action and he recognizes and expresses the particular action characteristic—within his experience and observation—of the animal he cuts out. The duck flies, the pigeon lights, the bronco bucks, the rabbit flees, the fish flips, the cock trots. Man appears frequently in the silhouettes and is represented with the greatest versatility of action. To some of the more familiar animals, as the dog, variety of pose and performance is also given. He goes over and over his handiwork, clipping alterations.

To little Sampson Simpson there is only the intrinsic joy of making. There is only the leaping up of his own artist heart. There is no pleasure that comes from praise. Most of the people on the reservation have seen a white snag against a stormy sky or a crane at sunset upon a sand dune; but there is nothing to arrest their attention in the silhouettes of a little Indian boy.

WHO'S WHO IN THE PLANT WORLD

By MARY EARLE HARDY

NATURE is full of surprises. Like a bomb thrown into our botanical gardens was the announcement of science that certain of our sun-loving, dew-drinking plants had been discovered to be carnivorous. The world dissented and disputed as it had done 2,000 years before when Aristotle, *philosopher par excellence*, declared with authority that certain gay dissemblers of the sea were not plants at all but animals.

Later another bomb (we are getting used to bombs in this year of our Lord) was projected into the scientific world when seers suggested that plants think, plan, contrive, are sentient, suffer, enjoy, sleep, waken, have preferences—and tempers too. And since we have come to know this much, other of their life-mysteries are revealed, and we get hints of primal conditions which led to fixed and singular habits. Often we are made aware that plants possess some very human traits.

I have been lately getting acquainted with members of one of our carnivorous plant families, *Sarracenia* by name, which live in marshes bordering some of Michigan's charming lakes. I had learned they are distinctly American which increased my desire to form a closer intimacy. However, I confess, I was first attracted by their graceful pitchers, and by hints I had that they were of a line of inventors, who were at their craft long before foot of Spaniard or of Norseman touched these



SARRACENIA PURPUREA: THE MOST COMMON AND MOST HARDY OF OUR AMERICAN PITCHER PLANTS

shores. How long it has taken them to perfect lip and wing to their skilfully contrived pitchers, no man knows. We are led to believe, however, that these *Sarracenias*, or Pitcher Plants, were not sent into the world fully endowed, but like human craftsmen they have been long contriving and working out their life scheme until to-day they are experts in their art.

We learn that plant relatives, like related animals, although greatly modified in their journey down the centuries, seldom lose *all* family traits; and not unfrequently relationships are discovered where least expected and which surprise the very elect of scientists.

From certain resemblances it has been assumed that ages nearer the beginning the Pitcher Plants and Water Lilies had one common ancestor, and that the children of this ancient parent, like human children, were possessed of different penchants and early started on roads that pleased themselves.

Both loved the water. The Water Lily planted its feet in the ooze at the bottom of lakes and streams, but its longing for the sun wrought in it, and by strong desire and mighty effort it succeeded in uncurling a petiole which ascended little by little until it reached the sunlight. It may have taken aeons to accomplish this, but finally its broad leaves were laid upon the surface of the water, and were like great palms outspread praisefully. From among the leaves blossoms developed whose beauty of snow and gold were as coronas and are symbols of purity.

It is as if the Infinite looks upon the slightest effort of even a slime-encased atom,—and inspires it—and in his look there is life.

Our other branch of that ancient aquatic family, we assume, was content to settle in bogs and there work out its dream of life. There it contrived to work its leaves into pitchers and cups. Science is frank to confess it does not know how it was done, but ventures the suggestion that early in its career water may have settled in bent or scooping leaves, insects came to drink, fell in, were drowned, and lent their substance to the water sucked in by leafy mouths. The plant thrived so well upon the new and stronger nourishment that it set itself to contriving how more of the same sort might be obtained, and by persistent effort the hollow in the leaf became a habit.

But this plant has acquired other habits which equally fill us with wonder. We see plain, undeniable planning by which it decoys insects to its leafy cup, and further chooses those it prefers to feed upon, luring them up from the ground with honey-like juices which it exudes in a tempting trail to the rim of the fatal pitcher which is lined with down-pointing hairs and bristles rendering escape impossible. It is evidenced that these plants of insectivorous proclivities prefer ants to feed upon, and to ants they offer especial hospitalities, and ants are the insects found in the pitchers in the largest numbers, and in various stages of decomposition,—or shall we say of "digestion?"

Plants that deliberately plan for entrapping, killing and eating members of the animal kingdom seem far enough removed from the spotless, sweet-breathed water lilies. And so they are whatever their parentage may have been.

The flowers of our *Sarracenia* or pitcher plant stand on slender scapes, drooping above the pitchers. But they hold their heads with a proud little tilt, their five rosy petals like five careful fingers are

arched over the many stamens, and the five small stigmas with their protecting umbrella-like style are all clasped together by the five richly colored sepals and three bractlets.

The *Sarracenia purpurea* is the plant shown in our illustration. It is the one dwelling in my Michigan bogs, the most common as well as the most hardy of our American pitcher plants. It has colonies in Canadian marshes, in the bogs of New England, and along the Atlantic seaboard, and as far west as the Rocky Mountains and south to the Gulf of Mexico. Stunning civilization they often locate in marshes inaccessible to man, and there they gather their clans and ply their art, and their pitchers civilization cannot match.

But there are two insects which sail fearlessly into the death trap, and are immune to the honeyed poisons. These are a moth and a fly. The former makes deliberate choice of the fatal cup as a place in which to lay its eggs, and to them it is a haven of safety. As soon as hatched the larva makes itself at home, takes possession of the leafy tube in which it lives and curtains with silken webs, closes its door forever, and feeds upon the tissues of the leaf.

The other insect that dares the death-trap is a fly whose egg is deposited at the bottom of the tube, and its grub is hatched in the poison in the well of death. It would seem that these two must be regarded by the plants as in some way helpful, or would not the ingenious plants have contrived some way to get rid of them?

"The anatomy of pitcher plants is known," says one of our naturalists, "but their physiology is yet to be learned." There is that about them, however, finer and more puzzling than physiology can explain,—only the Creator knows the *What* and *How* and *Why*.

A CHARMING SUMMER HOME COMMANDING A VIEW OF SHINNECOCK BAY AND THE OCEAN

Designed by THE CRAFTSMAN ARCHITECTS

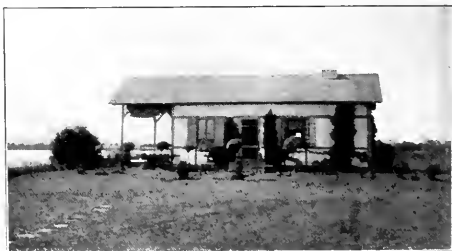
SURELY no more interesting and attractive problem has ever been put before the CRAFTSMAN architects than the planning of the "Shallows," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien H. Tyng of New York. One must have a vision to build a home, and this vision perhaps may come from early memories, from fleeting glimpses caught in foreign travel, or from the pronounced needs of the family who are dwelling in the home. Quite unaware, memories take definite form and put themselves before us when we least anticipate them.

Every home keeper has a right to think out the plan of his house to suit himself. After this the architect should make the suggested plan into a reasonable structure. It is the part of the architect to catch the note of beauty which the householder is unable to put into definite form, and to do this he must call very largely upon his imagination. Once having settled on the style of the house which will best suit the contour of the land and the happiness of the owner, the architect faces the problem of the arrangement of floor space, and it is here that he must do his most conscientious work. There must be space to sit about the fireplace, a place to read, a place to study, ample space in which to play, to

dance, to be contented and to be comfortable. Windows should furnish cheerful vistas in the daytime, and yet these windows must be so grouped as to add a decorative beauty to the exterior.

The "Shallows" was built in 1915 and its general features were suggested from a sketch of a villa on the Lac d'Enghien. The color scheme of the exterior, which is rather unusual, was suggested by a collection of sketches by Victor Petit.

Mrs. Tyng had a very definite vision of what this home should be, and while she wished that it



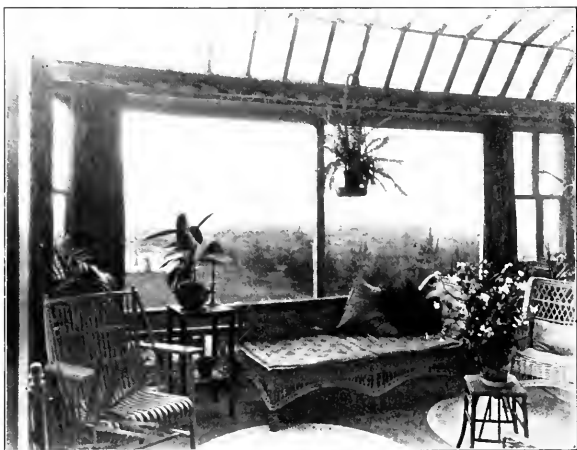
BOAT HOUSE: "THE SHALLOWS"

should have every grace of outline, she still could not forget those who were to live within it, and those others who would from time to time enter its hospitable doors. "The Shallows" was built of stucco, than which a more appropriate medium could not have been selected for a home on the dunes. The construction is substantial and dignified. In the finished structure, the blue roof, yellow blinds and white stucco walls make a combination which is really captivating. It is a house of harmonies.

The living and dining-rooms are on the second floor, having been put there to get an outlook over the dunes to the sea. Guest rooms have been located on the first floor, as will be seen from the view we present, and the guests have, as it were, the use of their own personal front doors. An outside stairway leads directly to the family rooms, and here too is found the sun-room which in winter without heat is delightfully warm. Here the rooms are "furnished with sunbeams," as Leigh Hunt would have said. "That skilled decorator, the sun, who comes to glorify your rooms," has found "The Shallows" a dwelling in which to do his master work.

The ceiling of the second floor has been raised to give good acoustics, for there will be music. The rooms on this floor can all be thrown into one, and there are many fireplaces.

Strictly speaking the boathouse may be said to have been the keynote to the entire group of buildings at "The Shallows." This boathouse as planned by Mrs. Tyng and executed by CRAFTSMAN architects, was a distinct departure from the usual structure of this sort, which has been thought complete enough to serve its purpose if there were only slips provided for the boats, with a possible lounging place above. The boat-house at the "Shallows" is



SUN ROOM: "THE SHALLOWS"

really a studio with a great CRAFTSMAN fireplace and grand piano; a place for music, firelight and the sound of the water. This fascinating little structure with its blue roof was so entirely a fulfillment of the vision which possessed its owner that the house grew of itself on similar lines and with a like inspiration.

The land had not originally a stick or stone upon it, but the soil was rich. There is now a beautiful growth of pines and bushes which are flourishing near the sea, and English Ivy is already adding a note of decoration to the wall, while the honeysuckle vine clammers along the outer staircase.

And so here has been added one more to the many country homes which will stand for generations as reminders of the awakening of the American people to the necessity of a beautiful and satisfying home life.



"THE SHALLOWS": SUMMER HOME OF MR. AND MRS. LUCIEN H. TYNG OF NEW YORK

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Cool
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Quiet
Days

NUMBER 8: CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW
BUILT AROUND A COURT

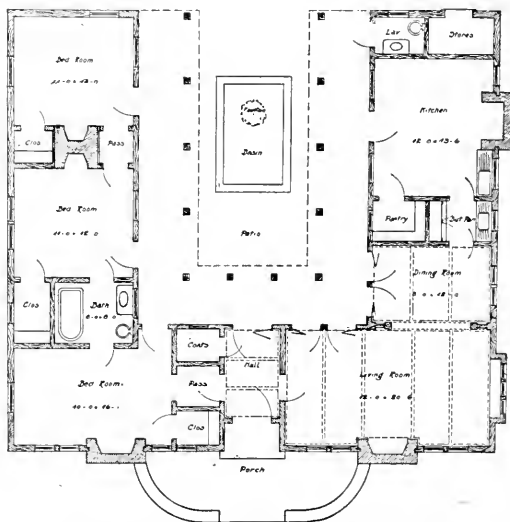
One of our earliest designs is shown in this bungalow, which has proven very popular for summer homes, especially where they are built on the shore of a lake or river; for the chief characteristic of the design is an inner court, or *patio*, which looks directly out upon the water. The bungalow is built around three sides of this courtyard,—an arrangement which carries with it a suggestion of the old Mission architecture of California.

The original design was for a house with shingled walls, but the construction is equally suitable for stone, brick, or concrete. The material chosen, of course, would depend entirely upon the locality and the taste of the owner.

The central court as shown here is paved with stone, but this would be only in case of stone or shingle construction. For either brick or concrete it would be best to pave the court with cement colored a dull red and marked off into squares. This has much the appearance of Welsh quarry tiles and is much less expensive. Provision has been made in the center of the court for a basin, in the middle of which a pile of rocks affords opportunity for a fountain or trickling cascade, while the pool furnishes an admirable place for the growth of aquatic plants. The court can either be paved clear up to the pool, as shown in the picture, or the pavement may stop just outside the pillars, leaving the center of the courtyard for turf. In either case the *patio* is meant to be furnished for use as an outdoor living room.

The arrangement of the interior is very simple, as from the entrance hall one turns toward the right into the living-room, which occupies half the front of the building. Just

back of the living-room in the wing is the dining-room and back of this again is the kitchen. Turning to the left from the hall, a small passage leads to one of the bedrooms, and the other two bedrooms and the bathroom occupy the whole length of the wing. All rooms open out upon a central court and all are lighted from the outside by casements set high in the wall. Fireplaces are plentiful, the chimneys being so arranged that one is allowed for each bedroom and one for the living-room.



FLOOR PLAN CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW No. 8.



EIGHT-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CONCRETE: NUMBER 146

POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

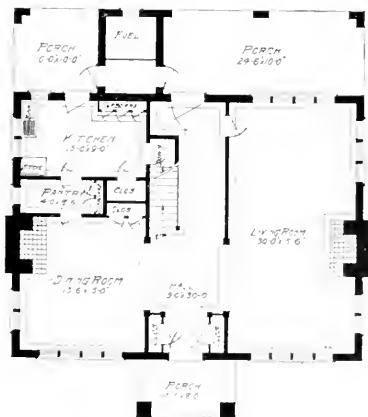
IN House No. 146 we have shown concrete on a field-stone foundation, with shingled roof, stone pillars at the entrance porch, stone and brick combined in the chimney. Stone and brick may be repeated with good effect in the garden wall and entrance.

From the vine-covered pergola porch one enters a small vestibule, on each side of which are convenient coat closets. The open hall has wide openings on each side to dining-room and living-room which are unusually large, airy and hospitable, being lighted on three sides by wide groups of casement windows.

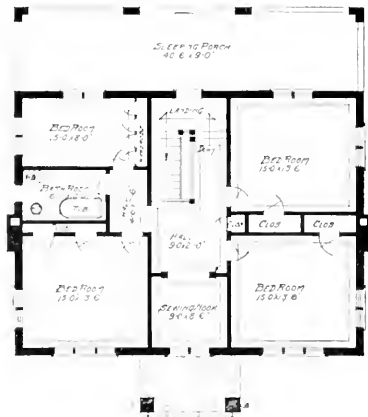
Near the top of the stairs is a landing from which

a glass door opens upon the sleeping-porch which extends across the rear of the house. The fireplace occupies a space near the center of the outside wall and thus affords plenty of room on both sides for the grouping of chairs or settles, while the long space against the wall is ample for a piano. The dining-room is almost square and in one corner of it is a second fireplace directly opposite the one in the living-room.

Three bedrooms of equal size occupy three corners of the second floor while the remaining corner is filled by a smaller bedroom, bathroom and hall.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

HELP THE BIRDS LIVE IN WINTER

By T. GILBERT PEARSON,

Secretary, National Association of Audubon Societies.

WINTER affords an excellent opportunity for becoming acquainted with one's feathered neighbors. In our northern latitudes where the snows come fairly early and often lie for weeks on the ground, there is a dearth of natural food for the wild birds of the orchards and groves. Thousands of bird-lovers throughout the country take advantage of this fact to induce the birds to come about their homes by means of the establishment of feeding stations. This may be regarded as philanthropic work. The pleasure to be derived from such efforts, however, is so pronounced that many of us are inclined to class this among our selfish activities.

Strong, healthy birds seldom die as a result of cold weather, yet every winter thousands of birds perish in northern latitudes chiefly from lack of proper nourishment. With the weed-seeds all covered with snow, with the sleet on the trees sealing up the chinks in the bark where insect eggs are hidden away, and with the berries all gone in the swamps, very little food is available for the birds. When these conditions continue long, birds become much emaciated and finally weakened, by slow starvation, drop from their perches overcome in the cold winter nights.

One of the most popular forms of feeding devices is that made in the form of a weather-vane. It is open at one side and has glass at the other. When the food is placed in position the wind will never blow it away, for the tray turns always with the glass front toward the wind. This shelf devised by the Audubon Society is now in wide use.

Seeds and cracked grain of all kinds may be provided and are always acceptable to those birds of the neighborhood that naturally, or by necessity become granivorous in winter. The food "hopper" is used by many people. This is a simple device for letting food down from a box or jar on to a little tray, the supply being constantly replenished as the birds take away that which is in sight.

Pieces of suet tied to limbs of trees, or inclosed in little wire baskets tacked to the sides of trees provide a very acceptable substitute for insect diet in winter.

One of the most earnest feeders of birds I know is Maunsell S. Crosby, who has made of his estate at Rhinebeck, New York, a bird paradise.

As a concrete example of what may be accomplished in this line, Mr. Crosby's statement of what he has been doing to feed birds during the winter 1916-1917 is of much interest. I quote his statement in part:

"I started winter feeding three years ago on a small scale and enjoyed it so much that by last year I had thirty-five food-tables, hoppers, and suet-holders constantly supplied near my house and barns, and covering an area of eight or ten acres.

"This winter I began feeding in November and up to this time I have used nearly four hundred pounds of Packard mixture (ground peanuts, cracked corn, sunflower-seed, bird-seed, etc.), four bushels of weed seed screened from hay seed, three bushels of sun-flower seed, thirty pounds of suet and a peck of ears of corn.



BIRD-FEEDING DEVICE.

"A mile from my house stands a little camp in a small forest of red cedar, hemlock, and white pine. This winter I have put two food-trays on the porch of this camp and in the vicinity nailed up three wire holders, each containing three pounds of suet, two hoppers which I fill weekly with Packard mixture and a tin can containing a "food-stone" of suet and seed. The food used in these woods is included in the estimate I have given above.

"At my house and barns I have added several new stations and this year the birds are fairly swarming at them from dawn till dark. I have estimated the following number of visitors: Blue Jay, 10; Crow, 25; Starling, 10; Downy Woodpecker, 4; Hairy Woodpecker, 2; Junco, 25; Song Sparrow, 1; Brown Creeper, 1; White-breasted Nuthatch, 10; Red-breasted Nuthatch, 1; Chickadee, 30.

"The redpolls are common but so far seem to be independent of my supplies. The Vesper, Song and White-throated Sparrows have unquestionably remained on account of the abundant food supply as has the Red-breasted Nuthatch which has not stayed near my house before. The weather has been fairly mild.

"Half a mile beyond my camp stands another patch of pine woods and in this I have found three more Acadian Chickadees, as well as a number of other birds. I am considering the advisability of putting up a large lump of suet for them, but shall not undertake to feed them regularly."



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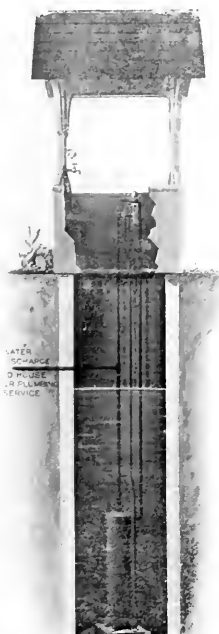
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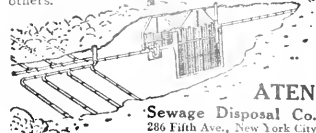
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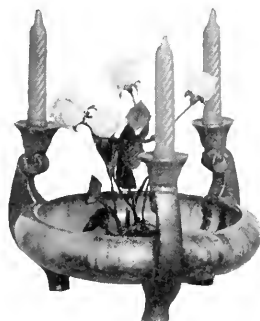
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Continued from page 19

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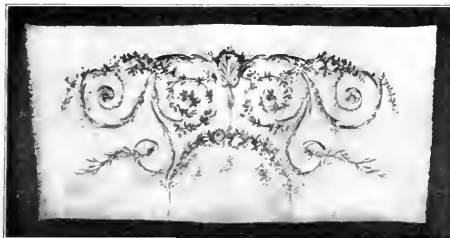
AN AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR TAPESTRY WEAVING

By L. MERRICK

IN a quiet corner of Greenwich, Conn. there is a little old-fashioned house with green shutters. Its windows are made up of many panes of glass. The door is Colonial in shape and has a brass knocker of early design. In the summer, boxes of brilliant geraniums placed on window sills complete a joyous color scheme that is indicative of the spirit within.

The interior furnishings correspond with the Colonial aspect of the outside of the house. Beautiful old tables, graceful chairs, chests, hangings and interesting prints, reveal a well-formulated plan to reflect a certain period in American history and promote extreme harmony. It is like a bit of Colonial days transplanted to a Twentieth Century setting, and so perfect in detail are the appointments that a visitor would scarcely evince surprise if a Betsy Ross or a Barbara Fritchie should emerge from behind one of the big white doors with hoop-skirts and ringlets complete.

To the casual passer-by the little house with its quaint exterior makes a personal appeal, but there is small suggestion of the industry which is going on within. Here, however, is a modern factory without steam, noise, the belt and wheel, but a place where beautiful and artistic tapes-



TAPESTRIES WOVEN AT GREENWICH, CONN.

tries are woven in the manner in which they were evolved in Europe for centuries, and in a setting fitted for their production. The surprise of all this is, that in America, with its commercialism and haste, there is to be found some one with confidence enough in her country's innate love of beauty (for why should not Americans of all classes

respond to a National art as other countries do?) to devote time, patience and money to founding an industry that she hopes to make philanthropic and so spread the love of beautiful things throughout the land.

The enterprise is due entirely to the efforts of Mrs. Francis Vanderhoef, a young society matron with a serious purpose, who with all the charm that life holds for her has decided to devote her energies to a profound cause.

The art of tapestry weaving as it was known in earlier times, has practically become a lost one. Even the Gobelins at Paris is accused of being permeated with commercialism and run principally for show. The only two tapestry looms in this country are the Herters and Baumgartens, which are operated in connection with their interior decorating establishments. Mrs. Vanderhoef is the first woman to attempt to found an American school for tapestry weaving, and differing from any one else who has ever attempted it, her's is a work of love, undertaken mainly to ultimately give expression to the work of American tapestry weavers. She realizes the difficulties of the task she

Continued on page 16



AN INTERIOR IN "THE FACTORY" OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR TAPESTRY WEAVING AT GREENWICH, CONN.



Brucke & Hastings, Architects, Philadelphia

This Bar Harbor Bungalow

is shingled all over, roof and sides, and the roof is stained a beautiful moss-green and the walls a rich brown, with

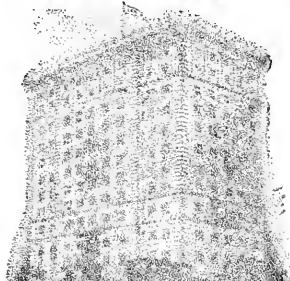
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has imposed upon herself, and well knows that tapestry weaving has never been encouraged in this country and that what is now done here is the work of Europeans who have been brought over for the purpose. Also that Americans, while making enormous demands on Europe for tapestries of early designs, would have none of the modern patterns which express present day customs and tendencies which cannot be much to the liking of those fed for years on the light gracefulness of the Italian Renaissance or the ornateness of the Empire periods.

HISTORY IN TAPESTRY

Mrs. Vanderhoef recognizes that the life and tastes of the ruling classes of France in the Louis Quinze and Louis Seize periods, were woven into their tapestries and were revealed in their painting and architecture. They were records of their gay, pleasure-loving tendencies in a time when little effort was made toward the advancement of intellectual thought, among the high dignitaries of the country. The more thoughtful patterns of the Italian Renaissance, reveal to us a depth of artistic knowledge which was common to both sexes. The later English patterns plain and severe, expressed disapproval of French frivolities. So also Mrs. Vanderhoef believes may American industries, customs and tastes become woven records of our time. And if they lack in the light gracefulness of the Louis patterns which are so much sought, but which are so often incongruous in American homes, because they neither express individuality which quality America so ardently fosters, nor are expressive of that sturdiness and seriousness of purpose that have become national characteristics, may not these beautiful, gay dancing ladies and bewigged and powdered men lolling amidst garlands of flowers, be supplanted by America's idealistic, spiritual or even industrial side? Would not records of the strength and character of a people making a supreme effort toward national advancement, be of equal interest not only in our own day but as records for future generations?

FEW AMERICAN WEAVERS

At the Vanderhoef looms at Greenwich at the present time the weavers are naturally foreigners,

Continued on page 17

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since no Americans have ever learned the industry, and as it takes many years of patient apprenticeship to make a good weaver and the best years of one's life to become perfect in the craft, it can hardly be wondered at that Americans in their haste to make money and their natural impatience have given little encouragement to a craft that requires so many years of patient toil.

TEACHING CHILDREN

Mrs. Vanderhoef, however, contends that what other countries have done, we can do and that by training young children in the work, as they do in Europe, a school of tapestry can be founded equal to any. May it not be her mission to revive in rushing, pushing and noisy America an art that is nowhere to be found to-day free from commercialism or personal gain? A number of children are employed at the looms as apprentices and their happiness in the work encourages Mrs. Vanderhoef to believe that her efforts in the training of American tapestry weavers will not be in vain. Already in the three years since its beginning the industry has grown surprisingly. Orders are already pouring in from all over the country.

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Continued on page 14

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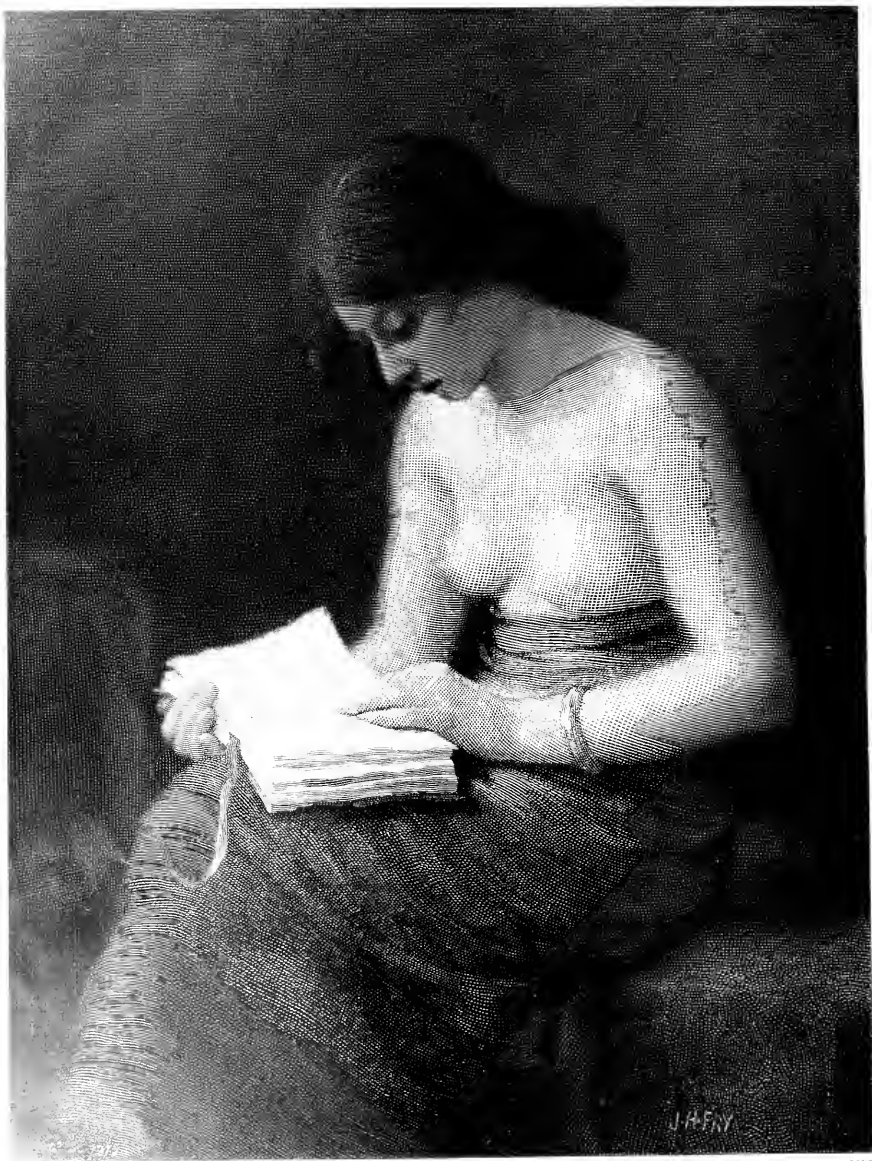
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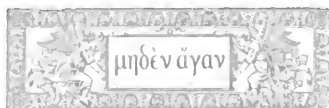
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THE ART WORLD

A Monthly for the Public
Devoted to
THE HIGHER IDEALS

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March 1917

COMBINING
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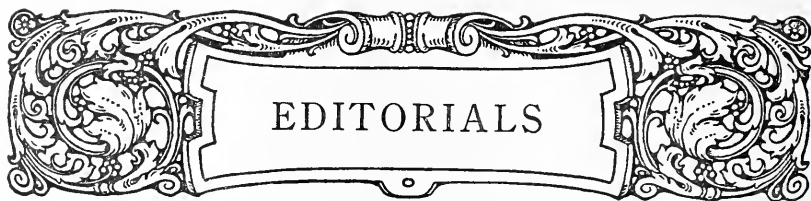
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THE GOSPEL OF UGLINESS ACCORDING TO MEPHISTOPHELES

THE readers of THE ART WORLD may ask why I have chosen this channel of communication to the public instead of one of the publications devoted to my propaganda of degenerate art.

You probably know that I am an aristocrat. Formerly I moved in the highest circles and was entitled to a seat at the council of the Gods. As the result of a misunderstanding I was eliminated from the council. Owing to former associations I prefer good society, not always attainable among my propagandists. In fact I must confess to a certain measure of loathing for the unclean instruments I have heretofore employed.

Confiding in you, I will say that in this talk on art I am telling you the truth—impossible as it may seem! I can tell the truth when it suits my purpose. Of course I am known as the greatest liar in the universe, having been named "Father of Lies." Consequently, when I wish to impress the people in a way opposite the truth, I tell them the truth.

Many years ago there lived and sang in German a troubadour named Goethe. That was before Germany became obsessed with science. There were poets and musicians who sang of Loreleis and Rhine maidens and of a hero called Siegfried. This troubadour became interested in one of my adventures and wove it into a song quite as notable in some ways as Homer's story of Ulysses. This adventure was my journey with Faust. As the story runs, one eventful evening I appeared to Faust as a traveling scholar. He asked that I explain myself. I answered thus:

I am the spirit that denies
And justly so: for all things from the Void
Called forth, deserve to be destroyed.
'Twere better, then, were naught created.
Thus, all which you as Sin have rated—
Destruction—along with Evil blent—
That is my proper element.

This is my creed and expresses in a concrete form my philosophy.

In my negation of the material world and my aversion to beauty and my worship of ugliness I move within a closed circle to a point of contact with Buddha and St. Francis. Note also that my chant expresses a sinister pessimism, which is one of my chief characteristics. Indeed, it were better that the human brood were never created than to be forever building card-houses to be knocked down, as they are doing now in Europe. However, as it is not possible to extinguish the race, I will aim to destroy the one thing that more than all else makes life attractive and worth living on this planet. I will negate beauty and establish the gospel of ugliness.

As the supreme exponent of negation I can only exist through opposition to the divine order of truth

and beauty. Therefore I will exercise all my powers to disturb the cosmic harmony. In past time my efforts to involve the world in total discord have failed, but at present, for the first time in history, I have almost arrived at a complete realization of my cherished ideals in the destruction of life and art—the world-wide negation of beauty and consequent worship of ugliness.

I am minded to transport myself to a peak in the Alps, and, viewing therefrom the slaughter and ruin of the nations, congratulate myself with a fiendish chuckle on my triumph over the three grand obsessions of the human race: religion, philosophy and science. In fact never before have I felt so powerful and so encouraged to press on to the attainment of absolute negation. I no longer masquerade as scholar, professor or priest, but stride over the world as *Utilitaria*, smiting the fair land of Europe with war and famine, and America with greed and Stygian ugliness. Thus, denying the cosmic trend toward beauty, I advance toward the ideal ugliness.

You mortals are on the wrong track; in the past you have looked for salvation to transcendentalism and philosophy, and now science. All three have failed you. But there is a certain cult which you have never fairly tried, at least not in modern times—the Cult of Beauty.

Being a generous devil and feeling measurably sure of success, I will amuse myself by telling you the secret of this cult, knowing perfectly well that you will not believe a word that I say. What I refer to is: the ideal of beauty which is the basic volition of your Cosmos or God.

Every object of material growth in the universe is perfect and beautiful in its varying scale of development—unless mutilated or disorganized by some one of the powers I employ to negate the divine order. The most elementary forms of life, dragged up from the bottom of the sea, are quickened through the Cosmic Volition toward beauty into balanced masses and rhythmic lines, and this volition continues in its ceaseless quest for beauty throughout the entire scale of creation upward to man.

This cosmic urge toward the ideal beauty is the voice of your God, uttering itself through matter in a definite trend or stream of tendency. And this is the one trend or stream of tendency throughout the kingdom of nature that you can prove to exist by actual demonstration—without any resort whatsoever to religion, philosophy or science. Such a demonstration forms also an impregnable standard of beauty. For all normal products of the creative mind are based upon the laws of proportion, rhythm and equilibrium, rising in their quality of beauty

in the ratio that they involve these fundamental laws.

Also this cult of the ideal beauty would furnish you with a workable definition of Morals, which you do not possess at the present time. That which makes for a realization of this ideal is moral, whatever presents an obstacle to its attainment is immoral.

Whenever I employ the agencies of negation, such as disease or violence, to disturb the normal development of nature, its character is at once changed to abnormal. The balanced masses become unbalanced, their proportion and rhythm at once become disorganized. Instead of beauty and harmony there is discord and ugliness.

You may ask why this element of negation is always present. I will tell you. It means conflict, without which the universe would sink into the stagnation of monotony which is death. Life means perpetual conflict with death. Whenever one of my agencies of negation disturbs the normal creative volition, whether in a human being or in a painting, it means death. My mission is to create disorder, and as Ruskin truly says "Death is the consummation of disorder."

As the supreme Spirit of Negation, I am at perpetual war with the creative cosmos. I win victories, but do not win the war.

The pestilent Greeks, with their ideal of beauty, have given me more trouble than all other races of mankind. Their ideal will not down. Roman brutality and materialism were to some extent leavened by this ideal and it almost triumphed; but my importation of Oriental luxury and vice, together with the stagnation induced by ill-used wealth, paralyzed the Greek cult in Rome and destroyed it.

The breaking up of the Roman Empire completed what I thought to be a permanent success for my programme, but I discerned signs of a revival of the Greek cult which might have developed into an organized power to build a new civilization on the ruins of Rome.

Fortunately this menace to my plans was averted by the world becoming obsessed by progressive transcendentalism—with its *consciousness of guilt*. This consciousness of guilt, in the transcendental ascetic, is born of a belief that his *spirit is imprisoned in the flesh*—first physically and further mentally—*by everything that makes the material world attractive*. Therefore his first duty is to resist and deny the natural world. Buddha taught his disciples "that all beings were entangled in a web of passions; tossed upon the raging billows of a sea of ever-renewing existences; whirling in a vortex of endless miseries; tormented incessantly by the stings of concupiscence; sunk in a dark abyss of ignorance; the wretched victims of an illusory, unsubstantial and unreal world."

And he further says "that sentient existence is attached to matter. Matter is attached to moral evil. Moral evil is a thing to be extinguished. Therefore sentient existence is a thing to be extinguished."

Thus, according to the Buddhist ascetic, a man can only liberate his soul by purging himself of *all desire for existence*, on the material plane.

To do this, the first step is a negation of beauty; as beauty, aside from the instinct for procreation, is the most powerful element of attraction in the ma-

terial world. Thus the excessive transcendentalist finds his salvation in ugliness. The Hindoo fanatic mutilates himself on a bed of spikes and the Christian ascetic flagellates himself to purge away all desire for material existence. Both are tortured by a consciousness of the guilt and shame of souls held captive in the flesh by their original sin. To the transcendental ascetic removal from all contact with matter is the ultimate hope. The very body itself becomes an object of disgust.

Buddha lost no opportunity to despise the body. He said to his disciples in the Buddhist scriptures: to despise the body, to regard it as a mere illusion, without reality and subject to destruction; not only that it was like foam on the ocean and like a flame trembling in the wind; but that it was a mere receptacle of filth, a worm bred upon the dunghill full of disgusting secretions, a drain filled with offensive refuse, producing all kinds of pains and diseases, and being nothing but a cause for dissatisfaction and aversion. Therefore the uglier and more repulsive a human being, the more his aversion to the material life and the consequent added impulse toward Nirvana.

My object then is to create in the human being my First form of Negation:—An aversion to his own kind. This object is perfectly attained the moment the human being, through his environments, costumes and the destruction of health, becomes ugly.

It is not possible at this period to hypnotize western men and women to the extent of making them mutilate themselves like the Hindoos or the early Christians, but I have prompted them to attain the acme of ugliness in their dress, combined with an intense monotony and commonplaceness of their daily lives, to the extent that they regard the Greek Hermes as on an exact level, so far as actual appearance goes, with a degenerate cabaret dancer on Broadway.

The French Revolution with its worship of philosophy and the doctrine of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" worked this change, and here we have the strange spectacle of a philosophy denying the whole fabric of revealed religion, meeting on a common ground the very transcendentalism it denies.

The patriots of the French Revolution invented the present costume which is a perfect corollary of scientific industrialism. Thus they unwittingly, urged on by me, inaugurated the greatest cycle of negation of beauty in the world's history.

I pride myself that transcendental obsession, in its different forms of excessivism, is my greatest achievement in my efforts to enslave and ruin the human race. So long as I can induce men and women to occupy themselves about the many varieties of occultism, spiritualism and transcendental speculation about the *future*, so long will they neglect the problems of the *present* and leave them unsolved. They stumble along and fall into the ditch I have dugged for them, when the secret of the magic of the only true occultism lies open before them. The Greeks arrived at the only true occultism—in their ideal of Beauty. There is more true occultism in the Venus de Milo or the Jupiter Otricoli than in all the seated Buddhas and sculptured Saints in the round world. There is more expression of the real soul of the universe in the ruins of the Parthenon

than in all other architecture in existence, for in the Parthenon, and not in the Pyramids or in the Cathedrals, is buried the secret of the universe, the solution of the Sphinx's riddle, the secret of the healing of the nations through Beauty, through harmony and peace without monotony.

The Second grewsome power in my sinister triad is the negation of—the Commonplace. Here I enter the domain of comedy! I crack jokes with Bottom and Snug-the-Joiner and whistle a roundelay with Marsyas, giving all hail to these jolly folk. At last they have come to their own.

In America my cult of the commonplace has, for the first time in history, attained the absolute. To some extent this is owing to my not being hampered by the historic environments and traditions of the Old World, but chiefly to the immolation of the people on Scientific Industrialism which, besides creating an environment of extreme ugliness, offers such rewards in material wealth and power that it seduces the best minds away from the arts and so leaves painting and sculpture and art criticism and poetry, with some noticeable exceptions, to the mental and moral deficients of the race. Scientific Industrialism with its monstrous environment induces a mechanical volition that passes for existence. From the resultant inferno of monotony you attempt to escape by invoking the jugglery of science to produce electric vaudeville, canned music and mental debaucheries in moving picture shows.

In the country your landscapes are polluted with a ghastly array of sign boards, proclaiming in strident color and line the glory of quack medicines and department stores. In the towns the windows contain posters. Every vacant space on walls or fence is covered with hideous pictorial abortions summoning people to spend money. The Elevated Railway and Subway stations are filled with figures of gigantic size wrestling in the throes of rheumatism or cholera morbus, or infants of elephantine proportions reaching for baby food. Inside the cars are rows of advertising signs in violent tones and harsh contrasts, the hard lines and flint-edged letters harassing your nerves like a knife thrust.

When night falls other horrors are forthcoming. When you enter Broadway at Columbus Circle you might well exclaim with Dante when he traversed my Inferno: "The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth toward me." Flung out on the sable curtain of the night are gouts and jets of electric flame gashing and seaming the sky with frantic vociferations. The elemental forces evoked in the service of Mammon issue in symbols of noise, that, with strident discord, summon the four corners of the globe to the traffic in whiskey, chorus girls and automobiles.

You see then how the reign of science has become one of my chief powers in creating an environment of negation. I attach the greatest importance to the effect of environment, especially on the minds of children. One of my pet hobbies is the colored sheets in the Sunday supplements. These contain the very acme of a hideous negation of form and color, combined with a low vulgarity and degradation of the English language. The effect of these villainous illustrations and the accompanying slang on the minds of the young is far-reaching and

permanent, and prepare their receptive minds for another phase of my propaganda later on.

Another feature that pleases me is that on the adjoining pages of the Sunday newspapers may be found columns of emaculated homilies about morality, efficiency and fervid exhortations to temperance. Such influences as I have indicated also have a baleful prenatal effect on unborn children, in an ever-increasing ratio in succeeding generations, resulting in a subconscious negation of form and color that is obviously reflected in some of the current exhibitions of painting and sculpture.

Taken as a whole, the salient characteristic of many of the art exhibitions is that they are stupid and ugly. So far they are not obscenely vulgar as are often the exhibitions of neurotic art in Europe, but they are deadly commonplace and dull. Some of the work of this kind is well done, the artists meeting the requirements of a mechanical technique, evidencing what one writer aptly terms the "thoroughness of mediocrity." But my cult of the commonplace and ugly has so lowered your standard of art that shoals of mediocre minds have taken up painting and sculpture—many of them of the mental calibre of unskilled laborers, without the intelligence to become skilled mechanics, electricians or engineers. They might be useful in the avocations of simple labor as dish-washers and ditch-diggers, but they have turned to the arts with exactly the same results that followed the efforts of the players before Theseus in "The Mid-Summer Night's Dream"—with this difference, that Starveling and Snug and Bottom were taken as a huge joke by Theseus and his Court, whereas the present Starvelings and Snugs and Bottoms are taken seriously and almost dominate the whole fabric of aesthetics in America.

Then I have reversed the old Greek fable of Marsyas—Marsyas, a relative of mine, an uncouth, commonplace Satyr who attempted to compete in poetry with Apollo, the God of Art and Light. Being vanquished, Marsyas was condemned by Apollo to be flayed alive for his impudence and failure, notwithstanding the verdict of the jury in the favor of Marsyas.

At present you will note the complete reversal of the ancient fable. Marsyas now flays Apollo. Marsyas has now come into his own; in fact some of the current art exhibits on Fifth Avenue might aptly be termed "The Revenge of Marsyas."

The Third form of my triad of Negations is to be found in the peculiar manifestation of the "modernistic" neurotic cult of art expressed chiefly through the medium of sculpture, painting and poetry. My partiality for this special cult is the proof of my aesthetic taste. Its propaganda has steadily developed since the days of Baudelaire, who was the prophet of the cult. I have seen it grow in Paris, spread to London, Berlin and other centers of taste and culture in Europe, and am encouraged to believe that my cult of degenerate art may soon get a foothold in America.

You may have observed that the French have been the torch bearers in aesthetic culture in modern times. What the Greeks were in the fifth century before Christ and the Italians in the sixteenth century, the French were in the nineteenth century. They possess the plastic instinct or sense of form in a much higher degree than any other modern

race. They were the leaders and teachers of the nations in æsthetic ideals. I pride myself that it is no small triumph to have hatched my cult of sexual degeneracy expressed through the arts on this modern altar of the Temple of Art.

In the war of 1870 the French nation threw off the incubus of Napoleon's corrupt régime, thus gaining a greater victory than if they had vanquished the Germans. Then in the seventies and eighties they developed a cycle of art equal in splendor of achievement to the Italian Renaissance in both sculpture and painting. But during that time, in subterranean ways, my propaganda went on. Step by step I have gained, to the extent that now in the capitals of Europe my modernistic cult is organized. The nature of my propaganda is put forth in *éditions de luxe* and my pamphlets and art dodgers have reached even to America. Sexual neurosis or perversion has existed in all historical periods, but the present is the first time in history that it developed an organized cult in letters and the plastic arts. My devotees of this cult all agree on one point, irrespective of their different trends: they all unite by unanimous consent in a common worship of ugliness. Their test or standard of highest excellence in art is to achieve the intensest possible negation of form and proportion, and the greatest conceivable ugliness, coupled with symbolic suggestions of sexomania in pictures, statuary or alleged poetry. There is a well-defined cabalistic code of sign language employed, whereby initiates can understand and experience the sensations conveyed.

It is well understood by alienists that many people who have an insane diathesis may live and die normally, if during their lifetime no specific condition arises that fans the latent spark of insanity into flame. The same may be said of those who have a dormant tendency toward sex perversion. Ordinarily the police prevent developments of conditions favorable to this tendency, but the degenerates have seized upon the arts *as a medium* for the expression of their peculiar mania; instead of making indecent exposures in the public parks and thereby receiving a term in the penitentiary, they effect their purpose by exhibiting their art works in the public art galleries and in alleged poetry—and are lauded and eulogized by some of the art critics in the capitals of Europe! The effect of these exhibitions upon the youth of the country may well be imagined. Through the public exhibitions of their unclean symbols the degenerates present the conditions for spreading their cult among the young of both sexes.

The stigmata of degeneracy in modernistic art are most easily detected in the treatment of the nude. The nude human figure, wrought to a fine design with plastic power, marks the highest achievement in art. Likewise the blasphemous degradation of the nude figure, seen in the abominations perpetuated by European degenerates, marks the lowest stage of impotence and debasement in the arts.

The foundation of any right existence of æsthetic culture must rest upon a basis of correct appreciation of the power and beauty of the nude human figure. The public exhibitions of the atrocious and vulgar travesties of the nude by modernistic art degenerates of Europe can only create disgust and loathing in the minds of normal people and so operate to repel and prevent the advance of correct

æsthetic taste, thus playing directly into the hands of prudery and Puritanism.

The unfortunate victims of pathological sex-perversion can also be known by their preferences in art. In addition to their partiality for the neurotic cults they affect a taste for rude carvings of aboriginal races, especially if they suggest a certain obscene symbolism, united with a strain of devil-worship. They are fascinated by the union of the demoniacal and the obscene, which is one of my salient characteristics—as indicated in the account of my journey through the classic Walpurgis Night with Faust.

In the success of my modern propaganda of degeneracy in the capitals of Europe I owe much to the newspapers. In the days of Baudelaire and Verlaine a large number of people read books of poetry or philosophy. Now all that is changed. Most of the people read only the daily papers. In many of these my agents of propaganda operate, disguised as art critics, eulogizing the works and exhibits of neurotic art. It has been observed in Berlin and Paris that some of these critics are possessed of a sinister pessimism akin to my own.

This is often allied to a pathological diathesis towards sex-perversion. Consequently there is a voluntary response by these desperadoes of morbid sexomania to the works of sex perverts. These writers on art effect a strident clamor for modernistic art. They have, thanks to my prompting, gained a foothold in some respectable journals in Paris and London. I am looking forward to the time when I may be equally successful in some of your American papers. It may not be possible to accomplish this in America, for, once your people are aroused and made to clearly understand the significance and meaning of the neurotic cults in art, they will reject all attempts to transplant from Europe to America a pornographic cult from my centers of propaganda in Paris and London. Still, I will not be discouraged. I am quite certain that there are dealers who may be converted to my ideals, and you may yet see exhibitions on Fifth Avenue that will vie with those of Paris and London in presenting to your people, both young and old, examples of the symbolism of my cult of indecency.

Observers of some of the exhibitions of degenerate art in Europe have remarked on the peculiar character of many of the people who haunt such exhibitions. Also the effect of the pictures and statues on the young and old of both sexes—the subtle effect of the unclean symbols on some receptive mind, of a first sensation that digs deep into the secret recesses of the soul, releasing therefrom some atavistic monster that otherwise would have slept on unaroused.

You see I pursue my ideal through all the changes of the world's panorama, using my powers of negation to foil the plan of the cosmic volition. I would reduce the world to the condition of the Witch's Walpurgis Night on the Brocken, when I revealed to Faust my ideal of the ugly, the vulgar and the abominable, like the witch's dance in Tam-O'-Shanter: the shapes arose of murder, disease, abortion and suffering. I was here in my element and reigned supreme in my kingdom of negation.

But according to my compact with Faust, I had to go with him through the classic Walpurgis Night

wherein I was to be tortured by a vision of the Greek ideal beauty. As we moved on, the forms of ancient art were revealed, through which Faust advanced toward his ideal beauty and I toward my ideal ugliness. In the Archaic art of the Egyptians and the Assyrians and the primitive art of Greece, with its griffins and centaurs, Faust discerned the struggle of art to rise from the animal to the human form, giving a prophesy of the future ideal beauty. He was exalted and stimulated to pursue this ideal.

On myself, who was forced by my compact to journey with him through these realms of the antique, the effect was exactly the reverse. I saw in the part-bestial forms of the sphinxes and griffins a beginning of the realization of my ideal of ugliness and experienced a partial relief from the agony of contemplating the pure Greek forms; and I soliloquized thus:

And as among these fires I wander, aimless,
I find myself so strange, so disconcerted:
Quite naked most, a few are only shirtd—
The Griffins insolent, the Sphinxes shameless,
And what not all, with pinions and with tresses,
Before, behind, upon one's eyesight presses!
Indecency, 'tis true, is our ideal,
But the Antique is too alive and real.
One must with modern thought the thing bemaster,
And in the fashion variously o'erplaster:
Disgusting race! Yet I, perforce, must meet them
And as new guest with due decorum greet them.

As we moved on through the world of antique art each one found something to his taste. Then we came to a most amazing revelation of the power of the Greek imagination. As we advanced, Faust toward his ideal of beauty, I toward my ideal ugliness, we came to the Sirens with their sharp talons. We saw Lilith, the female Vampire of the Hebrews; the Lamiae, the witches of the Greek imagination; Empusa, the cannibal witch with one cloven foot who called me cousin. I acknowledged the relationship and admired her deformity. We passed others symbolic of nature and the elements, and finally arrived at the place of the Phorkyads, of the three grey sisters. They each had in common but one eye and one tooth, which they used alternately. They dwelt at the uttermost ends of the earth where neither sun nor moon beheld them. They represent the climax of all which the Greek imagination has created of the horrible and repulsive. I was consequently ravished with delight. I had found the ideal ugliness.

As I, myself the embodiment of ugliness, stood before these daughters of chaos, I broke into song:

. I something see, and am dumbfounded!
Proud as I am, I must confess the truth:
I've never seen their like in sooth—
Worse than our bags, an Ugliness unbounded!
How can the Deadly Sins then ever be
Found ugly in the least degree,
When one this triple dread shall see?
We would not suffer them to dwell
Even at the dreariest door of Hell;
They stir, they seem to scent my coming;
Like vampire-bats they're squeaking, twittering, humming.

I then addressed them:

Most honored Dame! Approaching, by your leave,
Grant that your triple blessing I receive.
I come, though still unknown, yet, be it stated,
If I mistake not, distantly related.
Old, reverend Gods already did I see;
To Ops and Rhea have I bowed the knee;
The Parcae even—your sisters—yesterday
Or day before, they came across my way;
And yet the like of you ne'er met my sight:
Silent am I, and ravished with delight.

I am amazed no poet has the sense
To sing your praises!—Say, how can it be
That we no pictures of your beauty see?
Should not, through you, the chisel strive to wean us
From shapes like those of Juno, Pallas, Venus?

My prayer has been answered by the modernistic degenerates in Art.

The astounding revelation to me was the range of the Greek mind invoking the absolute in the two opposite poles of the ideals of beauty and ugliness. I who had striven with all my powers and that of the fallen angels for the ideal of ugliness was now confronted with a creation that eclipsed our utmost efforts. Here in the remotest ends of the earth, in eternal blackness of darkness, the Greek imagination placed the symbol of absolute negation, even as they had approached the ideal of absolute beauty, thus reaching the limit of the two opposing powers.

But they kept their ideal of ugliness chained in perpetual darkness. No expression in their art ever betrayed its existence, but this monster of negation stood on the threshold of every Greek imagination. Jupiter, Apollo and the Venus de Milo had gazed into the horror of it—on all the faces of their Gods and Heroes there is a trace of the haunting terror of that contact. You cannot imagine one of those visages of divine beauty breaking into a smile. With unfathomable, eternal repose they register their condemnation of ugliness and the triumph of their ideal beauty.

Mephisto

THE HENRY CLAY FRICK COLLECTION

See pages 375 and 376

IS there something predestinate in certain sites?

That section of F. 5th Avenue, New York, which extends from Seventieth to Seventy-first Streets used to boast of the Lenox Library, the façade of which overlooked Central Park—a building thought by many judges of architecture the masterpiece of Richard M. Hunt. For that reason his memorial was placed directly opposite on the edge of park. The Lenox having been merged with the Astor and Tilden foundations to form the great public library

thirty streets farther south, Hunt's building was offered to the New York Historical Society but refused. The trustees feared the loss of identity which might result from the merger. Now the residence of Mr. Henry Clay Frick which took the place of the vanished Lenox has continued the tradition of a spot devoted to rare objects of the fine arts, if not of rare specimens of books. It contains one of the most remarkable assemblies of old paintings in the United States belonging to a private collector,



COLOGNE—THE PACKET-BOAT ARRIVING

BY TURNER

See page 371



THE POLISH CAVALIER
BY REMBRANDT

See page 374

equalling, and in many respects surpassing, the pictures now in the public library that were left by Mr. Lenox.

Rarely are old masterpieces disposed to such advantage as those of the Frick collection, owing partly to the excellent lighting and ample wall space, partly to the surroundings. The bronzes on tables and consoles, the furniture and hangings are made to conform, not rigidly conform but more or less, to the periods from which the pictures proceed, so that one is spared that incongruity of surroundings which cannot be avoided in most houses of collectors. The gay and splendid series of Fragonards painted for Madame du Barry but never accepted by that fragile favorite is made part of the walls of a single room which is designed throughout in the fashion of her day. The legend runs that they were refused because the last panel shows the heroine of the series deserted and prettily encamped at the foot of a mourning column in a touching gray garden landscape—which was not nice of Frago. He appears to have been unable to resist the opportunity of insinuating a warning to favorites, however they might have seemed to be basking in royal favor. Is that a testimony to Fragonard's good heart, or his weak judgment? or was it due merely to impishness? At any rate these pictures demonstrate what a master of composition and versatility he was, what a superb draughtsman, what a gamut he could run of lightness, gayety and childlike charm! The *dessus de portes* that punctuate the wall compositions are full of cupids as airy and graceful and riotous with butterfly life as anything that has come from the brush of an artist.

Italian and French Renaissance bronzes here, Chinese porcelains of rare colors and silhouette, old chairs and sofas and tables are not appreciated at first, because the paintings that stud the walls of the gallery, drawing-rooms and corridors exert too potent a charm. What can be said now of the portrait that Rembrandt painted of himself in his old age, with his broadened features and thick fingers? or the likeness that Titian made of that sensual literary rascal and blackmailer Aretino, or of the young man with the fur-trimmed coat whose face seems to convey a life made up of danger and desperate love? Here is a long, lean ascetic of a prelate by El Greco arguing over some passage in a book of controversial war—ready, surely, to send to the stake any one who differs from his method of saving souls from the pit! Noble and gloriously clad princes and distinguished ladies of high degree, fixed forever on canvas by the marvelous brush of van Dyck, call one away from specimens of the versatile Goya and from canvases by the painters' painter Velasquez. Here is a little Ver Meer van Delft and yonder a couple of portraits by that most masculine of portrayers, Raeburn. But there is no space to follow out the list of Italian, French, Dutch and British painters represented in this collection. Let us touch on two which are reproduced here: one by Rembrandt, the other by Turner.

One of the Rembrandts in the Frick collection strikes the admirer of Rembrandts as a picture that stands apart from the usual tenor of his work. It is that of a young and vigorous man on a white horse that is making its way briskly through a landscape by no means like any in Holland, a horse

that moves beneath him "as a steed That knows his rider" to quote Bryon, a poet long out of fashion. Who the young man is, no one knows; but his red cap with a thick border of fur, his long tunic of a pale yellow note secured by blue buttons, his close-fitting red breeches and yellow boots proclaim him a Pole or Russian, a man of the Slavs to the eastward who furnished light cavalry to western armies, the forerunners of Hussars. He carries a mace in one hand and slung by his side a quiver full of arrows and bow, and on his left a long sword, while a second sword is secured against the saddle by the man's right leg. Bode thinks that he can specify the regiment to which he belonged—Prince Lysowski's; at any rate, that is the name this picture bore when in Count Tornowski's collection. There is a panther skin in place of saddle-cloth and the bridle is made of red Russian leather. It is a question whether the fort on the hill behind is meant for an actual place or an imaginary. On the right far back one sees buildings by a lake and a fire, as if the cavalier were speeding toward an encampment as the sun goes down. The figure is nearly half the size of life. Though it is not painted with the heavy shadows and concentrated light on parts of the picture which lends so much mystery and fascination to many of the master's paintings, there is no lack of the "something else" that forces one to speculate on the character of the man and the purpose of his ride. It is not the somewhat barbaric harness and garb of horse and rider, nor the stern landscape well in keeping with the light, that compels the attention and urges conjecture on; though these undoubtedly add to the interest; it is the human being, the expression of the face which is pondering if not exactly dreamy—but the look is not decipherable. He is handsome enough, this young fellow, alert and masculine in his slenderness, but although he stimulates our curiosity, his countenance is schooled beyond his years and will not explain. There is no little sternness in his fixed, reflective gaze.

Rembrandt rarely painted horses and among the immense number of his etchings, there is scarcely one. Yet what a horse this is! Fromentin passed years painting horses and acknowledged he could never satisfy himself that he was really successful. The animal in the portrait of Marshal Turenne of Earl Cowper's collection at Panshanger is a mere hobbyhorse beside it—a lay figure beside the life.

The Turenne is of 1649; the Polish Cavalier about 1655. Why is there such a difference, one asks? Probably because Marshal Turenne did not excite the romantic interest of the painter; that was more readily roused by Orientals and blackamoors than conventional persons, the dignitaries of church, state and war—witness his paintings and etchings of curious exotic persons, Biblical and otherwise—beggars, ratchatchers, cronies. Never was there a painter who kept more to one spot, as if Leyden and Amsterdam contained all that his imagination required. This pacing horse has wonderful movement. It seems to be neighing as with forward-pointing ears it moves toward some familiar quarters for the night. It is doubtful if another equestrian likeness by Rembrandt beside these two is known.

The Turner is a very large painting shown at the Royal Academy exhibition of 1826, representing the

Rhine at Cologne in late afternoon. The sun concealed by a cloud sends its golden rays from the right across the walls and towers of the town. Topical interest is lent by the hull and sails of what looks like an argosy from Far Cathay, but is really the packet-boat from Düsseldorf, as the catalogue of 1826 informs us: "Cologne—The Packet-Boat Arriving." Beside the golden glow of sunshine, Turner has suffused the sky with tones of rose and violet, a combination which roused the ire of the famous W. Bürger—"Vie de Bohème"—who said that everything in the picture was uniformly colored like the yolk of an egg.

In this splendid picture Turner has taken great liberties with the shipping, which belongs rather to Venice or Constantinople than to the Rhine and its simple barks. The picture is romantic, not realistic. Yet on the strand he has peasant women carrying lumber to a yard, and the tower of the Martins-Kirche can be identified above the walls of the old Colony of Agrippina. It reveals Turner's marvelous mastery of color, his courage in painting skies as he saw them, however the conventional classicists of his day might rage. It was at this Royal Academy and with regard to this picture that a very

pretty anecdote is told—which may offset some of the stories current during his life regarding his alleged surliness and unsociability.

When the Academy was hung, the picture of a lady with a harp by Sir Thomas Lawrence was placed next to the "Cologne." The flood of gold and rose made Sir Thomas's picture look cold and dry; and the latter was in despair. It was too late to "key it up." Turner perceived Lawrence's chagrin and resolved to quench it by a drastic proceeding. He called for a ladder and taking some painter's lamp-black, rubbed it over the brilliant sky of his "Cologne," saying afterward: "Poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black; it will wash off after the exhibition."

It was a fine manly thing to have done, as any artist will realize. "It is not as if Turner had been indifferent to fame" wrote Philip Gilbert Hamerton many years later "for he was anxiously careful about everything that could affect his reputation, and here we see him voluntarily exposing himself to harsh criticism for having painted a foul, ill-colored sky, when that very sky was one of the most splendid pieces of harmonious coloring in the whole range of landscape art."

THE DEPEW MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN FOR INDIANAPOLIS

See page 402

ON page 402 a new fountain by Mr. A. Stirling Calder is shown which is an exceedingly clever piece of work. Upon request Mr. Calder has given the following facts:

"The Depew Memorial Fountain now being erected in Indianapolis was provided in the will of the late Mrs. Richard J. Depew. The composition comprising nine human figures and twenty-four fish is to be cast in bronze and gilded. The architectural setting is built of Stony Creek granite.

"The late Karl Bitter had been commissioned to design this fountain some time before his death and Bitter's motif, that of exuberant, youthful joy, was assumed. He left an incomplete plastic sketch, which I set aside, because I believe that it is impossible for one artist to develop freely another's work. While discarding the actual model the general theme was retained. Entire freedom was exercised in developing the types of figures and their decoration.

"The frieze of jumping fish was introduced and the upper figure was designed which, with the element of suggested music, furnishes the motif for the dancing children. In it I have been concerned to embody the mysterious loveliness of unsophisticated nature—its wild frankness and vigor—a daughter of Pan."

Here we have a work of art that illustrates our meaning when we speak of a Style and a Manner which are both Universal and Personal of their kind. That is: while the constructive composition—the style—of the fountain is, as a whole, in har-

mony with universally accepted and common-sense laws, it is at the same time sufficiently personal to be different from any other fountain in the world. Moreover the individual figures, while departing from nature, depart only so slightly that we do not notice the departure—until we know enough to perceive this and to look for it. So much for its Style. As for its Manner of modeling, of the details of the figures, drapery, etc. it also shows only a modest and non-irritating departure from the truth of nature.

Therefore, there is nothing about any detail to force us to ask questions. The mind glides from each figure and detail easily and quickly to another and therefore takes in the whole composition at one glance and, so, easily and quickly seizes the intent of the work, *i. e.*—the expression of the spirit "Let joy be unconfined!" among the eight children as they dance a "ring-around-a-rosie" to which the twenty-four fish seem to jump an accompaniment. So much for its Manner.

There is no stiffness, no absurd roidnesque "deformation of the form" here to get between us and the full enjoyment of the emotion of gaiety and childish abandonment to joy, so skillfully expressed by the sculptor. The lines are both lifting and full of melody, and thus it ever should be, in any public work to be placed wheresoever the public may come in contact with it. We are sure that the citizens of Indianapolis will find this lovely fountain a source of joy as long as the bronze shall last. We congratulate the citizens and Mr. Calder.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION

EVERY year the Architectural League of New York takes possession of the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in West Fifty-seventh Street and holds forth for a month with a collection of models, façades, photographs and ground-plans, sculptures, wall-paintings and objects for the decoration of buildings within and without that wins the attention of very wide circles of citizens. This year it has taken a leaf from the old exhibits made by the National Sculpture Society. Banks of flowers and a water-course decked and gaily enlivened the perspective of three galleries as seen from the entrance. The running water fell to a pool surrounded by growing plants in blossom and an unusual quantity of sculpture was distributed over the gallery floors. The walls were given over to paintings rather than to the ground plans which bore the public; and the exhibit showed everywhere an unusual attention on the part of the committee on decoration to the distribution of the sculpture and the spacing of the pictures on the walls.

That is why the thirty-second annual afforded an uncommonly attractive welcome to visitors, whose eyes were pleased by the clever grouping of the objects and the color effects of the exhibit as a whole. The standard set this year should be kept up in 1918. The Architectural League exhibit is a favorite in New York and should be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations.

Among the most noteworthy buildings represented are the Temple of the Scottish Rite at Washington, D. C., designed by John Russell Pope, the Approach to Manhattan Bridge, New York, on the Manhattan side, designed by Carrère and Hastings, the Municipal Building in "colonial" style designed for Plainfield, N. J. by L. F. Peck and W. L. Bottomley; the proposed Colonnade at the end of the enlarged stadium at the College of the City of New York, designed by Arnold W. Brunner, the Art Museum of St. Louis by Cass Gilbert and the design for the projected home in New York of the American Academy of Arts and Letters by McKim, Mead & White. City and country residences were represented by designs of no small value, although nothing of an unusual sort appeared. Sculpture included the two seated statues of "Manhattan" and "Brooklyn" by Daniel C. French for the Brooklyn end of Manhattan Bridge across the East River, a memorial group, man and woman, by Robert Aitken, together with details from his monument to Elihu Burritt at New Britain, Conn., a nude "Diana" rather heavy in the legs modeled by Charles Louis Hinton; "Dying Melodies" and "Three Muses" groups by Isidore Konti, a fierce-looking portrait of General Ord for the Military Park at Vicksburg by Anton Schaaf,

three standing figures by Hermon A. MacNeil and the statue of Edwin Booth won in competition by Edmund T. Quinn at the Players' Club, a thorough and convincing piece of work. John Gregory's decorative nude woman playing the Pan's pipes, for the studio garden of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, is somewhat archaic in treatment; it deserves remark; also a procession of figures by Miss Evelyn Longman for the pedestal of a monument; it is fine in movement.

The American Academy in Rome is represented by the work of scholarship-men in the designing of public buildings and church sanctuaries, also by groups of statuary by L. Friedlander in which one sees the influence of archaic Greek sculpture just as we do in the work of Manship and Edelman. E. A. Winter sends from Rome a decorative wall painting of the five wise and five foolish virgins. The Director of the Academy is Prof. Jesse Benedict Carter; Gorham P. Stevens is the director of the School of Fine Arts and Charles Upson Clark directs the School of Classical Studies; all these societies are now housed in the Villa Medici. Artists who win a fellowship are expected to live in Rome for the better part of three years with an annual journey for the benefit of travel to break their stay in the Eternal City. It is at the Architectural League that one hears from these Fellows. Other Fellows beside Friedlander who showed work this year were George Davidson and Allyn Cox, painters; Raymond N. Kennedy and Walter L. Ward, architects; and Carl P. Jennewein, sculptor.

The League offers several prizes: A special of \$300—and the Henry O. Avery of \$50 for the work of architect, sculptor and painter in collaboration. It also gives medals of honor for architecture, sculpture and painting: the winners in 1916 were Cass Gilbert for the Woolworth Building, Miss Violet Oakley for decorations at the Pennsylvania Capitol in Harrisburg and Herbert Adams for his general work in sculpture.

Not the least pleasing of the memories of the League show was the big decorative painting by Arthur Crisp—Pierrot carrying off Columbine on a huge white horse—and one recalls an iron door wrought by the hand of Samuel Yellin, together with a decorative iron parrot with a long tail—a kind of quetzal bird in wrought iron. Carefully modeled and rigged ships of various epochs added a picturesque and decorative note and the commercial side of the residence and home was not forgotten. The basement below the Vanderbilt gallery was fitted up with booths containing architectural pottery, furniture and other useful and yet ornate things.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION

An Apotheosis of Cleverness, Superficiality and the Common-place

AS a few swallows do not make a Summer, so a few good pictures do not make a great exhibition. Therefore the American public, hoping for the production by American artists of more masterpieces which will not only demand attention now, but are likely to endure, will have found the 112th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Acad-

emy of Fine Arts to have been disappointing, while to such as love vaudeville and are bored by the serious and therefore adore the clever, the slapdash and flip, the superficial and the common-place, even the sensational, however ephemeral—the show no doubt proved a source of amusement.

The general impression conveyed by the exhibi-

tion to a serious mind was that there was much sincere effort by mediocre artists, many pictures but little fine art. The pictures as a whole reflected the mental vibration of the stygian ugliness abroad in the land, such environments for example as one views in looking from the car windows in traveling from New York to Philadelphia. The exceptions to the common-place and strident unbeautifulness that pervades the exhibition among the 650 works are too few to prevent the conclusion that, on the whole, the exhibition was not to be taken seriously.

This being a material age, material success brings the highest rewards. It must be so for some time to come. It may be said it was ever thus. But it is particularly so to-day. Hence material fields of activity allure most of the brainy men produced by the nation, and so it happens that there are few really strong men in the various fields of art. Most of those represented are of mediocre calibre and many of them are obsessed by a worship of merely clever workmanship, in which beauty of design, composition and spirit is sacrificed to novelty of conception and of execution. As long as this state of affairs lasts in our country it will be hopeless to expect many masterpieces or much more than the common-place in our exhibitions.

To show how little some of our artists care for the higher interest of the public and even for their own future, let it be noted that many of them will not hesitate, when on the jury, to vote to admit works that are clearly degenerate, either aesthetically or morally. The works of the "hot stuff" coterie of New York were in evidence. True to their habits, their efforts are of the rabble, by the rabble and for the rabble.

Having said this, let us refrain from attacking individual works and speak only of such as seem to appeal to a greater or less degree to the common-sense and the natural instincts for beauty ingrained in the public, either because they are well conceived or not badly composed or are above the average in execution and worthy of being purchased by the public. Among these works some are stronger than others, but we have not the space to analyze many of them.

The following may be noted: "Temple at Little Agra" by Emma Lampert Cooper; "In New England" by Wilson Irvine; "Moonlight on the St. Lawrence" by Birge Harrison; "The Desert: Arizona" by Albert L. Groll; "Genevieve Walks" by Marie Danforth Page; "Jersey Sands" by Paul King; "The Pueblo of Wolpi: Arizona" by M. Sander; "Waiting" by Arthur T. Spear; "Syrian Woman" by Marie Danforth Page; "After the Storm" by C. C. Curran; "Still Life" by Henry P. Rittenberg; "The Net: Alleghany" by Adam Emory Albright; "Beach at Bass Rocks" by Ruth A. Anderson; "Spring" by Joseph T. Pearson; "Portrait" by Lydia Field Emmet; "Morning" by Norwood MacGilvary; "Moonrise" by Horatio Walker; "The Boys" by Daniel Garber; "October" by Emil Carlsen; "The Path" by Willard L. Metcalf; "The Harbor" by Charles Morris Young; "Below Flows the River" by Gardner Symons; "November" by Allen D. Cochran; "The Trail" by Carl Rungius; "Clearing Mists" by W. Granville-Smith; "Sunday Morning" by W. L. Lathrop; "A Summer Fantasy" by Daniel Garber; "Portrait: Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson" by Leopold Seyffert;

"The Model" by W. W. Churchill; "Girl with White Collar" by Giuseppe Trotta; "Nausikaa" by Ernest L. Major; "Mother and Child" by W. W. Gilchrist; "Road through Center of Bridge" by Edward W. Redfield. There were three works by John S. Sargent. As usual they are good—but not of his best.

The strongest works in the exhibition are the following: "May Morning" by Robert H. Nisbet; "The Desert: Arizona" by Albert L. Groll; "Tradition" by Kenyon Cox—the finest work in the whole show. The fine color-scheme of Mr. Cox's picture, which a little time will soften into a superb color symphony, contrasts strongly with the banal color combination of the work by its side. "Winter Morning" by Jonas Lie; "Between Tides, California" by William Ritschel; "On the Ways" by Leon Kroll; "Morning Light" by Morgan Colt; "K'ang-Hsi and Quinces" a still life by Dines Carlsen; "Girl with a Hand Mirror" by W. W. Paxton; "Marion" by Ercolè Cartotto; "The Little Canadian," a beautiful work by Douglas Volk; "The River in Winter" by E. W. Redfield; "The Turquoise Necklace" by Sergeant Kendall; "At the Burgomaster's" by Walter MacEwen; "The Writing Master" by Thomas Eakins—the finest portrait in the exhibition. "Woodland Silence" by John F. Carlsen, the finest landscape in the show. "Beside the River" and "Winter" by Jos. T. Pearson, Jr.—two very fine decorative pictures. "The Temple of Art, San Francisco" by Colin Campbell Cooper, a splendid color symphony.

"A Mountain Courtship" by James R. Hopkins is a remarkably true figure painting, full of life and character expression—not the best "painting" but not badly painted. The expression in the young lover of that awkwardness which results from love-sickness is rendered with remarkable skill and shows a deep insight into human nature or reveals a personal experience that, although not rare, is seldom noted in art. Mr. Hopkins will go far if he remains simple, serious and true to the point of view—that the profound expression of some thought or idea is the main thing after an artist has become a perfect craftsman; and if he never loses sight of that double ideal: consummate craftsmanship and consummate expression.

In sculpture these were noted: "Portrait Bust of Theo. N. Ely" by Albin Polasek; "Portrait" by Rebecca Riggs Crane; "Ballet Dancer" by Lucy Currier Richards; the sketch model of "Lincoln as a Lawyer" by Hermon A. MacNeil which can be made into a good statue. "The Flower of the Alps" by Attilio Piccirilli is a serious work and received the George D. Widener Medal. "Bust of Harvey M. Watts" by Aurelius Renzetti is clever; "Portrait: Adam Tindel" by Giuseppe Donato is good; "Fountain Figure" by Carl H. Gropius is charming; "Fawn and Panther Cub: Fountain Design" by Malvina Hoffman is good; "Nymph and Satyr" by Laura Gardin has force; "Bust of Emil Carlsen" by Cartaino Scarpitta is clever; "Portrait of Mr. Romano" by Luigi Maraffi is clever; "Mother and Child" by Emilio Augusta is charming.

In his group "Alcmena" Mahonri Young has wandered off to the Archaic. Is it to show Paul Manship that he also can do the trick of resurrecting the bygone? If so, why imitate an imitator

of the archaic, since "imitation is suicide"—by the abdication of one's own personality? A marble relief "Marie" by Charles Keck is beautifully carved; "Descending Night" by A. A. Weinman

is a charming conception; finally, the bronze bust of Paul W. Bartlett by Charles Gaffey is perhaps the cleverest piece of craftsmanship in sculpture in the exhibition.

A SHOWING OF PASTEL AND AQUARELLE

THE American Water Color Society of New York is no chicken! Last year it could celebrate its jubilee for a half-century of endeavor more or less strenuous, more or less successful. At times it has held fast to the "legitimate," declared that pastel must not enter, and even the painting and body-color without washes must be checked if not reprobated. Of late years the annual exhibitions have been held in the annex of the National Arts Club and that is the case now; for the fiftieth exhibition has just vacated the club's galleries to make room for a showing of etchings under the auspices of the Institute of Graphic Arts. Messrs. William S. Robinson and Edward Penfield respectively are its President and Secretary.

Taken as a whole the recent exhibition was singularly even in grade, with only a few absolutely helpless pieces, such as one cannot conceive of being accepted by a jury however mediocre; but on the other hand no picture at all that could raise a spark of interest as a picture! To get any enjoyment one has to fall back upon the somewhat tepid theme of technique over which artists are able to grow abusive and critics hysterical. So a writer who has nothing to say can be praised for the glibness of his pen and the smart airs with which he says nothing. Most of the pictures at the jubilee exhibition of the Water Color Society were occupied with the uttering of platitudes, yet some of these excited a kindly feeling owing to their ingenuous helplessness. Is it owing to this lack of contents that so many of the artists fly for refuge to extravagant methods?

Mr. Conway Peyton covers backgrounds and figures with wavy lines or rather builds up his whole picture of alternate white and colored wavy stripes that suggest the drops of water coursing down the window panes in a rainstorm. Mr. Maurice Prendergast produces effects of color-sketches for tapestry, samplers or other textiles woven or embroidered by hand, though he crowds his frame with figures in a way the embroiderer or weaver might not relish. Mr. Arthur Crisp invites comparison with Degas by a pretty little view of ballet dancers on the operatic stage. Others are bent on extravagant figures in strong color and line that come very close to caricature and belong to the art of the poster. There are demure and really sensitive little snow-clad landscapes like those of Chauncy F. Ryder and the pale bit of starlit snow by Mr. Ernest Albert which sing a slender poetic note. Pleasant are the Spanish types assembled by Mr. F. Luis Mora in his notes of travel and there is a delicate feeling in the snowscapes of Mr. Edward Dufner. A well dressed couple strolling on Fifth Avenue and a street in a foreign city showing antiquated architecture, both by Mr. Childe Hassam, preserve the memory of his earlier style when he painted more in the vein of Whistler than he does now. Will S. Robinson, Roy Browne and Mrs. Rhoda Holmes

Nicholls offer attractive landscapes and figures. The green waist of the handsome young lady by the last named is perhaps too abrupt; it cuts her figure in three. A snow-storm on the Grand Canal, Venice, by Miss Grace Fletcher has a certain interest of curiosity, although the hand is not very skilful. Mr. Jerome Myers hits it off with a little touze-head of a child, one of the best of his attempts to reproduce types of New York's lower east side. Miss Jane Peterson uses strong colors and a broad brush to give the facts about docks and fishing craft and harbors in a somewhat knock-you-down fashion. Mr. Potthast uses the brilliant sun-umbrellas and gowns of loungers by the sea to form a bouquet of lively colors. Mr. Albert Sterner shows a golden-haired model seated in a studio leaning over to draw on a slipper. The only picture in the exhibition that rises above the lethargic mean is an illustration by A. J. Kelly showing a comely young woman in a room nicely furnished, who is "staggering against the wall" after approved theatrical style, doubtless owing to the contents of a letter which she "clutches" in her hand! She's a fine red-golden girl, too, and plainly deserves the most flattering and satisfactory of epistles—whether from "him who loves her" but is now alienated, or from the smooth villain who perchance has written to say that "he holds her, ha, ha, in his power."

Any one of the above-mentioned pictures would have deserved the prize of two hundred dollars bestowed annually by Mr. A. M. Hudnut better than the "Snowy Roofs" by Mr. Sidney Dale Shaw which received it at the hands of a mixed jury of men and women, said to have been writers for the daily press. It is a dull picture coarsely painted, without sense of composition, perspective, values or tonal quality. The sky comes forward and falls over the ugly roofs like a blanket that is not even wet. One is used to the foolishness of New York juries of award; but in this case it seems to have reached the depth of imbecility. If it be true that Mr. Hudnut has refused to make his offer good, one cannot, indeed, support his position or applaud the refusal, but one can feel a sympathy with him as the victim of people who must have a passion for the ugly and the inept.

There seems to be no adequate excuse for the very low standard of art these water-color exhibitions offer, the lack of such alert, vivid sketches and pictures as the charming media, pastel and aquarelle, naturally suggest to persons artistic. "There is a reason" of course, and one, if not the chief reason is this: there is no officer or member who has the taste or will sacrifice the time to go a-hunting for the best work in the land—with power to select over the heads of the jury. It is folly for an exhibiting society to sit tight and expect artists worth their salt to come with their pictures and submit them to the majority of a jury composed for the most part of mediocre minds.

CONFUSION IN STREET NUMBERS

ATTENTION is called to a letter from Mr. Clemens Moffett on page 428 regarding the confusion of house numbers in the streets and avenues of New York City. Residents themselves find great difficulty in finding the whereabouts of a given number. Desiring to reach a given building by trolley, subway or elevated rail, one is at a loss to know where to stop at the station or cross-street, that is reasonably near the address. Having found the general region, one is confronted in many cases by a puzzle rising from faults in numbering. In many buildings the numbers are absent entirely or so badly placed as to be almost useless for the purpose. In others there seems to be an intention in the misleading number—as where shops on a side street near an avenue give the number as of the avenue instead of the side street. Instances of this kind spring from the desire to have the avenue address on the paper of the firm, in order to give a fictitious importance to the business.

There should be a law—and rigidly enforced—compelling every owner of a building to have the house number over its entrance door and in such a manner that it may easily be seen at all times either because of its size or because of being properly lighted.

If residents are annoyed by this foolishness and by the slovenly ways of house owners, what shall we say of the city that takes no care of the legitimate rights of the non-residents who throng our streets, of foreigners and transient visitors. Is it not one, and a serious instance among many, of the indifference displayed by the citizens of New York to the convenience of others? Again the public has to ask: Is there a Board of Aldermen, and does this body pretend to look after the most elementary conditions in the largest city of the western world?

It might be a fair case for the national government to bring its power to bear on municipal governments and insist on a proper numbering of houses in large cities for the obvious relief of postal employees and the letter-carriers; these have the right to complain of such gross misconduct, because they suffer from it. The public should not be subjected to delays and confusion in the delivery of the mails. It adds to the cost of the postal system and is a serious loss to individuals. Are we to continue to submit to this imbecility on the part of our municipal government and warrant the reproach made by the rest of the country that we are too selfish to give the time to set our city in order?

The example of European cities might be offered to show how Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan and other places provide for the convenience of citizens and the strangers within their gates; but apparently examples drawn from abroad have little effect with American municipal bodies. More effectual is the appeal to the loss occasioned the pocket by lack of a comprehensive and thoroughgoing system like the one roughly sketched by our correspondent. It is not New York alone that suffers. The same trouble exists in almost every one of the huge cities of the Union, and as their size grows it becomes more and more oppressive. New York is the worst sinner because there the pressure of population is the greatest. To a greater or less degree it is a problem for all cities; delay will merely make the confusion and loss of time and money more intolerable. Here is a campaign all chalked out for City clubs composed of men and women who labor for the good of the community and do what they can to enlighten the ignorance, cut the red tape and shame the culpable inefficiency of city officials who are paid to neglect the most elementary needs of the commonwealth.

"THE READER" AND "THETIS"

PAINTINGS BY JOHN HEMMING FRY

See frontispiece and page 383

THE frontispiece this month, engraved by Timothy Cole, is from the painting "The Reader" by a veteran American painter John Hemming Fry. In addition there is a color print from his "Thetis" so that some idea may be had of his coloring.

About the composition of "The Reader" there is not much to be said. It shows simply a woman partly draped, seated and absorbed in reading a book. Its chief charm as a composition is its repose, obtained by observing that ancient Greek law of all good art—balance of masses. But where this picture triumphs is in its singularly subtle, even mysterious quality of atmospheric painting which drew from Mr. Cole, the engraver, the remark: "It is the most subtle thing I have engraved for many a year"—and indeed he has well interpreted this quality.

As a technical achievement this picture stands very high and perhaps it may be called Mr. Fry's high-water mark merely as a painter—because in it he has successfully overcome the most difficult thing in painting—the rendering of atmosphere.

As one contemplates the original, it gradually begins to live, and that is the highest tribute one can pay any artist for his mere craftsmanship; in that they all seek to triumph.

On page 383 we offer a color plate after the same artist's "Thetis," showing the queen of waters seated by the rockbound brink of the ocean and peering into the depths of the blue transparent waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The original is small—only twice the size of the photogravure. One of Mr. Fry's most charming creations, both as to composition of line and color-scheme, it will be admired by many. Unfortunately color reproductions have not yet progressed far enough at the present time to be able to render with complete exactitude the color and tone of a painting.

Both these pictures are suffused with that serene, Hellenic beauty which always did and always will appeal strongly to the liberal and normal mind. In his devotion to the spirit of that sanest of peoples Mr. Fry may be called a modern Greek spiritual descendant of those who made the Acropolis the

world's shrine of beauty; he follows the spirit of Greek art without being a slave to any antique form. Hence, he confines himself almost exclusively to figure pieces, using landscapes and seascapes only as accessories, both of which moreover he handles with much skill. His works are not well known to the public on this side of the Atlantic because he has spent many years abroad and never shows his pictures at public exhibitions, preferring to exhibit in some private gallery, as he has done in London, Paris and Rome as well as once in New York.

One writer said a year ago of Mr. Fry: "There are artists, however, who keep themselves untainted from violent color, frantic technique, eccentric forms and who plough their furrows each in his own individual manner, indifferent to the disturbing 'isms' of the day, and working out their artistic

salvation along sane and well-considered lines of action. To these may be counted John Hemming Fry, who for years has sought and found his happiness in serene representations of the nude, as embodying truth and beauty, the precious heritage of Greek culture."

The two pictures that are shown here are fine examples of what is meant by pictures of nude figures *with the nakedness idealized out of them*, because such works as these never rouse prurient questions in any mind.

John Hemming Fry was born in Indiana, studied first at the School of Fine Arts in St. Louis, afterwards in Paris under Cormon and later under Boulanger and Lefebvre, after which he resided in Italy and in the Orient. He now has a studio in New York.

As to Spirituality

THE word spirituality is so often confounded with spiritualism, with asceticism, with self-flagellation, and with the various "isms" of the religious world, that it is misleading when used without qualification.

By spirituality we mean the opposite of materiality.

That is to say: whatever tends to lift us above the deliberate pursuit of a sensual materiality and its logical end—a repellent ugliness—and helps to lift us, not away from a sound virility but up toward sentiments, thoughts and forms of life and art that are poetic and enduringly beautiful is—spiritual. According to this an atheist as well as a deist may be actuated by the highest spirituality in life and art.

ALBERT

BY MARION MILLS MILLER

I

Call the roll of the kings,
Men of majestic mold,
Valorous chiefs and bold
Whose fame through the ages rings;
Tell them, as Homer sings
The list of the heroes of old,
What name in letters of gold
First into vision springs?
Albert!

II

The Spartan who held the pass
Barring the Persian horde;
The Hebrew with sling against
sword
Who felled the giant in brass;
The Frank who beat back the mass
Of the foe against Christendom
poured—
With Martel, with David, what
word
Beams bright? With Leonidas;
Albert!

III

Kings with a call divine
As Saviors of Country to reign:
The Saxon whose craft quelled the
Dane;
The first of his princely line
Whose Dutchmen foiled the design
Of cruel, all-conquering Spain
By flooding the land with the
main—
With Alfred, with Orange, shall shine
Albert!

IV

Kings who needed no crown
To prove their leadership; wise,
Just in their people's eyes,
Earning their high renown:
The Roman in sage's gown;
The Russian in shipwright's guise—
Who with Aurelius vies?
In fame with Great Peter goes down?
Albert!

V

As Galahad, stronger than ten
With purity's power that draws
Every true heart to your cause,
As Lincoln risen again,
With sword enforcing the pen
That drafted the free world's laws,
Democracy gives you applause,
And hails you as Leader of Men,
Albert!





THREE THEORISTS OF THE THEATRE

PART I

By PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

CRITICS of the drama are like the poor, in that they are always with us. It matters little whether the theater is flourishing or expiring; we are never at a loss for self-appointed judges, ready to pass condemnation on the principles and on the practices of the playwrights. In Alexandria of Egypt when dramatic literature was almost non-existent, as the glory that was Greece was slowly sinking out of sight, and in Italy, when there was a splendid renaissance of all the arts save the drama alone, there existed a superabundant and superfluous host of critics promulgating the rigid code which they had deduced from their own inner consciousness.

Indeed, it seems to be especially in times of dramatic penury that the theorists of the theater increase and multiply spontaneously. And this is most unfortunate, since it is quite as bad for a critic as it is for a poet to let himself lose sight of the actual playhouse, with its associated players and its accustomed playgoers. The fundamental principles of any art can be singled out and made plain only by observation of the practise of the artists who have excelled in that art. Criticism is but the hand-maid of creation; and the task of the commentator is impossible when he lacks material for comment. Then is he reduced to the needless and profitless exercise of inventing rules for an art which he has not been able to observe in the actual process. Whenever the dramatic critic has toiled vainly, because there was no living drama in his own tongue and in his own time to inspire him and to guide him, he has been led unflinchingly to deal with the drama as though it were solely a department of literature, to be weighed on literary scales only, and to be measured merely by literary standards.

Even when the theater is active and productive it is difficult enough for the critic to remember always that the drama does not lie wholly within the limits of literature. No doubt, it is mainly by its literary qualities that a drama survives, by its invention, by its structure, by its style, by its veracity of character, by its ethical integrity. But it is by its non-literary qualities that it has been able at first to succeed on the stage, by its theatrical effectiveness, its histrionic opportunities, its picturesqueness when performed. As Brunetière put it with his customary clearness, "a play does not begin to exist as a play except before the footlights, by virtue of the collaboration and of the complicity of the public, without which a play never has been and never can be anything more than a mere literary exercise." It is in the theater and before the many-

headed crowd that a play, however poetic, must establish itself first of all, or it will never have chance afterward to impose itself on the solitary student in the library.

In the long, interesting and instructive history of dramatic criticism—a history which has not yet tempted to its telling any scholar equip with a wide acquaintance with literature and a deep understanding of the theater—in this long history two names stand out preëminent, the names of Aristotle and of Lessing. The names of the Alexandrian writers are forgotten; and the names of the critics of the Italian Renaissance are familiar only to devoted specialists. It may be admitted that the names of Sidney and of Boileau are still cherished; but the code they declared has long been discredited and disestablished. The names of Gottsched and of La Harpe carry no weight in the twentieth century, even to those who chance to remember that once they were severally acclaimed as arbiters of taste. Many a name that for a season blazed brilliantly in the sky is as disregarded today as the stick of a burnt-out rocket. Who pays any attention today to Schlegel, sunk beneath the wave of oblivion because of the rancor of his political prejudices and because of the frequent falsity of his general ideas? Who knows now, or cares to know, that a century ago Nepomucène Lemercier catalogued the twenty-five rules which tragedy must obey and the twenty-two rules to which comedy must conform?

Critics of the drama come and go; they rise and fall; they have their little fame, and sometimes they may survive to see it fade away. Reputation is as fleeting in criticism as it is in creation; and the promulgators of dramatic doctrine are no more likely to retain popular esteem than the poets and the playwrights they have sought to guide and to govern. The winds of doctrine shift with the changing years, and often with startling suddenness. But however bitterly the veering breezes may blow, the names of Aristotle and of Lessing stand where they have stood these many years.

It is a futile pleasure that we find in the selection of the Hundred Best Books or of the Hundred Finest Pictures; but there is always profit in striving to recognize with certainty the Best Poets and the Best Painters, be they a dozen or a score or a hundred. And when we seek to get a firm grasp upon the abiding principles of any art, it is no less profitable for us to ascertain who are the Best Critics of that art. In the analysis and interpretation of the art of the drama the supreme chiefs are Aristotle and Lessing, these two and no others. They are theorists, it is true, like the Alexandrians

and the Italians whose vogue was evanescent; but their theories were solidly rooted in accurate observation of the acted drama. The laws they declared are as valid today as ever; their judgments have been confirmed in the supreme court over which Time presides; and even their *obiter dicta* are still significant.

When we seek to spy out the reasons why the solid authority of Aristotle and Lessing endures through the ages, we must begin by crediting both of them with the fourfold qualifications without which all efforts at criticism are barren. They had insight and equipment, sympathy and disinterestedness. They did not possess all of these qualifications in an equal degree; but all four of these they did possess not only sufficiently but abundantly. They had the innate gift of analysis; they had material for comparison; they had a natural relish for the best; and they sought always to see the thing as it is without bias, taking their personal prejudices out of the way. Whatever deduction may be indicated from this assertion must be directed to two points only: Aristotle may be held to be a little limited in his equipment by the fact that he had no other dramatic literature to compare with that of his countrymen; and Lessing may be thought to be a little limited in his disinterestedness by his desire to discredit and to destroy the influence of the French Classicists.

Then the ultimate validity of their criticism is due partly to the fact that their vision was not circumscribed by the walls of the playhouse; they toiled in other fields and they knew many things wholly unrelated to the theater. Their reputations do not rest solely or even chiefly on their work as expounders of dramatic doctrine. One might go so far as to say that although Aristotle and Lessing are the supreme dramatic critics, their fame would scarcely be less if they had never written a word about the theater. No man can know his own subject thoroughly if his own subject is all that he knows: he needs to wander afield and to be interested in many other things, if he is to attain breadth of vision even in his own specialty. Aristotle and Lessing also had that cognate culture, without which, as Mr. Brownell insists, "specific erudition produces a rather lean result."

But although their vision was not contracted within the limits of the theater, it is always in the theater itself that they conceive themselves to be sitting when they come to the criticism of a play. They are never mere readers of literature but always spectators of the acted drama. They are ever thinking in terms of the theater itself. "A play has this peculiarity and distinction" said Brunetière "that being written to be acted, it is not complete in itself and it cannot be detach from the material conditions of scenic representation and from the nature of the public for which it is destined." Aristotle and Lessing kept in mind the nature of the public to which the playwrights they were discussing had appealed; and they never overlooked the material conditions of scenic representation. By a constant effort of imaginative sympathy they were able to transport themselves in fancy from the desk where they sat alone to a seat in front of the actors and by the side of a crowd of other spectators. Fortunately for them, the absurdity of a closet-drama had not been suggested in their day, and therefore they had no occasion to assert that a

play which is not vital in the theater is of necessity lifeless in the library. It is by their understanding of this Siamese-twinship of the drama and the theater that their theories are validated.

The principles they establish for dramatic literature were derived from the practise of successful playwrights. These principles had nothing ethereal or volatile; they were rooted in common-sense. What Professor Giddings says about Aristotle as an interpreter of the science of government is equally true about Aristotle as an expounder of the art of poetry: "Aristotle was indeed one of the greatest of theorists; but he is likewise one of the shrewdest judges of what we call practical politics"; and "his theories grew out of his observations, and they formulate vital principles from concrete social conditions." And Lessing was scarcely less shrewd than Aristotle as a judge of practical playmaking, having even the advantage of being himself a successful playwright, practising what he preached.

In other words, the dramatic criticism of Aristotle and Lessing is expert criticism; and it is highly technical. As the technical principles of every art endure through the ages unchanged, however much its devices may be modified by altered conditions, the precepts proposed by Aristotle and by Lessing are the permanent and essential principles of dramaturgy. Indeed, it is the insistence of Aristotle upon sheer technic which has misled so many of his commentators, who have accepted him as an inspired lawgiver, coming down from the mountain with the tables of stone in his hand, instead of seeing that he is only presenting shrewd deductions from his own observations in the theater when the masterpieces of the Greek drama were performed before his gaze.

In its size, in its material conditions, in its spectators, the Globe theater in London was very unlike the theater of Dionysos in Athens; and the picture-frame stage of our latter-day playhouses is very unlike the platform-stage of the Elizabethans; but none the less are the essential principles which guided Shakspeare in his greatest tragedies, when his ambition was aroused and when he was exerting all his powers, the same as those which governed Sophokles and which Aristotle declared,—as they are the same which Molière followed in his turn and which Ibsen was to obey in our own time. These essential principles are independent of the changes in the size and material conditions of the various theaters that have succeeded one another in the past twenty-five centuries; and it is because Aristotle was able to seize the most important of these principles more than two thousand years ago that he remains constantly up to date with no danger of ever falling out of date. This is the reason why his name is now constantly invoked by the more important reviewers of the contemporary drama, while the names of Johnson and Pope, of Boileau and Horace are allowed to languish in innocuous desuetude.

This modernness of Aristotle's dramatic theories is due mainly to his modesty in not assuming the attitude of the inspired lawgiver. He is never arrogant and dictatorial as are Horace and Pope, Boileau and Schlegel. He contents himself with pointing out the principles which seem to him to underlie the practises of the dramatic poets of accredited supremacy. He suggests that if Sophokles apparently obeys certain rules, why, then it might

be well if all those who may be ambitious to compose plays should also obey these rules. He conceives himself as giving counsel and as advising 'prentice playwrights how best they can model themselves on the masters. His conclusions are tentative, as becomes a man of science, conscious that the results of any inquiry are never final.

It need not surprise us that the uneasy Italian commentators of Aristotle did not see him in this light, and that they ascribed to him their own dictatorial and arrogant attitude. They knew Seneca better than they knew Sophokles; and they really relished the declamatory rhetoric of the Hispano-Roman more than the austere poetry and the masterly plotting of the great Greek. They knew Horace better than they knew Aristotle—Horace, who in all his life may never have seen a good play well acted and whose precepts are detach from practise, being borrowed second-hand from the Alexandrian criticasters of the Decadence. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the supersubtle Italians read Aristotle through the spectacles of Horace; and because Horace spoke as one having authority, they believed that Aristotle also was a promulgator of implacable decrees. And when they did not find in his text a code as complete or as rigid as they desired, in their intolerance they did not hesitate to draft new laws in the name of Aristotle. They sanctified the elaborate Classicist doctrine of the drama by sheltering it under his revered authority. It is no wonder that when the Romanticist revolt came, as it had to come, some of its leaders should have sneered at Aristotle, holding him responsible for the perverted theories put forth by his insatiable commentators. And it is also no wonder that Aristotle should have come into his own again after the "magniloquent silhouettes of Romanticist drama"—as Mr. Huneker has called them—shrivelled from the stage.

Aristotle's discussion of playmaking is incidental to his larger discussion of poetry; and it has come down to us incomplete and fragmentary. We cannot be assured that we have his own text. We are in doubt whether what we now possess is a portion of a careful treatise made ready for publication by Aristotle himself or whether it is only a collection of memorandums set down loosely to aid him in lecturing. There are even commentators who hold that our manuscripts are due not to Aristotle himself but to some ardent disciple who took notes to preserve as best he could the utterances of the master. The late Jules Lemaitre was of the second of these opinions, finding confirmation for it in the famous sentence about the tragic "purgation" of passion. "No doubt Aristotle jotted this down as a simple memento, for it is incomplete and badly constructed, containing a figure of speech both bizarre and ill-prepared; and it is very like those notes, intelligible only to ourselves, which we set down in a pocket-book with telegraphic or hieroglyphic brevity."

In the same criticism—an account of Corneille's vain efforts to reconcile his own practise with the precepts of Aristotle—Lemaitre dwells on the patent absurdity of supposing that all the precepts of Aristotle are final for all time and in all countries, since the Greek philosopher was making remarks only about the tragedies of his own day—"that is to say, about operas of a kind which were acted and sung two or three times a year at great festivals," and

of which Aristotle "might have seen or read a hundred at most, for they were not very numerous," probably outlining "his theories from his study of a score of prize-winning plays."

It is not to be wondered at that a few of Aristotle's remarks are applicable only to Greek tragedies—"operas of a kind"; what is wonderful is that so many of them are acceptable when applied to modern plays wholly unlike Greek tragedies, and that a critic as acute as M. Émile Faguet is not guilty of wilful paradox when he asserts that the more he studies the "Poetics" the more assured he feels that Aristotle "has given us rather the theory of French tragedy than that of Greek tragedy."

What are the principles of playmaking declared by Aristotle and as dominant today as they were in his own time? First of all, there is a clear recognition of the essential relation of the drama to the theater, with its declamation, its gestures, its spectacle and, above all, with its spectators whom the playwright has to interest, to arouse and to hold.

Secondly, there is an equally clear recognition of the supreme importance of the action, the story, the plot; "most important of all is the structure of the incidents; for a play is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life—of happiness and misery; and happiness and misery consist in action, the end of human life being a mode of action, not a quality. . . . Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character; character comes in as subsidiary to the action. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy, there may be without character. . . . The poet should be a maker of plots, rather than of verses; since he is a poet because he imitates and what he imitates are actions."

This is a hard saying for the defenders of the closet-drama, for it implies that merely as a play the "Two Orphans" is superior to the "Blot in the Scutcheon"; yet this would be denied by no competent dramatic critic. Jules Lemaitre dwelt on the accuracy of Aristotle's clear distinctions and pointed out that modern melodrama makes use of general types, often traditional and empty of veracity, and that plays with no atom of observation or of truth may move us on the stage by virtue of their situations alone, of their emotional appeal. "The object of the theater is to represent a man *acting*, and therefore to exhibit him to us, not as he is himself but as he bears himself in his relations with other men and under the influence of accidental circumstances. Now, if the playwright is also an observer and a psychologist, if he is capable of letting us pierce to the core of a character, of an original soul, in the brief moment when this soul is reacting against an external accident, evidently the result will be more valuable. Yet, although this merit is a welcome addition, it is not indispensable in the theater. In short, the drama interests us, not predominantly by the depicting of human nature, but primarily by situations, and only secondarily by the feelings of those therein involved."

Thirdly, a play must have unity of purpose. "Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete and whole and of a certain magnitude. . . . A whole is that which has a beginning, a middle and an end. . . . A well-constructed plot, therefore,

must neither begin nor end at haphazard. . . . Of all plots and actions the episodic are worst; I call a plot *episodic* in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence."

Fourthly, the story of a play must be plausible. "It is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened but what may happen—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity."

Fifthly, the playwright must never forget the playhouse and must always seek to foresee the effect to be produced when his play is actually performed. "In constructing the plot and working it out with the help of language the poet should place the scene, as far as possible, before his eyes. In this way, seeing everything with the utmost vividness, as if he were a spectator of the action, he will

discover what is in keeping with it and will be most unlikely to overlook inconsistencies."

Sixthly, the tragic poet must avoid both the commonplace and the magniloquent: "The perfection of style is to be clear without being mean."

Here are a few of the most significant of Aristotle's suggestions to intending dramatists; they are simple enough, all of them, and obvious enough, not to say indisputable. Yet they are sufficient to justify the assertion of Professor Bywater that when Aristotle was engaged only in showing how to construct a play in accord with the material conditions of the Athenian theater, he succeeded also "in formulating once for all the great first principles of dramatic art, the canons of dramatic logic, which even the most adventurous of modern dramatists can only at his peril forget or set at naught.

Brander Matthews

To be concluded.

SOME PHASES OF NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING

PART II

THE LOVERS OF TRADITION

By KENYON COX

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century a few powerful and original artists maintained a reverence for the great traditions of the past and produced, each in his own way, an art that was truly classical. However they may appear to be mingled in the quarrels of the schools and the movements, they really stand apart from and superior to them. They are neither Pseudo-classics nor Romantics nor Naturalists. They are, first of all, great individual masters, and their connections are less with those around them or even with each other than with the great masters of all time. The first of them was born in 1758, the last of them died in 1904, and their lifetimes so overlap that their activities cover the whole century from the rigid tyranny of David at its beginning to the capricious lawlessness of its end. As against the absolutism of authority they are apostles of freedom; as against latter-day anarchy they are the upholders of eternal law.

PIERRE PAUL PRUDHON

Prudhon belongs, by the years of his production and by the character of his art, to both the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Ten years younger than David, he was twenty-six—an unknown student but an artist whose convictions were already formed, whose personal point of view was already established—when David made the first proclamation of his doctrines by the exhibition in 1785 of his "Oath of the Horatii"; and he never submitted himself to the influence of the great dictator. When he died in 1823, Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" and Delacroix's "Bark of Dante" had both been painted and the Romantic revolt had begun. His art is so much akin to that of the eighteenth century that David slightly called him "the Boucher of his time"; so much akin to that of

the earlier Romantics that they were the first to hail him as the great master he was.

THE ELEMENTS OF PRUDHON'S ART

In his grace, his exquisite fancy, his delicate elegance; in his flights of baby Loves and his swinging Zephyrs, in his dainty sentiment and gentle moralizings, Prudhon is thoroughly of the eighteenth century, of the epoch of Louis XVI, when the exuberance of the Rococo is giving place to a kind of staid simplicity which prepared the way for that Empire style of decoration, of which he was so eminent a practitioner. He belongs to the Romantics by a deep personal feeling which underlies his graciousness—a passionate and unsatisfied yearning for the noble and the beautiful—and by the fact that he is a painter in love with light and air and the pearly gleam of flesh emerging from ambient shadow. He went to Rome a poor and ill-educated youth to study Raphael, for the time had not yet come when Raphael himself, the founder of the academic tradition, was thought insufficiently austere for profitable study. He remained to become a fanatic admirer of Leonardo and to make a deep study of Correggio, whose use of light and shade he better understood and more nearly equalled than has any other painter. Like every one else of his time he studied the antique also, and studied it profoundly, but with what different results! Where David could find only helmets and sword hilts or set patterns for the drawing of pectoral muscles and knee-caps, Prudhon, by a sympathetic intuition, found nature and life, infinite charm, exquisite refinement. Out of fragments here and there, for much of the ancient art that we know to-day was inaccessible to him, he formed a truer conception of the spirit of the Greeks as it showed itself in the

lighter and more delicate side of their work than any other modern has possessed. Of eighteenth century gaiety, of Romantic feeling, of Greek sense of form and arrangement, of Correggueseque light and shade—out of these various elements by the strange alchemy of personality is combined that perfectly unified and homogeneous thing, the art of Prudhon.

HIS USE OF CHIAROSCURO

He is so steeped in chiaroscuro that he sees everything in masses of light and shadow, and draws by such masses and by the soft modelling of surfaces more consistently than almost any one. He was fond of drawing upon blue or gray paper and of building up his figure by the gradations of light, laid on with white chalk, almost more than by the shadows. And even in his slighter drawings you never feel that the contour exists for itself or is more than the limit of the mass of light. If he has drawn it with a line, it is because he had not time, at the moment, to realize everything in tone. But the forms he draws with light are more classic than those which others draw with lines. He seems to have worked very little from nature. He had learned the human figure early and knew all he needed of its construction; he had formulated an ideal of human beauty which was at his finger-tips, and on it he played endless modulations and variations. It is not massive or majestic, this ideal, but youthful, supple, suave, yet with a certain plenitude of form. He draws children, youths and maidens, seldom a man. His women approach now and then to a riper splendor, but they never pass it; like the women of Leonardo they are eternally and desirably young. On the other hand his maidens, with all their youthful slenderness, are rounded into an adorable maturity. There is ever something of Venus in his vision of Psyche. Only Correggio, and Correggio only once, has come so near to the exquisite perfection of some little Greek torso, and if the "Danaë" is as beautiful as Prudhon's "Psyche" and more humanly fascinating, she is less impeccable in the draughtsmanship of the attachments. And these beautiful forms of Prudhon's are never cold and immobile, but palpitating, breathing, living flesh, cool and silvery in tone but radiant and glowing, bathed in a strange purple twilight of their own.

For Prudhon's coloring is entirely personal. He had a dislike and distrust of yellow and banished it almost entirely from his palette, so that all his tones, subtly and delicately varied, are based upon violet, and this coloring, together with the chastity of the forms themselves, gives a cold and moonlit purity to the most passionate of his dreams.

PRUDHON'S ELEGANCE

Another thing that Prudhon must have learned from the Greeks is the supreme elegance of his draperies. Not that his draperies are copied from statues, or that they are particularly correct from an archeological point of view; but no one knew better how to make the crisp folds draw the contour beneath and continually reveal what they as continually cross and contradict. His thin stuffs never cling too tightly, as if they were wet through; his

ampler draperies never swathe and conceal what they cover. In a style so modified as to be pictorial rather than sculptural, they have the perfect rightness of the draperies of the Attic stela.

Such was the art that Prudhon, during his long struggle for existence, put into countless drawings for all sorts of purposes, official letter heads, business cards, even bonbon boxes. Such was the art he put into the pictures of his few happier and more prosperous years. Once or twice he struck a graver note, as in his first really successful work, painted in 1808 at the age of fifty for the Criminal Court, but now placed in the Louvre: "Justice and Divine Vengeance Pursuing the Criminal." In this noble work there is a true tragic intensity restrained and controlled by a classic dignity, and the beauty of the pursuers as they sweep upon their victim is the lofty and severe beauty of Pallas Athene. And in this, as in the still more tragic "Crucifixion" of his last days, after the death of his beloved pupil Constance Mayer, his chiaroscuro and his purplish coloring take on a sombre and almost a terrible aspect. But these are exceptions in his work, and in general he remains the painter of love and of the dreams of youth.

Unfortunate experiments with a medium of his own invention and the abuse of bitumen have played havoc with some of Prudhon's paintings; but the best of them are of immortal beauty and there is no material degeneration to mar the exquisiteness of his perfect drawings.

INGRES

Jean-Auguste Doménique Ingres—Monsieur Ingres, as the romanticists of 1830 used to call him with an ironic respect—was a pupil of David, but not a very docile one. Compared with the Gérards, the Guérins and the Girodets he is almost a romanticist and a realist. In Rome he had the audacity to fall in love with Raphael, which was become almost a crime for a pseudo-classicist, who should study nothing but David and the antique; and his "Edipus and the Sphinx," which seems too coldly classical to us nowadays, created a sort of scandal by its exact representation of the forms of a particular model. To the straiter members of the sect he was almost as antipathetic as the revolutionaries themselves, but he was the only man with enough talent to be opposed to the terrible Delacroix—Delacroix who was himself, if they could have seen it, a classicist and a worshiper of tradition after his fashion—and he cared nothing for color, disliked all looseness of handling and detested Rubens. Against their will they were obliged to make him their standard-bearer, and for thirty years he was the head of the *École*, though he never heartily believed in its ideals or its methods.

NATURALISM OF INGRES

In theory, strangely enough, he was an absolute realist, a literalist, though his realism was of rather an unusual kind. He had a horror of ugliness and could not look at a cripple without physical pain or listen to a singer whose eyes were too close together. He resolutely refused to see anything that was not beautiful; but he violently disclaimed ever idealizing anything or doing more than copy exactly the

beauty that he found in nature. He would not study anatomy or allow a skeleton in the student's work-room, partly because anatomy was an ugly thing and also because he held it useless or worse. You should not know anything or ever allow yourself to draw more than you can see. Your business is to follow the model submissively, naïvely, even stupidly. His saying that "drawing is the probity of art" shows exactly what he thought drawing ought to be—a perfectly honest and literally truthful statement of form. And that this statement shall be accurate enough, nothing must be allowed to interfere with it. To him color was a negligible accident of nature; atmosphere and mystery were merely annoying obstacles to clear vision. Of light and shade he wanted no more than was strictly necessary to model objects, and even that much was a concession to the public. For himself he was perfectly indifferent whether things look round or flat, but people preferred them round. As to handling, there was no such thing in nature. He wanted to abolish all painting classes in the schools, maintaining that any one who could draw could color well enough, and that painting could be taught to any one in a week.

NOT A STRUCTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN

This belief of Ingres in the literal accuracy of his drawing was largely an illusion, but it has imposed upon others as well as on himself, and he is constantly referred to as the "impeccable draughtsman" and the "high priest of form." It is most nearly true of some of his portraits and of those wonderful little portrait-drawings in pencil by which he earned his living when he was, as yet, an almost unknown young man. But even in these there are frequently to be found what we must believe to be deviations from fact for the sake of style of beauty. In the drawing of the nude he is very capricious, and he was not only ignorant of anatomy but, what is more serious, he had very little native feeling for structure. In the sense in which Michelangelo was the greatest of draughtsmen Ingres was hardly a draughtsman at all. The nudes of his "Turkish Bath" are as boneless as so many white grubs and the foreshortened figure in the lower right hand corner could hardly be more ill-drawn. It would be difficult to account for the position of the head and neck of the "Angelica" or for that of the right arm of "Ruggiero" in the little picture in the Louvre, and even in that masterpiece "La Grande Odalisque" the height of the bust and the extreme length of the hip are, to say the least of them, highly improbable. Of course these examples are exceptional, and there are plenty of figures in his works, from the "Edipus" of his youth to the "Source" of his old age, which are perfectly well proportioned and perfectly just in their attitudes. But even in these the characters of structure and movement which are the material of the true draughtsman are not conspicuous. When he tried in his "St. Symphorien" to prove that he could, if he chose, depict the human figure in violent action, he succeeded only in demonstrating the contrary.

A MASTER OF THE LINE

What Ingres truly was is something much rarer and more important than a correct draughtsman—something quite as rare and as important as a great

structural and significant draughtsman. He was one of the world's great masters of the line. It is the line by and for itself, the line studied for its own beauty, its own subtlety, its own elegance that is his means of expression. It is the character of the line that he is searching for in his exhaustive and repeated study of the model, and he really cares very little for what is inside it. It is the line that he pursues, as he said it must be pursued, *avec nerf et rage*, with the concentrated fire of a domineering and violent nature. This "cold classicist" draws with a white-hot excitement, and not Mantegna nor Botticelli ever made the line more subtle and sinuous, more suave or more austere, more passionately pure or more icily voluptuous. Beside Ingres' line that of his adored Raphael is undistinguished and cursory.

A MASTER OF COMPOSITION

And if Ingres far surpassed Raphael in the quality of the individual line, he almost equalled him in that arrangement of lines and of the spaces they bound which we know as composition. One is obliged to say "almost" because in his large compositions of many figures he has not Raphael's inimitable felicity, but in smaller things, in the "Grande Odalisque" or the "Mme. Rivière," his design is beautiful beyond anything, save that of the most perfect of antique gems. To study the long, almost unbroken curves of back and arm in the "Odalisque" with their marvelously delicate flattenings and accents which mark the bony planes and the joints, is a revelation of what beauty of line can be. To see the way in which these curves are taken up and carried on by those of the silken curtain, how these last are carried down across the figure, at exactly the right point by the feather fan, and to note the perfect rightness of relation between all these lines and those of the enclosing rectangle, is to have an unforgettable lesson in the meaning of linear design. In the placing of "Mme. Rivière" within the oval boundary, in the wonderful lines of her veil and shawl, in the unalterable perfection of each detail to the swirl of the arm of her couch, the art is almost more consummate.

Even in color and in technic the true lover of Ingres would not have his work other than it is. His dictum that "it is without example that a great draughtsman should not have found the color that went exactly with the character of his drawing" was certainly justified in his own case. His gray and ivory tones are the natural and inevitable accompaniment of his line, pleasantly sustaining but never drowning it with too full a harmony, and the enamelled hardness of his surfaces is the proper technical expression for his gem-like perfection of composition. The slightest loosening of his touch, the most momentary relaxing of his tension, would have been fatal to that air of permanence, of a fixed and eternal repose, which renders his art unique in the history of painting—an art *sui generis*, unequalled and in its own way inimitable.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

What is known as the Romantic movement was, as far as painting is concerned, an effort to get back of the pseudo-classic régime to the older traditions and to recover the lost art of painting. Even

Delacroix with all his exotism and his medievalism in the choice of subject was as true a worshiper of tradition as Ingres himself (only it was to the tradition of Rubens and the Venetians that he looked instead of to the tradition of Raphael) and Corot was far more truly a classicist than David. But the most classically minded of all these so-called revolutionists was that one whose long residence in the little village of Barbizon has led us to give the name of the Barbizon School to this whole group of painters, many of whom, likely enough, never saw the place.

Jean Francois Millet was a romanticist only by his love of landscape and by the accident of association. He was a naturalist inasmuch as he chose to paint peasants and so aided in the expansion of the subject-matter of art. Essentially he was a classicist of the classicists, the one modern master of the grand style, the lineal descendant of that most austere of painters, Nicolas Poussin, a Norman like himself and like that sturdiest of literary classicists, Pierre Corneille.

Born a peasant and accustomed from childhood to work in the fields, Millet had received an unusual education at the hands of his great-uncle, who was a priest. He read Virgil in the original and Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe in translations, and was steeped in the Bible. He came up to Paris in 1837, a young man of twenty-three with a pension of six hundred francs, and entered the studio of Delacroix, where he studied for little more than a year. Then he broke away from the school and worked by himself, doing anything that came to his hand from portraits to signboards, designing covers for sheet music and painting many little pictures of nude figures for the market in which is to be discerned a constantly increasing power. But he had always wanted to paint men at work in the fields with their fine attitudes, and he began to experiment in that direction before 1847 and exhibited "The Winnower" in 1848. In 1849 he went to Barbizon for a summer's holiday and to remove his family from the danger of cholera which had broken out in Paris, and there he lived in decent poverty the rest of his life, devoting himself to the production of his great epic of the soil.

THE ESSENTIAL CLASSICISM OF MILLET

Even in the choice of subject the art of Millet is essentially classic. Though he paints the lives of peasants, he is far from being a painter of *genre*, and though he had ever a story to tell, it is never a trivial anecdote or an insignificant action that he depicts. What he deals with are the sowing of the seed and the gathering of the harvest, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, the guarding of sheep and cattle, the shearing and the spinning of the wool—the most important and significant labors of man from the days of the patriarchs to our own. And these actions he deals with in the classic way, eliminating all non-essentials, purging away everything temporary or accidental, telling his story with the utmost force and clarity. He returns to a subject again and again, enlarging it, broadening it, simplifying it, until he has found its typical expression. He does not paint a peasant sowing corn, he paints forever "The Sower." A subject on which he expended his full power has found its final and

definite form and need never—one might say *can* never—be painted again.

POWER OF MILLET'S DRAWING

This constant effort at simplification, at the discovery of the permanent and the essential in all things, this attempt to establish the type, is the constant characteristic of Millet in every part of his art. The costume of the peasant of his day was simpler and more rustic than it has since become, but he simplified it still further, eliminated all folds and details that could be spared, molding it to the figure beneath it, until it has almost the value of classical drapery "expressing" as he said "even more than the nude, the larger and simpler forms of nature." And these forms he treated in the same manner, drawing heads almost without features and hands almost without fingers, but finding always the essentials of structure and movement.

He was the most profound master of structural drawing since Michelangelo, who deeply influenced him and who "haunted him through his whole life"; but his drawing is much less explicitly anatomical, much more abstract and generalized than that of the great Florentine. It is only the "larger and simpler" forms that he expresses—the forms strictly necessary to convey the sense of bulk and weight and movement which are the essentials of great figure drawing. It is especially in the rendering of the adjustment of the human body to a weight which it has to sustain or to move that he is incomparable. It is the strain of the weight upon her arms that gives such monumental gravity to the figure of his "Woman with Buckets." It is this same strain upon the arms combined with the pushing movement of the whole figure that makes his little etching of a "Man with a Wheelbarrow" as grand as one of the Prophets of the Sistine vault. It was his creed that "one must be able to make use of the trivial for the expression of the sublime" and this seemingly impossible task he nobly performed.

MILLET'S COMPOSITION AND COLOR

There is the same power of simplification, the same reduction to the essentials in Millet's composition as in his drawing. It is a single vertical and a single horizontal that give the enduring serenity to his "Shepherdess," two or three curves that make us feel the day-long, back-breaking toil of his "Gleaners." There is never a line or a touch that is not necessary, never a failure in complete expressiveness. His pictures are inevitably "all of a piece" and "things are where they are for a purpose." Nothing could be added to them and nothing taken away.

But if, in all these things, we see in Millet a classicist more intellectual and more austere than Poussin himself, he was also what Poussin was not: a great painter and a great colorist. In his earlier days before he went to Barbizon he had acquired an admirable method, and Diaz used to speak of his "immortal flesh painting." When he began his long series of rustic pictures this earlier technic seemed too luscious to him, and for a time his workmanship became harsh and his handling heavy. Gradually he

learned to subdue his material to his uses, to soften and enrich his manner, until he painted wellnigh perfectly. His coloring is not modern, in the sense that he had not learned to see blue shadows; but it is grave, simple, powerful, with great fulness and subtlety in its sobriety, and few men have been able to attain greater beauty of individual hue or a nearer approach to splendor within a restricted gamut.

Finally, Millet was as great a master of landscape as of the figure. He treated it as he treated the figure, reducing its multifold details to what was strictly necessary for his purpose and expressing its essential character by the simplest means, with a profound knowledge of natural forms and an assured mastery of atmospheric affect. No one has so made a flat plain recede gradually into almost infinite distance; no one has so over-arched it with the dome of sky; no one has so modelled the back of a hill or expressed the ruggedness of a bit of waste ground. Above all, no one has so made us feel the rejoicing of all nature after the passing of the storm, the wet brightness of the apple-blossoms and the glory of the shining rainbow as he has done in that marvelous little landscape in the Louvre called "Spring."

For if a certain solemnity and almost biblical grandeur give the prevailing color of Millet's mind, he is capable of infinite tenderness and even of lyrical fervor, and this little masterpiece is his "Ode to Joy."

These three—Prudhon, Ingres and Millet—differing from each other at almost every point, are the only painters of the nineteenth century to whom we may give quite unreservedly and unequivocally the title of master, placing them upon the same level with the great ones of the past; yet there is another who, in spite of such grave shortcomings as must make his claim to the title doubtful, produced work of a high order which inclines us to rate him as almost a fourth with them.

WATTS THE IDEALIST

George Frederick Watts lived so long and died so recently that it is almost impossible to remember that he was born in 1817 and was only three years younger than Millet whom he survived nearly thirty years. He was a man of noble character and of lofty ideals. He aspired to "paint ideas, not things" and "to suggest great thoughts which shall speak to the imagination and to the heart and arouse all that is best and noblest in humanity." This high and legitimate ambition he attained in his best works, by the exercise of great powers of drawing, of coloring and of design, and his masterpieces have an elevation of style which would have been rare in almost any epoch and was particularly so in the nineteenth century.

He was almost entirely self-taught, leaving the schools of the Royal Academy after a very brief experience, and he formed his style first by a prolonged study of the Elgin marbles and later by a study of those great Venetians who, as he always maintained, were nearest akin of all painters to the spirit of Pheidias. These two influences are visible in his work and in the faults of that work almost as much as in its merits. His admiration for the marbles, for instance, led him to an insistence on drap-

eries crumpled into a multiplicity of small folds, which, as they do not cling to and draw the figure as the Greek draperies did, often become distracting in his pictures and conflict with the serenity of their greater lines. And his admiration for the later work of Titian led him to a dry and crumbling technic which becomes more and more habitual with him, and which, in conjunction with his habit of constant re-touching, results at the end in an almost total formlessness. But the study of Pheidias led also to such grandeur of abstract form as in that mighty and sombre figure of death in the "Love and Death" and the study of Titian led to much beautiful painting in his earlier work and to a sober richness of color in almost everything he did.

VIGOROUS COMPOSITION OF WATTS

Like Prudhon and Millet, Watts hardly ever worked directly from nature, using the model only for studies of parts of the figure when he felt his knowledge insufficient. Though he never reached Millet's solidity of structure or Prudhon's perfection of form, he yet succeeded in evolving a type of the figure of great decorative value and in becoming so far master of it that he could employ it freely in the expression of his feeling and the construction of the sweeping lines of his design. In his compositions of many figures, such as the "Death of Abel" and the tall and narrow "Birth of Eve"—he painted some subjects so many times that it is necessary to specify—he is liker to Tintoret than to any other master and has more of Tintoret's swing and force than can be readily found elsewhere. The rush of the avenging angels in the first of these pictures and the repelling vigor of their outstretched arms are particularly fine, while there is something majestic in the slow upheaval of Eve from the side of the sleeping Adam, and a splendid energy of joy in the soaring spirits above her.

But the most unequivocally successful of his pictures are the two great allegories of "Love and Death" and "Love and Life," simple compositions of two figures each in which the thought has found its appropriate and inevitable expression: in the one case Life, trembling, unclad, feeble, painfully mounting the steep and rocky way, encouraged and guided by the gentle spirit of Love; in the other, irresistible Death advancing, slowly but inevitably, heedless of the agony of Love—who, with wings crushed against the door jambs, struggles in vain to resist her approach.

THE CAUSE OF WATTS' FAILURES

Unhappily the same noble purpose that led to these successes led also to many failures; and when Watts fails, he fails almost altogether. The thought in these two pictures was capable of presentation in clear and beautiful pictorial form, but not all his thoughts were so, and when they were not, his desire to paint ideas rather than things led him to forget painting altogether. The result of a determination to be moral and didactic, whatever happened to his art, is the existence of such unspeakable nightmares as "Mammon" and "Cruel Vengeance"—things it is almost a crime to have committed—or such mushy sentimentalities as his "Conscience." From such total failures and from

a great range of half-failures or of grievously marred successes it is a relief to turn to such early works as "The Childhood of Jupiter" in which beauty was his only and sufficient pre-occupation.

PORTRAITS BY WATTS

Beside his imaginative figure compositions Watts has left behind him a few landscapes treated in something like the old classical manner—composed landscapes, not merely transcripts from nature—and a large number of portraits, including a gallery of the greatest men of his time, as well as a few pieces of sculpture. In portraiture he tried, as in everything else, for something more than the delineation of externals. He was not content to paint men's foreheads and noses, he tried deliberately, and not merely unconsciously as most painters do, to depict their characters rather than their features. His portraits, in a word, no less than his allegories, are works of the imagination, and as such they share the strength and the weakness, the success and the failure of his other works. When he succeeds, as in the noble portrait of Joachim, in which the very spirit of music reigns, he is as superior to other portrait-painters as he is inferior to them when his inspiration fails him and we have neither the clear conception of a personality nor the truthful record of a physical appearance.

Few artists of any time have so uniformly aimed at the highest, and if his failures were many, his successes were so frequent and of so unique an order in the art of the recent past that he has fairly earned the respect and honor in which his name is ever likely to be held. After a disinterested and laborious life he died at the age of eighty-seven, leaving the greater part of his work, which he would never sell, to the British nation.

No other country in the nineteenth century produced an art comparable to that of the three great Frenchmen we have discussed, or even to that of the less completely great Englishman. Certainly America did not. Yet if we have had no such masters as these, we have had and have artists with something of their temper, men who shared their reverence for the great traditions of the past and have tried with some success to carry on these traditions in their own art. Such an artist was John La Farge and such artists are Abbott Thayer and George de Forest Brush.

JOHN LA FARGE

It is more difficult to form at present a final estimate of the work of John La Farge than of that of almost any other artist. The man himself was so extraordinary, his personality is so vivid to us, the impression of his culture, his wit, his subtlety of intellect is so strong, that it is almost impossible for us to separate our feeling of what he was from our feeling for what he did, and to imagine with any clearness what his art will mean to those who never knew the man. Certainly nothing he did contains the whole of him, and it is hardly possible that he should seem as important to posterity as he does to us. His formal education as an artist was brief and almost accidental, undertaken in the spirit of an intelligent amateur rather than in that of an

intending professional, and something of that spirit he always retained. His production is rather desultory and fragmentary, as if he were interested in too many things to be quite contentedly a painter. He had an intense and highly trained feeling for color and an oddly personal and rather untrained feeling for form, and these, combined with a mechanic's delight in craftsmanship and a love for all niceties of manipulation and tricks of the trade, made his an incomparable designer of stained glass. He had not only a great love for and a great knowledge of the art of the past and of all countries, but a curious unscrupulousness in the way in which he would utilize it in his own productions, just as he would utilize the photograph or the talents of his assistants. But if he took anything he wanted anywhere, he found it with the unconcern of the chief of a fifteenth century *bottega*; he gave to everything he took, as to everything he invented, his unmistakable personal stamp. With his great mural paintings, which are perhaps the more important part of his work, I shall have to deal later; but in his smaller figure pictures, his landscapes, his water-color studies, there is always a beauty of arrangement and of color, and beyond and above these an indefinable, enigmatic charm which is the artist himself.

ABBOTT H. THAYER

In Thayer we have a striking instance of an artist in whose art the personal point of view, the personal conception of beauty seem to find expression independently of and almost in spite of his technical methods. There is such a conception of beauty; but one almost doubts if the artist knows clearly what it is, and one is certain that he does not know how he expresses it. His pictures are the result of a long series of tentative gropings, and when the expression sought for is found at last, it is likely enough to be encumbered with the detritus of a hundred preliminary attempts. Still, the expression is found, the beauty attempted has been attained and the lack of technical amenity becomes of secondary consequence. In his best things there is a delicate modulation of color almost without colors, a noble breadth of form and of arrangement, above all a spiritual rather than physical beauty in the faces, which cause one to forgive and even to forget the asperities and negligencies of the execution.

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

Brush is a much more conscious workman, a lover of and a striver after material perfection. In his earlier work he followed pretty closely the academic and rather photographic realism of his master Gérôme, though he had always a more romantic and personal feeling. He has retained a love for precision and definiteness, but has shown more and more the influence of the great Italians, both in composition and in coloring. He is one of the foremost representatives, to-day, of that combination of a respect for tradition with personal feeling and a thorough study of nature, of that reticence and dignity and sense of measure, which constitutes the true classicism as opposed to the false.

Kenyon Coz

A STANDARD OF ART MEASUREMENT

PART II

COMPOSITION

By F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL

See page 397

IN the last chapter I discussed the first of the six elements of art power, CONCEPTION: that is—the high or low plane on which a subject, once chosen, may be conceived. I said in substance that no work of art can enter the category of great art unless it is technically of a high order, unless its craftsmanship indicates that its author was an accomplished workman; but that then, when the workmanship of the work reveals a first class craftsman, if the drawing, movement and surface-technique are of a high order, then the question of the relative dignity and nobility of the subject and the elevation of the spirit in which the subject is conceived become the most important; and that, once the subject and the conception of how it should be expressed is established, the artist, in all the arts, begins the real work of expressing the subject. I also said that, while originality, beneficence and expressive power should be the first care in the conceiving of a subject, the highest and ultimate object in every work intended to be a great work of art is not originality, but BEAUTY. This beauty may be either picturesque and amusing, graceful and delight-giving, or sublime and exalting, in varying degrees.

Now this beauty, whatever be its nature, depends principally upon the COMPOSITION, which let us now discuss:

Composition is the second element of art power. It is a subject that has given rise to much dispute among artists and critics; and to please these one might be tempted to go into the theme extensively. But, as I am writing principally for the layman alone and students, I shall notice only the salient and most important phases of the subject.

Most of the beauty of the work of art results from its composition—of lines, forms and colors; that is, a given subject may be rendered with a wonderful amount of expression and painting-skill and yet be devoid of emotion-stirring beauty. Now this beauty depends mostly upon the arrangement of its *lines*. Some men say No! it depends upon *color*. Says John C. van Dyke: "As a matter of fact there is no such thing in nature as line. Objects may appear in strong relief when seen against the opposing backgrounds, or they may be so blended as to be almost imperceptible; they may have a round edge, a square edge or a flat edge; but the supposed line is nothing more than the distinction between different colors. A human hand resting across the front of a black coat may appear to have its sharp outline; but this is because of the contrast between the coloring of the flesh and the coloring of the cloth."

This is strange thinking. For while it is true that there are few lines upon the surface of objects in nature, it is not true that there are no such lines. A horse's mane is full of lines, so is a striped tulip, so is a leaf and the hollow of a man's hand.

But it is true that what we call lines in nature are, as a rule, only the contours or edges of forms. But then, to represent those forms in art, lines are

absolutely necessary. Van Dyke recognises this also, for he continues: "Still, we need not push that point too far, for, in the art of painting, line may be said to have a real existence and and its correct drawing is certainly of importance. "But then" he continues "the statement that this is primary and all other features secondary or subordinate to it is only one of those extravagant assertions which occasionally emanate from partisan lips." This is more strange thinking. For it is absolutely true that in all objective art the line is King, as I said before, and that all else is positively of secondary importance compared to it.

The proof of this is that our enjoyment of a great picture is scarcely less in a good etching or a good engraving of a painted picture than in the picture itself. The additional enjoyment that we get from the beauty of the color is so small that it needs hardly to be quarrelled over. Especially is this true of such pale and unobtrusive, almost spiritual, color as we find in the "Sistine Madonna" as it appears in the Dresden Gallery. The color there is so very delicate and unobtrusive that the picture is, at first, a great disappointment since popular copies made of it are highly colored. And we do not get over this disappointment until we realize that, with marvellous intuition, and in order to bring out the God-hood of the Christ-Child, and the semi-divinity and spirituality of the Madonna, Raphael subdued his color—spiritualized it—so as to reduce the sensuous element to a minimum so as to invest the whole atmosphere of the picture with a spiritual quality. That this was his object seems to be undeniable. For any one who ever has seen the wonderful richness and brilliancy of color in his "Sposalizio" in Milan and others I could mention will admit that he was one of the greatest "colorists" of all time—when the subject required or allowed of his letting himself loose in color. The same is true of many other great paintings.

Per contra, in the photographs of the modern color-orgies of Monticelli, Monet and of the other impressionists we lose the enjoyment their color gives to such an extent that, as pictures, they cease to exist for us because of the lack of agreeableness of line composition. They may have beauty of color but they lack beauty of PATTERN.

Finally in a statue, which depends entirely upon the fine lines of its contour for its beauty, color plays no rôle at all, and if introduced, actually materializes it by diminishing its spirituality.

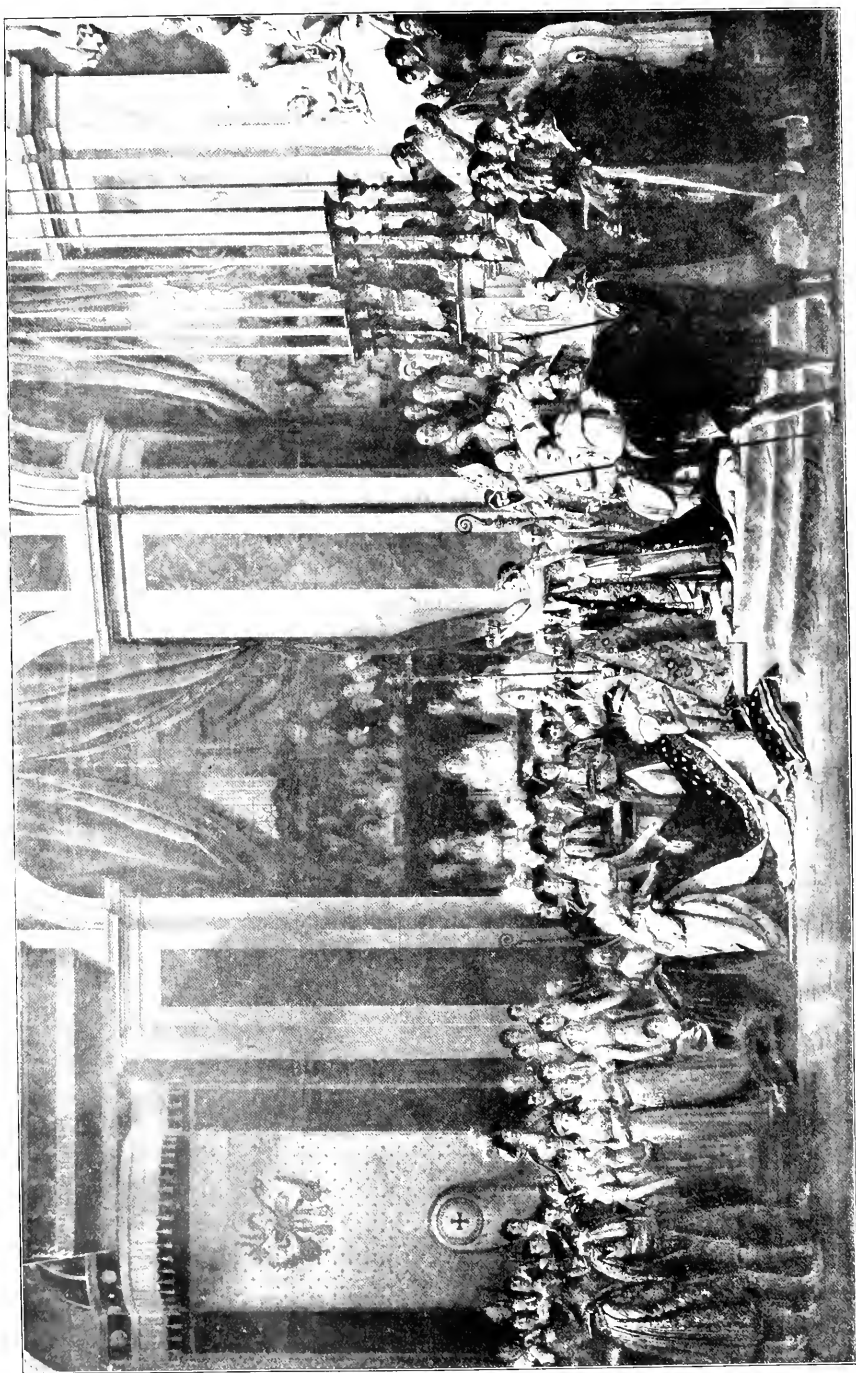
And what of the beauty of the colorless "art-photograph" and lithograph of nature's beauties in which we have only patterns of lines and masses of light and shade? The fact is, without lines in a work of art all would be a mere fog—and a fog takes on form only when enclosed in lines or patterns of lines.—The eye follows the line, it cannot follow color. With a line we can guide the eyes at will; we can amusingly jostle the eyes hither and thither; we can delightfully cradle them and



THE SURRENDER OF BREDA

BY VELASQUEZ

An Example of Faulty Composition
See page 806.



THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON

BY DAVID

An Example of Faultless Composition
See page 396

we can lift them to awe-inspiring heaven. The line controls the eye—by directing it. Van Dyke himself admits this on page 39 of his "Art for Art's Sake" and destroys his whole theory of the relative value of Line and Color, when on page 202 of this same book he says: "Painting is not unlike the drama in this respect. The attention is caught by the *converging lines*, lights and colors, and is *directed* toward one point of interest." Only lines can direct! The power of color to do this is, after all, so small that it is almost a negligible quantity. Hence the remark of one of the defenders of line in the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts: "Line is absolute, color is relative," quoted and questioned by Van Dyke, is absolutely true.

Of course in a painting of a basket of fish or of onions which are painted only to show an iridescent brilliance of color, line becomes secondary in importance, above all when the painter is bent on making merely a "painter's painting" and not on making an effective and impressive composition. The line is, of course, secondary when Monet paints a fantastic, badly drawn riot of color and calls it: "Cathedral of Rouen"—a color orgy, but a trivial work of art.

There are Laws in Composition and there are Rules.

To lay down a lot of petty rules on composition is not my purpose. The reader will find a mass of entertaining talk on that subject in the text books on Composition. Moreover most of the petty rules of composition can be violated by a man of genius, who may, notwithstanding, produce a fine thing. But if a man wishes to produce a really great and defectless work of art, he will have to obey certain fundamental laws. Let us discuss ten of these laws.

The First law of composition is this: If we wish to make a *Picturesque* work of art we must introduce a lot of *angular* lines and masses accompanied by a certain *disorder* which—because the angular lines shock and jostle about the eye—arouse in us emotions bordering on *Mirth*.

The Second law is: If we wish to produce a *Graceful* work, we must use a lot of *serpentine* lines accompanied by *Order*. The graceful lines stir our emotions of *delight* by cradling our eyes back and forth in a pleasing, delight-giving way.

The Third law is: If we wish to produce a *Sublime* or monumental work of art, we must use *pyramidal* lines and masses accompanied by *Order*. The chief power of the Sublime is to emotion us into a state of *awe*, our highest possible emotion. This depends, I repeat, principally upon the arrangement of the lines and masses in a pyramidal or triangular manner. This arrangement at first draws the eyes rapidly from the lower angles of the pyramid up to its apex, and finally, they are forced up beyond the apex into the Infinite. It is this *upward projecting* power of a pyramidal mass, which gives to a work so arranged that monumental quality which we find in a sublime mountain like the Matterhorn, and which lifts us heavenward, whether we will or no. It dominates us. Color can only help this lifting power, but alone, cannot so affect us.

Besides this pyramidal design, in addition to the power of lifting the mind to the apex of the pyramid and forcing it beyond the triangle, has

another quality: that of attracting the mind back to its apex no matter in what other direction the mind may wish to wander. Hence whenever this pyramidalization is omitted in a picture the mind wanders about aimlessly in a sort of maze which is the reverse of awe-inspiring or high-emotion-stirring.

For a complete exposition of these three laws see my chapter on "What is the Essence of all Beauty?" in the November issue. A fine example of the effect of the omission of the pyramidalization I spoke of is Breughel's picture of "Christ Bearing the Cross" (Fig 1, page 401). Here we observe an absence of all triangulation, and therefore also of *concentration* of interest. The result is that we are merely intellectually interested in certain parts of the picture. It does not vigorously stir your emotions to a high degree of delight or awe. We wander about in the picture as in an auction house; we are not compelled to do anything, we are not dominated as we always are by a pyramidal mass or mountain and we love the domination of a reposeful power.

In this picture the composition is very childish. It is a puzzle. When my boy saw this picture he asked: "But where is Christ and the Cross?" This work has some fine color in it, and some clever painting, but it is certainly not a sublime creation. Its ineffectiveness is due entirely to its lack of concentration of interest.

The Fourth law is: Unity of Thought. That is—there must not be two or more pictures or subjects in one work. In Memling's "Passion" (Fig. 2, page 401) we have an example of fourteen pictures in one. It is a mere curio. Because the mind, affronted by so many pictures, with such a Macaroni of small figures, has its attention instead of focused and economized so scattered that it wanders about in a jungle, and the soul is not lifted and emotioned, because the picture, being more like a panorama, turns the most solemn epic in history into an almost comic performance.

The Fifth law is: Concentration of Effects. That is, every work of art to be a success must have a *central point of interest*. Whatever helps to direct the eye to that central point of interest is good, and whatever tends to draw the mind away from that central point is bad and must be suppressed. The central point of every single statue is the face, and the central point of every composition of several figures is the main figure.

A brilliant example of the violation of this law is furnished by Velasquez's "Surrender of Breda" (page 397). Here we have a scene in which a very important act is being performed: Justin of Nassau, the defender of Breda, is surrendering the keys of the city to the Marquis of Spinola, the Spanish general. On one side are the Spaniards and on the other the Dutch generals. This act is so important that it is certain that the curiosity, innate in human nature, would have forced every spectator at that scene to rivet his eyes on the two central figures; occasion and action were too important for this not to have occurred. But what did Velasquez do? He put twenty-two spectators in the picture, only six of whom may be said to be looking even in the direction of the main actors in the drama! and only four of them look directly at the centre of interest,

while three of these four are in profile and in shadow. So that in reality only one man of the whole twenty-two is looking intently at the main actors in the great drama!

As a composition it is poor. Most of the men, instead of looking at General Spinola and listening to what he is saying, as would surely have occurred in real life, are looking out of the picture as if being photographed; as if afraid of failing to have their faces, with their best expression, in the picture. The result is that Spinola the victor and main object in the picture, to celebrate whom the picture was painted, does not at all dominate the scene to the degree that the purpose of great art demands. This purpose as Taine truly says in his definition of Art is to "manifest some essential or salient, therefore important, idea more clearly and more completely than do real objects." Velasquez did not manifest Spinola and Justin more completely than they would have appeared in real life. On the contrary, he made them even less manifest, less prominent than they must have appeared in real life. In fact we must almost seek for the main actors in the picture. Hence the whole composition and point of view are false—even if Velasquez intended the rest of the heads to be merely portraits.

Since the reader may think me narrow in quoting this law as laid down by Taine, I will quote the same thing from Van Dyke: "Perhaps the most reasonable of all the laws of composition is the oldest of them all, the law of special prominence, which requires the predominance of one or more leading objects at the expense of all the other objects in the picture."

Velasquez's composition is original and bold, and the painting, as painting, very fine. But this scattering of the spectator's attention in all directions away from the centre of interest and dominating motive of the picture is a defect so great that it takes the picture out of the category of perfectly composed works of art. For it destroys one of the fundamental aims of all truly great composition in art—repose.

What saves the picture is the splendid group in the centre, which can best be appreciated by laying a piece of paper across both ends of the picture, so as to cut off the disturbing elements. The Castilian benignity with which Spinola puts his hand on Justin's shoulder and leans forward, as if to say to a brave fellow-soldier whom he has been ordered by his king to defeat at the chess game of war: "I am sorry, old fellow, that I have won; but I trust we will still be good friends," is a masterpiece of expression, and in this respect the greatest piece of work Velasquez ever did. Had he not marred his picture by ignoring the law of convergence of lines and effects, he would have produced one of the world's greatest masterpieces.

Turn now to the "Coronation of Napoleon" (page 398), an immense picture with many heads by David, not nearly so clever a "painter" as Velasquez, but a much greater composer, even though he is foolishly derided by Modernist critics. Notice how easily Napoleon dominates the crowd, how everything is made subordinate to him. Notice too that every face and every glance in the immense throng is directed to Napoleon as he crowns Josephine. This is exactly what would happen in real life. The "painting" in this picture is not nearly as

brilliant and clever as in Velasquez's picture; but how much more truly is the subject *expressed* than in the "Surrender of Breda." As "paint" it is inferior to Velasquez's, but as emotion-stirring art it is superior, since the painting in the picture is adequate for the purpose in view and the composition, drawing and expression are fine.

Since the object of every work of art—Poem, Statue or Painting—is to express some dominant idea in the most effective manner possible, it follows that whatsoever in a work of art helps this dominance and attraction of the main idea is good, and whatsoever hinders that dominating attractive power is bad. That is the main and fundamental law of all successful composition.

The Sixth law is: Balance of Masses. This law demands that there should be a balance of masses throughout a work of art, so that no part of the picture or statue or poem or drama be without interest. This also for—Repose.

The Seventh law is: Clearness of Meaning. In merely Imitative or Decorative art clearness is rarely lacking; but where obscurity is apt to enter is in Illustrative and Allegoric, above all in Symbolic Art. When an artist aims to symbolize something and does it in forms and attitudes and groupings so strange and unclear that no one can read the Symbol, the whole work becomes meaningless. When we talk in Runic rhymes the hearer becomes at first anxious, then bewildered and finally exasperated. This is so obvious that it is amazing that some modernistic artists, especially in painting and sculpture, produce works which are, and will ever be, beyond the comprehension of even the most cultured people, unless an encyclopædic explanation be tacked on each group or figure. And even then the symbolism is not satisfactory or even true, to any one but the artist who made it—who therefore forever remains misunderstood and his work worthy only of the scrap-pile as far as the public is concerned.

As an illustration of my meaning look at the work of the early Flemish painter Bosch (Fig. 3, page 401). What a strange hodgepodge of angels and sea animals it is! At first view it looks like a nightmare. But if we have the time to study it we will find that it is the "Fall of the Damned." Here the condemned sinners are first changed into sea monsters and then chased about by angels and the subject, in Bosch's hands, becomes an absurdity.

Now look at Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" (Fig. 4, page 401) where we have practically the same idea—the "Fall of the Damned" expressed on one side. Notice how orderly the composition is, in spite of the number of figures. Notice the attitude of horror and despair of the really falling figures and, above all, the air of grandeur and tragedy permeating the whole picture. Angelo shows us human figures falling into hell, after being rejected by Christ. Bosch shows us men changed into fish, octopuses, frogs, etc., utterly missing his chance to portray the horror in the souls of the damned, and so, utterly failing to stir the emotions of fear in the breasts of his contemporaries. The significance of the story thus becomes so cryptic that, when it is finally made out, it no longer emotions us. We see here an indication of the infantile state of mind of some of the Dutch artists of that epoch, whilst Angelo's is a higher intellectual performance and



FIG. 1. VIX DOLOROSA. CUNST BIAUNG, THE CROSS
BY BOSCH
An Example of Poor Composition



FIG. 3. THE FALL OF THE DAMNED
BY BOSCH
Childish Conception

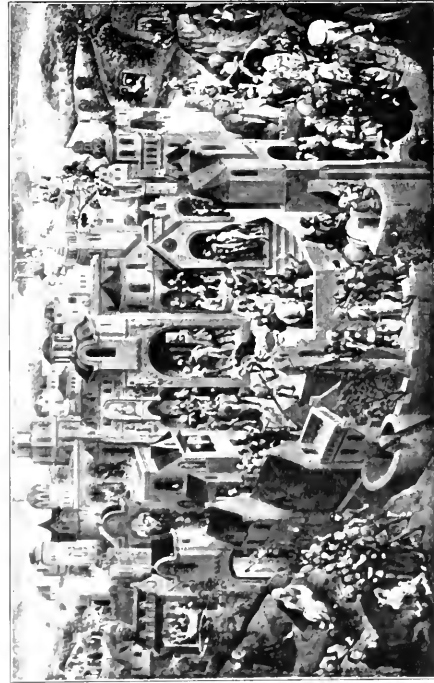


FIG. 2. THE PASSIONS
BY BOSCH
Too Many Subjects in One, Poor Conception

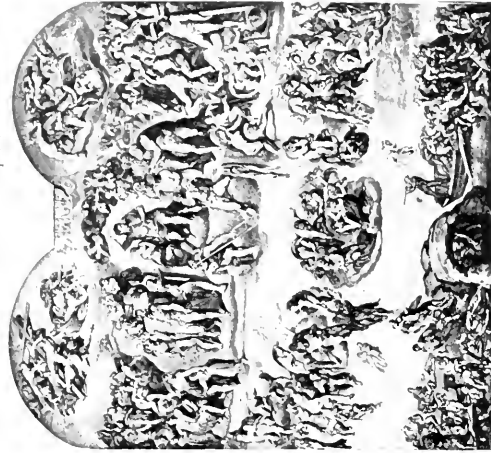


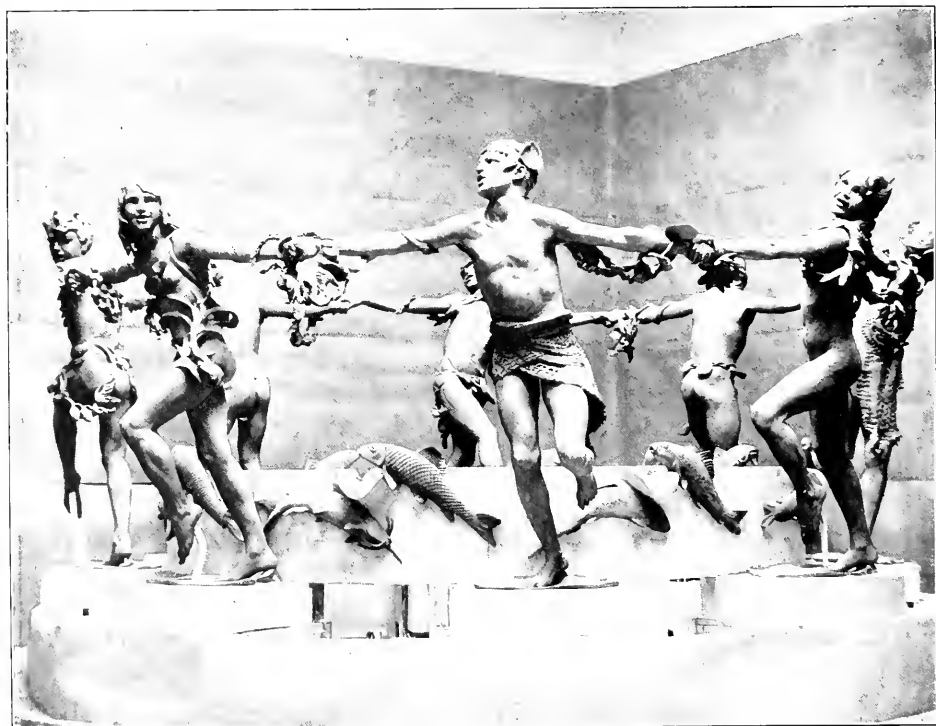
FIG. 4. THE LAST JUDGMENT
BY MICHELANGELO
Sabline Conception and Composition



FROM THE SKETCH MODEL OF THE DEPEW FOUNTAIN



SURMOUNTING FIGURE OF DEPEW FOUNTAIN AND
MR. A. STIRLING CALDER, THE SCULPTOR



THE DEPEW FOUNTAIN FOR INDIANAPOLIS
BY A. STIRLING CALDER

Detail
See page 378

also reflects the high degree of mental culture of the Italians of his epoch. Bosch's picture shows a coloring which is perhaps charming as a whole, but it is bad composition, bad thinking, bad arrangement and bad drawing.

Clarity of symbolism is of supreme importance in a work of art and is almost entirely the result of composition.

The Eighth law is: Simplicity. Simplicity does not mean having few objects in a work of art, but it means the exclusion of everything unnecessary beyond the adequate expression of the main idea of the subject. That obtained, every additional element is a diluting element which weakens the force of the expression. For example: If we examine a picture of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo, we will see the simplicity and power of the whole scene and the utter absence of everything not needed to express the subject. Then if we look at Tintoretto's picture of the same subject we see how he has overcrowded it with figures in the background, angels in the air, conflicting figures in the foreground, a cat climbing into a basket, and different utensils scattered about in a helter-skelter fashion. And what is taking place? Are they eating? Are they disputing? One man seems to be surprised by the angel under the ceiling and the other not. The whole thing is a jumble of figures and stuff, complex in motive and utterly ineffective, as compared with Leonardo's picture.

The Ninth great law is: Proportion. Should a man when drawing a human body use a human model, and then copy that model exactly? That would do if he could always get a perfect model to serve his purpose. But where can a man get a model to serve his purpose of making a head like the Jupiter Otricoli? Evidently to realise a Jupiter or a godhead he must depart from Nature by changing the proportion of an eye or a nose or a chin or a neck. Or, in the case of the lithe, elegant body of Apollo or of the really superhuman goddess, the "Venus de Milo," he would have to change the length of certain parts of the body—make them longer than his model would give them, or trim off the hip, or calf, or feet.

Now how much should an artist be allowed to

change the proportions of line, mass form, color, etc? Evidently to the extent needed to realize and *express* the chief characteristics of the personage or subject that he wishes to express and with sufficient force to make us feel that thus might Hercules have looked; thus Moses might have spoken. But such considerations belong entirely to ideal art. On this fine sense of the proper proportions in all things, depends, finally, all the Style and most of the Beauty and expression of any work of art.

Style, as I said before, is a departure from nature. But if any departure from exact nature is overdone, it shocks us, and while it may startle us it is not beautiful. We admire a *Moderate* amount of disproportion, but we do not want an overexaggerated disproportion. To change proportions without shocking us is the secret of all good proportion and of all good style.

The Tenth law is: Harmony. By Harmony the entire composition is brought into a happy relation of parts—of lines, masses, colors, light and shade—so that nothing shocks, however strong or brilliant the work may be in color or composition. Everything is in the right place in tone and in "value."

These Ten Laws may be called the "Ten Commandments of Composition." As they are followed or violated, the result will be great or trivial. The more perfectly these ten commandments are followed, the more surely will it result in producing that higher charm—repose.

That is the great secret of the perennial charm of nearly all of Raphael's works. Even his "Transfiguration," though all the figures are in motion, is full of a serene repose. The result is that though we may see it a thousand times, it never tires or annoys us. This is also true of the "Sistine Madonna" and others I could mention. Of course when we are face to face with only charming or amusing or interesting things, which enter into the class of the picturesque and the trivial, with which "Modernistic" art is mostly concerned, be they glad or sad, comic or tragic, genre or historical, merely portraits or landscapes in which mere "brush-work" is aimed at, then there is neither law nor rule to be mentioned or discussed.

F. W. Ruckstuhl

TRUE ART

I

He does not know Art's highest aim
Nor can he win the crown of Fame
Working on canvas or in stone
Who seeks to please the eye alone.
The truest, the supremest art
So charms the eye, so moves the heart
That, thrilled with joy or touched with woe,
Feeling's deep fountains overflow.

II

Through the palette's all-blending hues
The painter must his soul infuse
If he would see in form and face
His picturing art's consummate grace.
The sculptor will in vain have wrought
Who in his marble carves no thought:
To give a soul to lifeless stone
He into it must breathe his own.

III

True Art is soul made manifest,
Is Truth in Beauty's garments drest;
He is the artist great and true
Who best knows how to blend the two,
Creating with inspired mood
In truth's verisimilitude
Ideal forms, in which we see
Embodiments of Deity.

Charles W. Hubner

ART AND THE PEOPLE

By OTTO H. KAHN

An Address at the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Dinner in New York City

IN giving you greeting and bidding you welcome, may I say that it is a particular gratification to me to see amongst you so many whom I had not known hitherto, or had only known by reputation or by sight. I trust my old friends will not consider this a left-handed compliment. I am happy indeed to see them here. But the opportunity to make new friends, to rub shoulders and exchange thoughts with people outside of one's accustomed circle, is all too rare in this huge, rushing city.

It is one of the greatest drawbacks of life in New York, that the people in the various walks of life do not sufficiently come into contact with each other.

We New Yorkers do not mix enough. We men and women of different occupations, professions and viewpoints ought to meet far more frequently, we ought to get to know one another far better, and thus demonstrate to one another that none of us, neither Wall Street men nor Socialists, have claws or hoofs; that we are all made of the same basic stuff, affected by the same joys and sorrows and responsive to pretty much the same appeal.

We ought to seek and emphasize, far more than we are doing, that which unites us instead of searching out and accentuating and indeed exaggerating that which separates us.

ART IS DEMOCRACY

Amongst the common meeting grounds available, one of the most appropriate is that of art. For art is democracy, art is equality of opportunity. Not the false democracy which, misunderstanding or misinterpreting the purpose and meaning of the democratic conception, seeks or tends to establish a common level of mediocrity, but the true democracy which, guided by the star of the ideal and firm in its faith, strives to lead us all onward and upward to an ever higher plane.

And the people are willing to be so led. Let me say in parenthesis that when I say "the people," I do not use the term with the somewhat patronizing inflection that is sometimes imparted to it, rather implying that the speaker refers to a thing apart from himself. I refer to you and to me no less than to the butcher and baker and candlestick maker.

It is a constant source of wonderment to me how "the people" are underestimated by most of those who seek their votes or their patronage. Just as the average politician thinks that "the people" want to be coddled and flattered and "soft-soaped," when experience has shown that the royal road to popular success is to show courage and independence and to stand up man-fashion for one's convictions, so the average theatrical manager thinks that he must play down to an assumed level of shallowness, when experience has shown that the greatest probability to score a hit is in aiming high.

I have an abiding faith that the people collectively know a good thing when they see it. It is true that sometimes they make the judicious grieve by taking a pretty poor thing for a good thing, but I have never known them to fail to recognize and appre-

ciate the truly meritorious in art. In fact, I have admiringly wondered more than once at their capacity to enjoy and digest heavy and unusual artistic food, free from the salt or spice of what is ordinarily considered popular appeal.

I have never believed in the necessity or advantage of gauging theatrical offerings according to the alleged standards and requirements of the "tired business man," or, for the matter of that, woman (for women are usually just as busy, and just as tired after the day's work as are the men, only as a rule they carry their tiredness off better and make less fuss about it). Silly, inane shows are no antidote to "that tired feeling." What both men and women, tired or idle, do want is to be genuinely moved and stirred, either to laughter or to tears, or stimulated to new thought, in short, to be lifted out of the rut and routine of their daily lives and mental atmosphere.

When the right to vote in England was thrown open to the masses of the people, a great Englishman said: "Now we must educate our masters." Yes, but education and opportunity for learning is needed not only for our masters', the people's brains, but also for their souls and tastes.

The conditions of existence of the great majority of the people are, unfortunately, hard and wearing, but I venture to question whether as yet we use sufficiently the spiritual means at hand, and well tested in European countries, to make them less so.

We are doing as much, probably, for education as any other country, but relatively little for recreation. And recreation of the right kind does have power literally to re-create, to re-create the wasting tissues of our souls, the worn fibres of our brains, to re-create indeed the zest and courage for life.

Art has that power beyond all other forms or means of recreation. And the people are ready to welcome art; they are hungry for nourishment for their souls, eager for outlets for their emotions. Observation and experience have thoroughly convinced me how great and beneficent an influence art can and should be made in their lives.

USEFUL FUNCTION OF ART

Art, and particularly the art of music and of the stage, is a serious and important cultural element in the life of a community. It has a weighty purpose and a great mission. It is one of the most potent factors for good, one of the three or four greatest agencies which tend to form and guide the thoughts and the sentiments and the conduct of the people.

The craving for sensations—so characteristic of our times, and particularly of our country—some of the restlessness, of the turmoil, of the lawlessness, even of the crime of the day, spring in many instances simply from a desire to get away from the unrelieved dulness and drudgery of every-day existence.

It is very far from being generally appreciated as yet how much can be done by art, and especially by the art of the stage, to give proper satisfaction to this

natural and legitimate desire, to lead the strong instinct underlying it into fruitful, instead of into harmful, or even destructive expression. It is very far from being appreciated as yet by our wealthy men that art can be as educational as universities, that it has elements which, to a great part of our population, can make it as nourishing as soup kitchens, as healing as hospitals, as stimulating as any medicinal tonic.

European governments and municipalities have long since recognized this aspect of public utility inherent in art, and have given expression to this recognition by subsidizing theatres and operas and other art institutions. Here, in accordance with the spirit and traditions of the country, this task to the largest extent is left to private initiative, to the generosity and unselfishness, or, if you will, the enlightened selfishness of those who can afford to give. It is a duty and a privilege and ought to be a pleasure to fulfil it.

Those of us who have been favored by fortune, who sit in our offices or well-appointed homes more or less satisfied with the general scheme of things and with our place in it, must and must increasingly do all we can to prove that we are conscious of the obligations which are imposed upon us by due recognition of the advantages we enjoy.

For educational and scientific purposes a vast deal has been done. The generosity displayed by many of our wealthy men in this respect is the envy and admiration of the world. But to the immensely large and immensely important field of art relatively little attention has been given thus far. Yet the opportunity is boundless and the need very great for men who will put some of their wealth, of their time and ability in the service of this cause; who, conscious of the importance and the far-reaching influence of art, will help along in movements having for their purpose the advancement of art and of art standards and the procuring of more and better opportunities in the field of art, both to the public and to American artists. Mæcenases are needed for the dramatic stage, the operatic stage, the concert stage; for conservatories and art academies; for the encouragement and support of American writers, painters, sculptors, decorators, etc., in fact, for all those things which in Europe have been done and are being done by princes, governments and communities.

Here is a vast opportunity for cultural and helpful work. To strive toward fostering the art life of the country; toward counteracting harsh materialism, toward relieving the monotony and strain of the people's every-day life by helping to awaken in them or to foster the love and the understanding of that which is beautiful and inspiring, and aversion and contempt for that which is vulgar, cheap and degrading, is, I think, a humanitarian effort eminently worth making, and offering, moreover, every prospect of not being attempted in vain.

CHANGE OF AIR WHOLESOME

We all, rich and poor alike, need to be taken out of the routine and grind of our daily lives once in a while. We all of us are the better for psychic change once in a while, just as we are the better for physical change of air and surroundings. A

sluggish soul needs stimulation just as much as a sluggish liver.

To feel, to appreciate, to understand the beauty of nature and of art is one of the greatest gifts that can be given to any one on his way through life. I rather think a great majority of us find it, with other gifts, in our cradle, but too many of us either do not grasp it, or, as we grow up and face the serious business of life, deliberately throw it overboard, looking upon it as useless, or even harmful ballast in the stern and strenuous struggle for success. This is a pity and a great mistake, even from a utilitarian point of view. Just as the soil of agricultural land requires rotation of crops in order to produce the best results, so does the soil of our inner being require variety of treatment in order to remain vigorous and elastic and fertile and to enable us to produce the best we are capable of.

Wealth is only in part a matter of dollars and cents. The visitor who pays twenty-five cents for a seat at a popular concert, if he brings with him love and enthusiasm for art, will be far richer that evening than the man or woman from Fifth Avenue if he or she sits yawning in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The poor man in a crowded tenement who feels moved and stirred in reading a fine book will be far richer than the man or woman sitting in dulness in a gorgeous library. If he goes to Central Park or Riverside Drive with his eyes and soul open to the beauties of nature, he will be far richer than the man or woman chasing through the glories of Italy or France in a luxurious automobile, the man thinking of the Stock Exchange and the woman of her new dress or next party.

The late Booker T. Washington used to tell a story of his meeting a colored woman and asking her: "Well, Miranda, where are you going?" to which she responded: "I'm going nowhere, Mr. Washington, I've been where I am going."

This country hasn't "been where it is going." A great stirring and moving is going on in the land. The old order changeth, giving place to new. Call it "the new freedom" or "my policies," or what you will, the people at large are astir—groping, seeking for a condition of things which shall be better and happier, which shall give them a greater share, not only of the comforts and material rewards, but of the joys and the recreations, the beauties and the inspirations of life. It is a movement which is full of promise, and a menace only if ignored, repressed or falsely and selfishly led. Most of it will find expression in politics, in economic and social legislation; some of it will find expression in art.

A PUBLIC EAGER TO LEARN

In this great country, with its vast mixture of races, all thrown into the melting pot of American traditions, climate and surroundings, there is all the raw material of a splendid artistic development. Every kind of talent is latent here. All that is required is opportunity, inspiration and guidance. And in addition we have here the best public to appeal to that exists anywhere, a public eager to learn, quick to perceive and to respond, sure to appreciate and retain; fresh, spontaneous and genuine in its feelings, clean and healthy in its artistic instincts and aspirations, not yet affected by the taint

of decadence which has begun to cast its blight upon art in some other countries.

In saying this, I do not dispute the charge frequently laid against us that our people lack as yet discrimination and that they are not sufficiently intolerant of the meretricious in art, but these are faults of youth, and moreover essentially negative faults, curable and in process of being cured, while the virtues to which I have referred are positive in character and cumulative and progressive in effect. Admitting that our people are apt at times to follow false gods, I say let the right god come along and they will recognize him unfailingly and follow him rejoicing!

America is a much misunderstood and consequently maligned place. Its foibles, its imperfections "jump at the eyes," to use a graphic French expression. Its really controlling qualities—and they are beautiful and lofty and full of promise—lie deep and are not apparent to the casual beholder. The world likes the short cut of catch phrases, such as "the almighty dollar," and is reluctant to go to the trouble of reconsidering opinions once formed.

America in the past century had the formidable task of conquering a continent, physically and industrially, and it was necessary that the best brains, the intensest energies and activities of its people should devote themselves to that stern task of material effort, the amazing success of which was naturally measured and expressed largely in terms of dollars and cents.

But the day of the industrial pioneer is over (though vast commercial development, vast indeed beyond all imagination, still lies before us) and with it has gone—if it ever existed—the day of the almighty dollar. The day of the pioneer of culture and idealism has come, and the power of the idea is, and has always been, even in America's most materialistic days, far mightier than that of the dollar. After more than a century's stupendous effort and unparalleled—almost too rapid—economic advance, we have reached a stage where we can afford, and ought, to occupy ourselves increasingly with questions affecting the mental, moral and psychical well-being and progress of the race.

ARMY TO ATTACK THE UGLY

A vast army equipped with spiritual weapons, second to those of no other nation, stands ready and impatient to follow those qualified to lead, across the tenaciously held trenches of ugliness, dulness and commercialism, to the heights beyond. America has been rightly called, by a hard-headed European observer, "the land of unlimited possibilities." He referred to the possibilities of business, but the same thing holds true of the possibilities of art. More in this country than anywhere else is it possible to walk with one's feet on the earth and one's head in the clouds.

In the present juncture of the world's affairs many a great opportunity and a duty commensurately great lies before America. One of the greatest of such opportunities and duties is in the field of art.

When this appalling war comes to be ended, the heavy burden of reconstruction will lie upon weary and weakened Europe. Millions of the flower of

its youth and manhood will have been killed or maimed. The utmost energies of the men and women of the leading European nations will have to be devoted for years to come to the hard and stern task of material effort.

In the stress and strain of the post-bellum period, the high altar on which there burns the sacred flame of art may be left for a time with but few attendants. It is America's opportunity, it is America's high privilege and duty to aid in keeping alive that sacred flame. It is her privilege and duty to open wide her portals to art and artists, to become a militant force in the cause and service of art, to be foremost in helping to create and spread that which beautifies and enriches life, to fight and seek to destroy that which vulgarizes and lowers it.

To accomplish this great task there must be leaders—but the test of a leader is that he have followers. Those who conceived and took charge of the execution of the bold and broad plans of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration have met that test. In the face of much discouragement and some scoffing, they went ahead in that simple and enthusiastic faith which has the power to move not merely mountains, but—which is harder—to overcome the inertia of New York. They—and I mean especially the women, for it is the women headed by Miss Beegle and Miss Oglebay who did much the largest and hardest part of the work—have accomplished what has never before been done in this city, they have aroused, mobilized and organized the community spirit in the cause of art.

This Tercentenary Celebration which will culminate in the production of Percy Mackaye's Masque, is not a "high-brow" affair, it is not a benevolent uplift movement backed by a few men and women of wealth. It stands upon a broad and deep popular base; it enlists and has significance for Avenue A no less than for Fifth Avenue; it has the enthusiastic support and active cooperation of two thousand different organizations directly representing 800,000 constituents. It is the most democratic, most comprehensive and most promising response which has ever been given in this community to the appeal of art. It demonstrates conclusively the extent and genuineness of the latent interest in and feeling and desire for art.

THE SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE

And now that we, or rather the men and women workers of the Shakespeare Celebration Committee—for my own part has been entirely insignificant—have succeeded beyond all anticipations in calling the community spirit into action, let us seek to perpetuate it as a concrete and living force. The main purpose for which I have ventured to ask you all to this dinner-meeting, was to obtain appropriate action to that end.

Hoping that you will forgive me a somewhat Tammany-esque method of procedure for the sake of the good cause, and also for the sake of completing our program for this evening at not too late an hour for your comfort, I have made free to prepare a resolution. In keeping with the spirit and character of this gathering, I have asked Mr. James Beck, who, apart from being a distinguished writer and orator and a profound student of Shakespeare, is a corporation lawyer and a stalwart Republican, to

move it, and Mr. Morris Hillquit, a tribune of the people and a leading exponent of Socialistic doctrine, to second it. The resolution is as follows:

WHEREAS the attendance at the various Shakespeare performances during the past theatrical season and the widespread interest displayed in the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration have demonstrated that the people in all walks of life are ready to respond to the appeal of serious art, and

WHEREAS the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee has succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of a great many different organizations towards an adequate expression of the community spirit in art, and

WHEREAS it appears desirable to perpetuate and enlarge such co-operation and to endeavor to give comprehensive expression, definite aim and systematic guidance to what has heretofore been mainly

indeterminate aspiration and sporadic and scattered effort,

Be It Resolved that the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the New York City Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee constitute themselves into a permanent organization, with power to add to their number, in order to serve the cause of art and more particularly that of the stage and of the pageant, and to foster and give expression to the community spirit and to community effort in art.

Further Resolved that the Chairman be directed to appoint a committee for the purpose of devising ways and means to carry into effect the sense of this resolution and that such committee report its recommendations and conclusions to a joint meeting of the Mayor's Honorary Committee and the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration Committee, such meeting to be called by the Chairman at as early a date as practicable.

THE CENTURY PLANT

FROM out of the Shadowland there came a Sower of Seed.

Far and wide he flung them, and some fell at his feet and some were carried far by winds.

The Sower of Seed paused and smiled a whimsical smile. He drew from under his robe, where he carried it over his heart, a very small bag, and carefully opening it he took out one seed.

Long he held the tiny seed—musing: "from out of my precious seed will I give but one—perhaps men will find it—but we shall see."

Once upon a day some good people paused to gaze upon a plant that raised its head in the bright sunshine. They called many people together that they might marvel at that which they had found.

"It is a rare plant!" they said "and it shall not die for lack of nourishment." So every one set to work and pulled up all the plants and weeds that grew too near so that nothing might interfere with its growth.

Every day it was patiently tended and watered and it grew apace. They who watched wondered at its strength as it grew taller and yet taller.

"It is a rare plant!" they all murmured, and held their breaths when a bud was seen shooting forth.

At last the bud opened out to the glad sunshine. All gathered about it breathlessly. Wonderful! Wonderful!" they cried. "Was its like ever seen before?"

"No!" cried all with one accord.

A poet sauntering by heard the cries and drew near, that he too might see this thing at which so many marveled.

"Is it not wonderful?" they asked of him. "We discovered it, and without our help this world would never have seen the flowering of this great and rare plant!"

The poet smiled. "Wonderful it is!" said he "for all that Nature gives is so; but after all it is only a beautiful sunflower; but over there—quite neglected—I see a Rare Plant growing."

But the people were so offended, they would hardly notice the other plant that grew so near. Still, their curiosity drew them to the spot where the poet stood marveling over that which he had called a Rare Plant.

"This plant!" said he "blooms once in a hundred years. Some do not know it when it falls in their way. Its perfume is wondrous. It may have bloomed without my care, but perhaps I was born a poet in order that I should find this plant."

But the others only laughed at him and called him mad. Yet when the time was ripe and the other plant opened to the world, all of those people came forth and said they too had watched its growth.

And the poet only smiled.

Margaret de Coligny



THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AND THE ARTS

By JOHN THOMPSON

WHERE, if not in our universities, are the arts to be fostered and advanced? We do not expect much of the five and ten cent emporium. We do not turn a hopeful face toward the electric sign-maker. The builder of Harlem flats has done his work so thoroughly that time, even remorseless time, cannot change it except for the worse. With comic supplements and the portraiture of Mutt and Jeff we may make a reluctant peace. But it seems that in universities, where endowments are ample and men are relieved of the sordid considerations attached to marketing popular merchandise, the outlook for the arts should be more promising than anywhere else in American life. Whether this is true in a large and general sense I shall not now hazard a guess because the data for judgment are not before me; but it is relevant to inquire what the School of Journalism in Columbia University is doing for the improvement of public taste.

The founder of that School, the late Joseph Pulitzer, stated in his will that he was "deeply interested in the progress and elevation of Journalism," and that he regarded it as "a noble profession and one of unequalled importance for its influence upon the minds and morals of the people." In another place he had said earlier that his chief end in view in establishing the institution was the service of the public. "It will try to develop character, but even that will only be a means to the one supreme end—the public good."

It is not to be supposed that the gentlemen who organized the institution of learning for which Mr. Pulitzer provided were limited by the vision of the newspaper from which their funds were derived. Their plans and their curriculum must have been restricted only by their conception of their duties in carrying out the bequest. Surely it cannot have escaped their attention that art is one of the noblest ends of life, that beauty in life and labor is a possession for democracy beyond all price, and that to instruct the public in the genuine delights of the eye and heart is the first function of the good teacher.

To speak more practically, also, art comment and criticism are among the demands of every well-regulated newspaper. If it is the business of a school of journalism to answer the calls of the newspaper market place, then it cannot ignore the obligation to furnish the supply. But, to take higher ground, if Mr. Pulitzer really desired "the progress and elevation of journalism" for the public good, these who administer his benefaction are under solemn obligation to see that the arts are given their place in the scheme of instruction.

Turning to the Announcement of the School of Journalism, what do we find? Courses in Modern Languages, History, Economics, World Politics, Municipal Government, Party Government, Professional Newspaper Writing, the Short Story, Financial Writing, and Modern Literature: these fill the catalogue. With all this there is little quarrel. The young journalist who is not equipped in Economics, History and Politics is not equipped at

all. But what of appreciation of the arts? Are those who have inspired the world with the glory of color and form worthy of no place in the record of civilization? Shall the student know Bismarck but not Saint-Gaudens? Shall he be invited to consider the ways of a Tammany caucus, but not to marvel at the "disk-thrower"? How can the newspaper help to elevate public taste if those who write and edit are not urged in their plastic days to consider the arts and the place of beauty in human life? Civilization is not all politics or economics or machine guns. Man and women can be trained to love the beautiful as well as the commonplace. They can be led to wonder about the lives and labors of painters and sculptors as well as of mill-owners and politicians.

Surely, therefore, it is not too much to ask that a real School of Journalism—one with a long vision—should offer courses in the appreciation of the arts and the history of artists and art criticism.

It is questionable whether even those who aim at police court reporting or political writing should not be required to pause, if only for a few moments, to view the masterpieces of the world's art. The police court reporter of to-day may be the editor of to-morrow, the formulator of public opinion and judgment. Without doubt, a few should be invited to devote themselves wholly to art criticism. The resources of this city are relatively rich. With the aid of the lantern the collections of Europe may be brought almost within our reach. The writings of the truly great art critics available in English are easily collected. The reading knowledge of French or German which the School requires of all its students could extend it immeasurably. A few fellowships would enable the students of talent to widen their experience by travel abroad. In a little time a genuine school of art criticism could be developed and an enduring contribution made to the work of improving the public taste.

Of course, such an enterprise would prove to be no light task. Art critics are not made over-night by an "extension course." Only the students willing to pay the price of long and hard labor should be encouraged to set out in the way of becoming art critics. Of mere dabblers we have too many, but of critics who know the history of art and can distinguish between the bizarre and the truly beautiful, there are, alas, too few! But there are some. It is only a question whether the School of Journalism will pay the price for their services. A great teacher once said that he was happy in having three or four students in his classes. If, in this age of frenzied reports of large attendance, Columbia University's School of Journalism should maintain a course of art criticism, attended by only three or four students, and should aid them by means of fellowships until they could master the technique of the craft, it would seem that the city might gain much indeed. A strong and pure light might be kindled on the Heights—and, such is the wonder of learning, it might be seen around the world.

John Thompson



ABDUL BAHÁ
PAINTED BY JULIET THOMPSON

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

MASTER CRAFTSMAN

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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WILLIAM Dean Howells is eighty years old this month. As President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters he still holds the official place to which his great fame entitles him, for he is today, as he has been for over half a century, the most beneficent force in American Literature. In the volume of Lowell's Letters the reader may find "this young man Howells" (during 1870 and beyond) coming more and more into the thought and correspondence of the leaders of New England literature; so in the records of national and international fiction of the last twenty-five years the expanding influence of the author of "Silas Lapham" and "The Modern Instance" can be traced in ever-widening circles of old world criticism.

His culture, while of the broadest, is distinctively American in that it is, itself, self-acquired. As an apprentice in his father's newspaper office in Ohio before the Civil War he found little time for schooling of the academic sort, but his mind was of that insatiable, aspiring character which seizes upon every chance opportunity for learning, matured early.

Literature was with him a passion. He read intensively and by a happy circumstance fell in, early, with those who aided him in his reading—or rather, let us say, there was no chance about this: he instinctively sought out the best within his world, always striving for that which lay a little outside his world.

At twenty he was a self-taught student of German and reading Heine—whom he imitated a little—and had become a humble worshiper of the Boston Brahmins, Emerson and Lowell; and as soon as he was able to pay his fare, naturally made pilgrimage to Cambridge and Concord, thus proving his kinship to Longfellow and Holmes. Soon after came his consulship to Venice and this enabled him to pursue the purely literary career which was his inner choice. His "Venetian Days" were in truth days of preparation for his life work.

He acquired not merely the Italian tongue and a vivid interest in Italian literature and history; he secured needed perspective on his own land and people. He came back to America greatly enriched in a cultural way but still American, perhaps it is true to say, more American than ever, and when in Cambridge in 1866 he began to write sketches of Boston life, he did so very much as he had composed his sketches of Italian life.

These studies, hesitating, almost timid yet singularly graceful, broadened by degrees into stories like "The Lady of the Aroostook," "A Chance Acquaintance" and "A Fearful Responsibility." His work broadened and novels like "The Undiscovered Country" and "A Woman's Reason" followed—fiction of the finest quality set forth in a style so crisp and clear, so delightfully humorous that all literary America became aware of him. His editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*, fine as it was, sank into com-

parative unimportance as "A Modern Instance" and "Silas Lapham" came from his pen.

From this time forward his leadership among distinctive American novelists was clearly recognized both here and abroad by those who best understood our problems and our triumphs. The Doctor's Degree which they gave him at Oxford a few years ago was but the belated tribute which the best minds of England had long ago accorded him.

He was in the full tide of his powers when I first came to know him in Boston thirty years ago, and yet I cannot realize that he is today at his four-score mile-stone. His writing of last month has the same delicate precision as of old and his interest in all that vitally concerns American life and letters is keen and just. His body shows the effects of his years, but his wise discernment remains, and his delicious Celtic humor still bubbles from its unfailing spring. His eyes delight in the human drama which goes on around him, as certainly as in the light that falls over the sunset landscape by the sea.

He is the most eminent of all our literary men today, not merely because of the stories and poems he has written but also because in all his essays he has stood for American letters, American art and a true democracy founded upon justice and equality before the law. He is a noble man in his life as in his writing.

In all my long acquaintance with him I have never heard him utter a bitter judgment or a cynical word. I have never known him to utter an oath or a ribald jest. His attitude toward women has been critical but always considerate. His chivalry is essential. Like Ulysses Grant and Theodore Roosevelt, he detests the vulgar anecdote and useless profanity. It is singularly inappropriate therefore, and to me unjust, to have his books resented or misunderstood by women. True, he is never the gallant, never the lover in his attitude toward his heroines; but it is also true that he is always their friend. His work is essentially kindly, even when most satirical. Perhaps it is this very sanity, this clear-eyed comradeship, which has made his books less appealing to certain types of his readers than they might otherwise have been.

As a critic his pen has been quick to aid the true poet, the native novelist. His early welcome of Bret Harte, his brave recognition of the literary quality of Clemens, his praise of Mary E. Wilkins and Joel Chandler Harris are typical of scores of other cases where young and struggling writers have felt his kindly out-stretched hand. Perhaps in some cases his kindly heart and his patriotic desire to advance our native art have led him to a statement of his hopes rather than of the actual achievements of his beneficiaries—but no matter, the most of those so hailed, so heartened, have justified his faith.

If all of those who have been heartened by his praise, both in private letter and in magazine review,

were to unite in a meeting, they would fill the largest banquet hall. Over and over again we have tried to pay him this tribute, only to be put aside with a deprecating smile and an apologetic word. Only once or twice has he permitted himself to be made the guest of honor in this way.

In paying this brief tribute through THE ART WORLD I speak, I am sure, for all my fellow beneficiaries. Here then is my toast: To William Dean Howells, Dean of us all! May the sunshine and the flowers of the South send him back to us in renewed health and increasing honor!

Hamlin Garland

A PERSIAN REFORMER'S VIEW OF ART

By JULIE THOMPSON

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IT was in his prison at Acca, a Turkish penal colony on the coast of Syria—in that famous old city which once was Ptolemais and later St. Jean d'Acre—that Abdul Baha first talked with me of art.

"Art is diviner than we have ever dreamed" Abdul Baha said to a friend of mine. To me he said "Art is an act of worship."

This statement, opening up a new vision of the power of art and of its real function, is all the more remarkable in that it was made by one who is already regarded by millions as the prophet of a new age—the leader of a new world-religion, the Bahai Movement, which, originating in Persia about the middle of the last century in the teaching of Baha'o'llah, Abdul Baha's father, has during the past seventy years spread its message of reform throughout the whole world—its object "The Most Great Peace."

Because of the dominant note of reform in the Bahai teaching, reaching out from the fundamental basis of spiritual renewal into all expressions of life—international, national, governmental, scientific—cruel efforts were made by the conservative element of Persia to stamp out the movement; many Bahais were put to death and the leader Baha'o'llah, his wife and children and a number of followers were sent as prisoners into exile. Abdul Baha became a life-prisoner at the age of eight and remained in captivity fifty-odd years until set free in 1908 by the Young Turk Party.

Years ago a distinguished scholar, an Englishman, visiting Baha'o'llah and his son in Acca, wrote these impressions:

"Persian Muslims will tell you that the Bahais bewitch or drug their guests, so that these, impelled by a fascination which they cannot resist, become similarly affected with what the aforesaid Muslims regard as an incomprehensible madness. Idle and absurd as this belief is, it yet rests on a basis of fact stronger than that which supports the greater part of what they allege concerning this people. The spirit which pervades the Bahais is such that it cannot fail to affect most powerfully all subjected to its influence. It may appal or attract—it cannot be ignored or disregarded. Let those who have not seen disbelieve me if they will, but should that spirit once reveal itself to them, they will experience an emotion which they are not likely to forget."

I should hardly dare to say how true I found this to be! Nor is it within the province of this article to describe the effect on my heart of the spiritually free lives of that little band of exiles—the great Abdul Baha, his family and the few devoted followers who have survived the sufferings of the

prison life. But I should like to write of things relating to beauty, and to start with making the reader feel the utter charm of the place itself, the beauty that blooms everywhere around that group of beautiful lives.

In the great open inner court and on two sides of the picturesque old palace which for some years—since better days dawned for the once closely confined Bahais—has been Abdul Baha's prison, he has planted gardens, where flowers grow in such profusion as to seem tangled, where peacocks walk and slim date-palms lift high their plumed heads. The old house, too, though devoid of comfort, furnished with little besides divans, had something enchanting about it—apart from that rare atmosphere of an unbroken, an impregnable peace—something in the mere look of it . . . I remember one huge old hall, where the family often gathered for tea while little birds flying through the high arches of the windows hopped about, picking up crumbs. A stone floor, sunken in places, and dark stone walls; two parrots on stands in a corner with their gaudy notes of color, red and green, orange and blue, in the grayness. All the residents of the house wore the flowing Oriental dress, the men, turbans, sashes and the *aba*, with a long white undergarment; the women loose gowns, veils covering their braided hair.

One night, with the spell of the place upon me, I sat on the roof of this wonderful house with Monever Khanum, Abdul Baha's youngest daughter, a little Persian princess, (for Abdul Baha is of high rank) with a beautiful head held like a queen's, with eyes like stars and a spirit poised above the world—and yet simple and girlish and possessed of a strong sense of humor!—a *girl*, with whom, in spite of the strangeness of her birth and situation and the unusualness of her spiritual detachment, one could feel wonderfully at home!

It was a clear night. Across the bay of Haifa old Mount Carmel was a long dim shadow on the sky. Immediately below on our right lay the strong double seawall, part of the fortifications of grim old Acca, and beyond, the Mediterranean. Looking down to our left, we saw the heads of the date-palms in the court and a little distance away, the minaret and dome of the Mosque, pale blue in the starlight.

I seemed to be very far away from earth—dangerously close, in fact, to that "incomprehensible madness" referred to by the scholar I have quoted—when Monever Khanum herself brought me back! "Juliet" she said "the Master" the title given to Abdul Baha in the East "wants to talk to you about your art. He told me so today. He said, 'Juliet is

neglecting her work. I want to talk to her about it."

So the next day he called me with Monever to his room—that simple, comfortless, beautiful little room, hardly larger than a cell, with its divan, its little black bed, the four slender posts decorated, Oriental fashion, with a painted vine, and the stone water-jug in the window!

Abdul Baha has a majesty transcending that of a king—the majesty of the prophet. Nowhere in the world can one find a more nobly sculptured head. In his dress, too, there is a feeling for beauty—aside from the grace of line of the Eastern garments—an inevitable sense of color—his *abas* are of bronze, or a warm gray-green, or cream-white; sometimes he dresses in black and white.

When Monever and I were seated, he began to speak in Persian, his daughter translating.

"As to your art" he said, after a little preliminary, "you must go on with it and improve in it. Give great attention to it and work always, that you may reach the high summit of perfection. You must remember that art is identical with an act of worship. It is an act of worship. *Work* is an act of worship. In your work you will be helped from above."

He then went into detail, urging me to paint in oil (at that time I confined myself to pastel) that I might not be "limited to one medium." I began to say that I was now more interested in the great sociological work going on today, when he interrupted with a laugh; "You do your own work!" He concluded:

"You have two arts—one physical, the other spiritual. With your physical art you paint the images of men; with your spiritual art you paint the images of the angels and at last I hope you will be enabled to paint the perfections of God. Your physical art will at last end, but your spiritual art is everlasting. Your physical art can be done by many, but your spiritual art is not the work of every one! Your physical art makes you dear to men, but your spiritual art makes you dear to God. Therefore, work to perfect *both of them!*"

At another time, when I was engaged on work of great importance, I said to Abdul Baha: "Pray for me that I may be inspired."

He replied: "As you are working only for the sake of God, you will be inspired."

Here again, as in his talk in Acca, in his statement to me that art was an "act of worship" Abdul Baha sounded the key-note of his teaching:—that the spiritual power is the active principle of life—that if we recognize and realize this, opening ourselves to its inflow, making ourselves channels of the creative force of the universe "working only for God" or, in other words, for *serviceableness*, then inspiration, which Abdul Baha defines as a "connection between our souls and the *True One*" will be set free into our world, and "art"—and all things!—"will be diviner than we have ever dreamed." Kipling has said part of this in another way—

And each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

Great art is not merely an intellectual product. It is not slavist imitation or the mere "copying of sections of nature" or sections of external per-

sonality! Great art belongs to the transcendent realm of spiritual vision and spiritual emotion, and is an expression of the apprehension of *divine* beauty and inner significance. We have lingered too long on the threshold of mere physical Beauty, making mere heavy reproductions of its outer aspect. Let me give you a definition by Baha'o'llah of the creative power in man:

"Upon the Sun of Truth depends the training of the people of the country of thought. It is the Spirit of Reality and the Water of Life. All things owe their existence to it. Its manifestation is ever according to the capacity and coloring of the mind through which it may reflect. For example: its light when cast upon the mirrors of the wise gives expression to wisdom; when reflected from the minds of artists it produces manifestations of new and wonderful arts; when it shines through the minds of students it reveals knowledge and unfolds mysteries."

He says also: "The Reflective Faculty (or the Mind) is the depository of crafts, arts and sciences. Exert yourselves, so that the gems of knowledge may appear from this ideal mine and conduce to the tranquillity and union of the different nations of the world."

Again this "working for God" for the expression and bringing about of the Divine Order in the world is made the aim of creative work. The artist appears, in this conception, not as a more or less arrogant unit, but as a servant of humanity, the sensitive recipient and transmitter, in forms of beauty, of a power from the world of spirits to the world of men. How interesting that Baha'o'llah has defined the mind as the *reflective* rather than the active faculty! When the inner mind learns the secret of cleaving an opening through its objective cover and lying in the sun of the realm of divine knowledge, then we will have an art, a science undreamed of now! And this has to do with spiritual freedom, with the overcoming of fear and doubt and mental limitations in absolute reliance on that *Reality*, the inspiration of Spirit!

Baha'o'llah, indeed, tells us that in this era, on the threshold of which we are now standing, the day of Universal Peace, "new and wonderful sciences and powerful arts" will appear. And he further says: "The savants and artists have great rights among the people of the world."

This seems to foreshadow a time when again the world's seers will be recognized as the servants of the people and will be set free by some form of pension from the financial stress which so fatally handicaps that sensitive instrument, the creative faculty.

Beside his direct allusions to art, the utterances of Baha'o'llah are full of light for the creative worker. For example take this:

"O questioning lover! If thou dost soar in the holy atmosphere of Spirit, thou wilt see the True One so manifest above all things, that thou wilt find naught else save Him!"

When the eye of the artist perceives the *souls of things* he will paint with a new emotional power.

I think it will interest the reader to hear of a lesson in color which I received from Abdul Baha. It was in a hotel, where a room was hung with poor little canvases, painted in a low key. Suddenly, starting up, he walked round the room point-

ing to each picture in succession repeating in English the word mud, mud, mud! I had always painted in a low key myself, but from that moment I saw with clear eyes that in the days to come, in the "divine art" that is to be, we will use, not earth-colors, but rainbow colors!

While I was painting the portrait of Abdul Baha, which, by the way, under some extraordinary influence, I did in three hours, I asked for a criticism. Consider that Abdul Baha had been shut away from the world all his life. He had gone into prison a little boy of eight and come out at sixty-four. Surely the talk of studios had never reached him! But these were the actual words of his criticism: "Clean up the color!" I could have imagined it was my friend Albert Sterner speaking!

Another incident which may be of interest: While Abdul Baha was in New York, I went with him one day to the Natural History Museum. When we entered the room of Aztec art Abdul Baha immediately exclaimed: "This is like the Egyptian art, only

these things are better." He then pointed out to me certain details which showed Persian influence. "They say" I remarked "that before a great catastrophe there was connection between Asia and America."

"Assuredly" he replied "previous to a great cataclysm there was such a connection."

Is not this rather a new conception of the Prophet? Have we ever thought of the prophets of old as many-sided beings, interested in all the aspects and activities of life and denying the spirit to none of them?

In driving around Boston one day with a distinguished Syrian artist Abdul Baha remarked on the flatness of the roofs of our houses.

"Why do they not build their houses with domes?" he said.

I myself think that it is because we of the West are as yet spiritually domeless! When the structure of our being is completed by the spiritual development, then will we build in beauty!

Juliet Thompson

MUSIC CANNED AND FRESH

By WINTHROP PARKHURST

AUTOMATICALLY reproduced music—that is to say, music which is performed either on the piano-player or the talking machine—was passionately courted by the public long before the chaperons of art ever got wind of the scandal and declared the intrigue immoral. Indeed, until quite recently (say, six or seven years ago) such music as was not performed by hand was not properly considered music at all. It was an outcast of true art, a common street-walker in the City of Sound; and no anathema was too terrible for it, no curse too blasphemous. It was kicked and buffeted and spat on and made fun of generally—and particularly—by every musician in the Union. Professional opinion bombarded the movement of automaticism with real professional frightfulness. At the very outset it blew up the entire question into a million pieces; and then, when it had done that, it commenced counting the pieces as added proof of the inherent instability of the notion it had just attacked. It not only carried war into the enemy's camp: it carried war beyond it.

With the appalling ferocity of men fighting for a just and peaceful cause, musicians went ahead and bloodied their swords on the most innocent obstructions in their path. Not content, for instance, with condemning mechanical contrivances because they were mechanical, they condemned them as well because they were contrivances. They piled scorn upon abuse and upon both, murder. And they did it splendidly, magnificently, because they were inspired by a Vision. They saw, or thought they saw, beyond the as yet unfulfilled dreams of the inventors of the talking machine and the piano-player. They saw, or thought they saw, that not only the product but the purpose back of the product was wrong. First they damned mechanical instruments because they were not able to do what they were supposed to do. Then, later, when the talking machine and the piano-player

improved and showed themselves capable of truly artistic work, they damned because they *were* able to do it.

This rather violent foot-note to recent musical history should not shock or grieve anybody who has read on to the end of the chapter and turned to the appendix for an explanation. For, if any wrong ever achieved perfect vindication in this world of crying injustices, the final instatement of automatic music in the professional world will serve for as beautiful a specimen as one can demand. Within half a dozen years after a violent tirade against all forms of mechanically produced music, the piano-player and the talking machine had marched from the nursery of mere entertainment into the grand salon of Art; and a movement that today is hardly much older than the average man's third-best suit of clothes found itself only yesterday set up on a pinnacle of publicity and flatteringly dubbed Great.

The reasons behind this sudden change of front, as well as the reasons behind the original attitude, are not hard to discover. They lie quite conveniently in human nature itself. Ideas, any more than men, do not get slapped on the back by the world before they have got slapped several times on the face first. Revolt against the intrusion of the mechanical element into music was as inevitable as is revolt (especially by the technical mind) against the intrusion of any novel and thoroughly original idea into a universe cluttered with platitudes and the bodies of dead creeds. For a time, at least, the conception of a musicianless world (for which the advent of automatic music seemed more than merely preparatory) was as repellent to the true musician as the advent of the first automobile was to any self-respecting horse. Yet, when that initial horror passed off—when musicians saw, as the horses must also have seen in regard to automobiles, that the new invention was actually going to rob them of

nothing in the world but some unenviable hard work, and that, by democratising pure labor, it was putting a higher premium on pure interpretation than had ever been put on it before, they softened their judgment of mechanical instruments and at last publicly recognized the fact of their tremendous importance in the universe of tonal art.

For, stupid and short-sighted as most musicians were in this matter, they were at least shrewd enough to realize that for a man to express a fear that a machine might take the place of his own soul is as much as to confess that he has no soul at all. Thus probably it was that the musician's original grievance languished and died. At any rate, nowadays, such is the fickleness of the whirligig of time, there is nobody quite so zealous for the cause of automatic music as the professional musician himself!

There are some, to be sure, a very few, who still eye the movement with profound distrust and suspicion. They can see nothing at all in the sudden leap into prosperity of the piano-player and talking machine manufacturers but a heroic dash for freedom with their own profits. And they are sickened and saddened by the thought of the growing degeneracy of present-day art. But, as these vendors of doom and despair are almost invariably those musicians who have never been invited to record their emotions on some reproducing machine, it is natural that they feel obliged to record their emotions on the world. Only, their objections should be appropriately discounted.

Now, the foregoing is hardly more than an introductory skirmish to the real problem which I want to attack. In a sense it is not even introductory to it. For, as far as this movement of automaticism actually touches the professional musician himself, it may be said to be quite out of range of our critical guns. From the point of view of the amateur at least—and that is the only point of view I am interested in at present—the value of the talking machine and piano-player must be weighed in the scales of sheer utilitarianism. Nevertheless, though we are frankly not concerned at all with the professional's side of the question we are obliged to take his side into account, if we really want to understand the present enormous vogue among the unprofessional public of these two machines. And not merely the vogue, either, for that was established before musicians gave the movement their sanction; but rather, let me say, the present solid conviction among practically everybody that automatic music is at last something Really Worth While. We may ignore as much as we like the influence of mechanical music on the professional world. We will not, if we are wise, ignore the influence of mechanical music on the professional musician.

Of course, several years ago, when this movement of automaticism was fired on by a tremendous broadside of dialectic shells every time it showed its head in the open, the public remained loyal to its espoused cause. From the very first, as we have seen, mechanical music was adjudged better than no music at all. And the public said so. Even after continued assaults on its integrity by the professional world, amateurs stuck to their original faith and continued to say so.

In this respect at least they showed for once a commendable independence of spirit. Literally, they

showed they *had* spirit. At last, for once in his life, the unprofessional man refused to be awed by elaborate professional terminology. He dared to call his soul his own. He walked up to the high priests of art and said: "These mechanical devices which you scorn because you are trained musicians are to me artistic necessities, and I henceforth intend to use them as much as possible. If the talking machine fails at present to reproduce an artist's performance faithfully, I cannot help that. If the piano-player as it is now constituted cannot do much more than give me the bare notes of a composition, I cannot help that, either. These are defects of the instrument; I admit them all. But at least you must agree with me that however great are the defects that at present inhere in all mechanically produced music, in itself mechanically produced music is not a defect. On the contrary it is a highly important invention for reproducing at will, and as often as I like, any composition in the entire realm of tonal art. It is an invention which I, an amateur in that art, most supremely need. I will thank you to mind your own business."

He said this, and he acted on the creed he had just formulated. He went ahead and bought a talking machine and a piano-player. He started them both going, full tilt. He opened all the windows in his house, wide. He was consistently and persistently a militant insurrectionist. Doubtless his sentimental reference to the educational possibilities opening up before him was put in for pure effect. It is highly unlikely that when he bought his piano-player and talking machine he was looking out for anything beside an evening's entertainment. But the fact remains, notwithstanding, that he really did go ahead with his plan in complete indifference to the scorn of his professional brother. He was as little ashamed of parading his bad taste before a battery of cultured ridicule as a chorus girl is of showing her leg to the censor.

Such refreshing freedom as this might seem to argue (if nothing else) a genuine ability on the part of the public to think matters out for itself, and then, having thought them out, to go ahead and make use of its conclusions in a really independent fashion. Unfortunately the facts of the case puncture this bubble of delightful polyannic wisdom with one heart-rending jab. It would be unfair, of course, to assert that the solid place which mechanical music has won in the affairs of the American people—or, for that matter, of the French, or English or German people—has been due to this sudden increase of professional enthusiasm for the cause. Earlier history disproves that. The public has shown itself able to make up its own mind for itself. Only—and herein lies the crux of the whole matter—when once the professional musician subscribed to the movement the public immediately discovered a new and splendid argument for its case. Automaticism needed only this last endorsement to take on the dignity of a true revolution. And now professional interest has so lent the weight of its authority to the movement that the unprofessional man who once bought a piano-player or a talking machine with which to amuse himself, buys today a piano-player or a talking machine with which to educate himself. He is convinced (and a good deal of the skilled opinion of the world backs him up in the conviction)

that at last there has been discovered a royal road if not to learning at least to culture.

There is no use making a wry mouth over the situation. The world is not going to the dogs because this has happened. It is tantalizingly easy to exaggerate the danger of what has already occurred. As a matter of strict fact, very little has occurred. From a position of open skepticism and scorn the professional world has, by degrees, come to regard mechanical music more kindly, that is all. And conservative musicians the world over—men who, a dozen years ago, were up in arms against this advancing tide of machine-made music—have now relented to the point of proclaiming machine-made music one of the astounding and beautiful things of this age!

And it is. Every year has seen some marked improvement in the construction of both talking machines and piano-players. In the matter of reproducing an artist's performance, of mirroring the most delicate shades of his musical thought, mechanisms may now be said to have been perfected almost up to the last stage of perfection. Perhaps one day they will even be absolutely perfect. Such a thing is conceivable, it is possible. But whether they are ever completely perfect or not is beside the main point—whether they can serve as a sort of lazy man's bridge between culture and ignorance. That they *can* serve as such a bridge is the dangerous doctrine which the sponsors of the movement of automaticism today stand ready to preach.

I do not want to exaggerate a very apparent evil; and I do not think I am exaggerating it. In a sense the evil has always existed, for potentially it is as old as music itself. When the public first attended a *tom-tom recital* and sat round on the ground listening to two or three selected performers beat upon some hollow gourds, the danger I have been speaking of was as alive as it is to-day, when the public sits round on wooden seats listening to Paderewski beat upon a grand piano. For the danger of course, as must be apparent to every one by this time, lies simply in this fact of one man's doing the thinking and feeling and sweating for a multitude of men. It lies at the very heart of the carelessly discarded truth that in a true democracy—and the only true democracy we have is art—every man must not only be a voter but a king.

And what is the remedy for the disease?

Well, there are no sure cures for anything in this world from mumps down to madness; but the first step in the cure of most dangerous maladies is to get the patient into bed as quickly as possible and keep him there until it is impossible. Personally, I do not believe in goading a man into being healthy

or happy or wise. You cannot legislate humanity into heaven; and if you can you have got no business to. Nevertheless, if I were President of the United States and could have my thumb on Congress for about ten minutes to-morrow morning, I should frame a bill this very afternoon restricting the sale and use of all mechanical-musical instruments solely and absolutely and eternally to those who were accomplished musicians already. For it is one of God's immortal truths and one which must be clear to anybody who has given the matter fifteen seconds serious consideration, that it will only be under some such drastic definition of the legitimate functions of automatic music that un-automatic music can establish its empire. *So long as the piano-player and the talking machine are permitted to serve as substitutes for rather than as aids to musical appreciation so long will musical appreciation suffer. And they will serve as such substitutes just so long—no longer and no shorter—as the idle listening to, and the idle drinking-in of, music stands in the place that thoughtful, deliberate study of a composition which is possible only to the man who actually performs it.*

This, it must not be supposed, is denying that mechanical music—canned music, as it has rather unappetizingly been called—has its rightful place under the sun. Simply as a ready means of acquainting the public with a vast library of musical literature which it otherwise would never come to know, it is deserving of a barrel-full of praise. From the artist's standpoint, moreover, as a method of comparing with a greater or less degree of accuracy yesterday's inspiration with to-day's, our debt to automaticism can scarcely be over-estimated.

But that is entirely aside of the question I have not been interested to examine. All I have wanted to do, really—and I see of course as clearly as any one else how inadequately and sketchily I have done it—was to point out the dangers which lie in the path of the man who attempts to get down into the heart of music without very literally going down and getting into the very heart of it.

It is vastly easier to have music brought to us than it is to bring ourselves to music. But you cannot make culture an easy thing. The dangers which ambush this whole movement of automaticism—the dangers, in fact, which menace and surround and penetrate every attempt to make art popular and put beauty on a bill-board, are not that when you have finished the job you will have hurt art at all, but simply that you will have hurt the public. The fact that these dangers are seldom recognized is, of course, not astonishing in the least. For that is one of the dangers.

Winthrop Parkhurst



THE WORLD'S DEBT TO INDIA

By PRINCE SARASTH G'HOSHI

PROFESSOR Gilbert Murray's admirable exposition of "The Value of Greece to the Future of the World" in the November and December numbers of this magazine suggests this article.

It is in no way an attempt to depreciate the world's debt to Greece, which is ample enough. Yet when Professor Murray says that in the age of Perikles "the world was young, at any rate our western world, the world of progress and humanity" he implies that the foundations of progress and of a sense of humanity had not then been laid on the earth elsewhere. Whereas, if humanity means anything at all, the teachings of Buddha gave the first consciousness of it to the world a century earlier—to say nothing of the still anterior doctrines of the Jains.

And when Professor Murray goes on to say that in the age of Perikles "the beginnings of nearly all the great things that progressive minds now care for were being laid in Greece" he certainly puts a limitation to the yearnings of the highest of the gods of the earth of this generation—albeit not Anglo-Saxon gods—and, more certainly still, he ignores the noblest travail of the human heart on this earth elsewhere at a time when in Greece the primitive savage was clubbing the first female in sight and dragging her to his cave. For among the highest gods of the earth of this generation—albeit not of the Anglo-Saxon world—there is the "world-pain" (*Welt-schmerz*) that brings forth from the womb of thought the same solution of the mysteries of life that the Hindu *rishi* begot forty centuries ago. No, I am wrong in slighting the Anglo-Saxon gods of the earth even of this generation; there was at least one among them who could sit beside the ancient Hindu *rishi* and the modern German expositor of "world-pain"—my late friend Francis Thompson, he who said "I was born in my mother's pain, and shall die in my own" and, dying, fulfilled to the letter his own prophecy. (But then, Francis was half a Hindu in understanding, as he vowed to me before his death, thus bequeathing to me as a sacred legacy the task of explaining the true causes of the frailties of his pain-racked body to the sneering gods of the Anglo-Saxon world.)

Let us pass on. The sun rises in the East that it may shine upon the West: thus let us consider in what other respect "the beginnings of nearly all the great things that progressive minds now care for" were laid, not in Greece, but in India.

The Greeks never progressed beyond nature worship; they began and ended with nature worship: it was left to Christianity nineteen centuries ago to raise them above it. The Hindus also began with nature worship; but in the Vedic age—be that thirty-nine centuries ago or ninety-nine—they had progressed far beyond it and had conceived of a Supreme Omnipotent Being in Three Persons, as in Christianity.

Later, though still anterior to the aforesaid savage in Greece who was clubbing his females, the Hindus had enunciated a complete, logical and satisfying law of human progress, material, moral and spiritual, in the doctrine of *Karma* and Reincarnation, leading up to the solution of the problem

of life: the Why, the Whence, the Whither of life. A solution that happens to appeal to some of the most "progressive minds" in Europe and America today: minds that do not relish the possibility nor admit the justice of an eternal hell after one brief life of human frailty.

Let us pass on. Progress and humanity are relative terms after all. Primitive man first thought of self and self alone. Later he thought of the woman he had clubbed, because she cooked for him and learnt to satisfy his appetite in that regard also; so it was better to own the same woman permanently rather than a new one at random daily. Still later, he thought of the children that she had brought forth. Then in due course his interests grew yet wider: from the Family to the Community, then to the Tribe, then to the Nation. And there it stops today.

The spirit of nationalism is the utmost that Occidental civilization has yet begotten. I ignore the plea of humanity—that is, the interest of all the earth—raised in the present War, because a school atlas teaches me otherwise: for the three leading nations among the Allies who raise that plea of humanity already *own half the earth*—having conquered it from the small nations. But forty centuries ago the Hindu *rishi* taught mankind its highest goal, Cosmic Consciousness, which makes, not this earth but the created universe the goal of our thought, our interest, our loyalty, our affection. A goal likewise that some of the most "progressive minds" in Europe and America today care for, yea, nobly strive to attain!

Shall we leave these celestial heights and descend to the physical earth? that is, shall we consider merely the material elements in worldly progress? Then let us consider Representative Government, the alleged foundation of modern progress. It began, not in the City Republics of Greece, but in the Village Communities of India. (The Anglo-Saxon Henry Maine admits that much.)

In art? Then let us consider music: The Hindus classified all human emotions into thirty-two and I know no more than thirty-two since then. And for each emotion the Hindus composed a set of *rags* and *raginis*, which are the prototype of the *Leit-motive* of modern music.

In science? For this purpose, taking Chaldea and Egypt as contemporaneous allies of India, we have the beginnings of science in the East, not in Greece. Geometry: from the desire of the primitive priest to make an altar to his deity. How should he make it? Then, seeing the eternal forms, the triangle, the pentagon, the hexagon, in nature around him, that is, in the works of the deity—in fern-leaves, crystals, even the lid of the honeycomb—the priest built his altar accordingly. Which was the beginning of Geometry.

Then the desire came to the priest to build a roof, a worthy roof, over the altar of his deity to protect it from wind and rain, though he himself might dwell in a cave or under a tree. And that was the beginning of Architecture.

Later, the yearning came to the priest to see his deity smile upon the offering on the altar in token

of acceptance; and if the deity himself was not tangibly present, at least his representative was—the sun, the moon or a star. But how to make the sun, the moon or the star shine through the now indispensable roof, so as to reach the altar? Verily that could not be done every day. So, instead, the priest devised an orifice in the roof at such an angle that the sun, the moon or the star could shine through it upon the altar at least on the deity's feast day at the very moment of sacrifice. And that was the beginning of Astronomy. Astronomy was not founded to aid navigation and to bring you cloth-of-gold and spices. That came later—and to "beat the Dutch"—*e. g.* when Charles II to vanquish Holland on the high seas built the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, England. Astronomy was first founded to bring the smile of the Deity upon his votaries.

In other branches of science, the engineering feat of tunnelling, unknown not only in ancient Greece, but in northern Europe and America till but sixty years ago, was known in India in ancient times. The subterranean temples of Ellora, carved out of rock for a mile and a half under a mountain, bear testimony today to that stupendous Hindu feat.

Metallurgy: Wrought-iron pillars that no workshop in Europe or America sixty years ago could construct were made in ancient India. The Rajah Dava Pillar, as thick as the shaft of a modern battleship, still stands as a proof thereof. Stands in wind and rain under the vault of heaven, even in the manner it was last placed sixteen centuries ago. And there is no rust upon it. So the Hindus

knew the secret of preserving iron from rust—a secret the world has now lost. A secret this bankrupt Occident built upon Iron in peace or war, may be frantically seeking to rediscover two hundred years hence, when it has exhausted the world's supply of iron—having shot away a moiety of it on the banks of the Somme and the Danube.

But why labor the point further? The present War is a confession of the failure of Occidental Civilization built upon the foundations laid by ancient Greece. In devoting so much attention to ancient Greece, Anglo-Saxon pundits have neglected the East, leaving it to the German and the French to explore. There are only three things in Occidental civilization that I care about, one English, one French, one German: that line of Francis Thompson, the line by Pascal "To understand all things is to forgive all things," and the world-pain of German philosophy. Anything else? Then the Ring of the Nibelung and the Beethoven Symphonies. The streams of Attica are narrow and shallow, and are but rivulets beside the broad and the deep Ganges that carries its eternal message from the heaven-heights of the Himalayas to the Ocean—the world of humanity. So it was left to Schlegel to say "The entire civilization of the human race began in India."

It is true—alas, too true—that India has fallen since then; rather, has been crucified and has descended into hell. Yet on the third day she may rise again. Perhaps even now the third day is dawning, even if it be but I that has to roll away the sepulchre stone and herald the resurrection!

Sarasth G'hosh

TO A THISTLEDOWN

Soul of a flower set free!
What now the world to thee?
Swept from thy hidden place
To immensities of space
No dream of thine had guessed—
Whose farthest hope reached not
To verge of wider spot
Than the dust thy pale foot pressed—
What now the world to thee,
Soul of a flower set free?

Little white wandering ghost,
Blown breathless through a host
Of unimagined ways,
What held thy few brief days,
Prisoned in yonder glade?
Sun hast thou known, and shade;
And fragrant ecstasies
Have passed thee on the breeze;
And silvery-pointed rains
Have pricked thee with small pains.
These hast thou known at most,
Little white wandering ghost.

Pale spirit-bloom set free,
Wee wraith of a bodiless flower,
Riches hath death for thee
Beyond life's utmost dower.
Cling not to the casual clay—
Up, up from earth, and away!
Thine now to soar on wings,
Made one with etherial things.
Loosened thy captive chains—
Ended thy lifetime's thrall—
Thine now wide Heaven's domains,
Thine, thine the boundless All!
O, little soul, set free,
Will death do as much for me?

Grace Denio Litchfield

IDEALISM IN GREEK ART

By PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER

IN a previous paper I dwelt on the suddenness and the brilliancy with which the light of Greek civilization shone out, illuminating the ancient world and serving as a beacon to each generation since the Renaissance. At present I propose to treat more especially of the debt which the world owes to Greek art, that is: the arts of painting and sculpture, for it is in them that Greece has been most influential. Greek architecture was marvelous in its perfection; but like all architecture it depended too closely upon natural surroundings and conditions to be easily transplanted to other countries. Music was regarded by the great Greek thinkers almost entirely from the ethical point of view, as a training of the emotions; and it has irrecoverably perished. But the possibilities of painting and especially of sculpture were first discovered by the Greeks; and enough of sculptural triumphs have come down to us to enable us to understand this particular development as well as we understand Homer and Plato.

But there is a great difference between the appreciation of literature and the appreciation of art. One can hold converse with Homer and Plato sitting in one's study, and enjoy their works even in an English dress; but to really enjoy the masterpieces of sculpture requires time and travel and a power to think oneself into different mental and moral surroundings. Many men talk of Greek Art; but few have seriously considered it. One finds highly cultivated men who take their notions in regard to it from Lessing and Goethe and even Byron; although a century ago not a tithe of the great works of Greek sculpture which we now possess were accessible even to travellers, and, in the absence of photography, it was impossible save by travel to gain access even to what was then in the museums. The goal of the student of Greek art was not Athens nor the British Museum, but the Roman galleries; and few were alive to the fact that most of the statues there preserved had been so transformed by Italian restorers that they gave quite false impressions.

In speaking of the general character of works of Greek Art one has to use terms which have been the stock in trade of art critics since the days of Aristotle, but which have seldom been used with precision—such terms as naturalism, idealism, impressionism. There is nothing that should tend more directly to clearing one's use of these terms than a consideration of so simple yet so grand a phenomenon as Greek sculpture. For this is a phenomenon which we can trace with exactness from the cradle to the grave, one which grows with the regularity and symmetry of a tree, with scarcely any abnormal developments or false starts, with no interference from foreign influence. Without numerous illustrations it is impossible satisfactorily to sketch its history and character, but the attempt must be made.

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION IN EARLY GREEK ART

It has been shown by recent critics, especially Lange and Lowry, that Greek sculpture does not start, as one might have expected, with an attempt

directly to imitate men and animals; but that it is from the very first a construction in which a great place is taken by memory and imagination. If pencil and paper are given to a clever child and he is bidden to make drawings, he does not set about copying the furniture in the room, but he makes rough outlines of men and women, trees and houses, often of fairies and dragons—Imagination sways him as well as observation; and he will often put together in impossible combinations things he remembers, and will represent everything in the particular aspect in which it has impressed him.

Perspective he will despise; every figure will be drawn for its own sake, and each must have all the features he remembers; men in profile must have two visible arms and two eyes; a pond will appear as round, though only from an aeroplane will it have that outline; a flower will be represented as it appears when one looks down on it or smells it, a bud always in profile. When one considers, at the opposite end of the artistic scale, that Turner in his paintings often introduced into one natural scene features taken from his memory of another, one feels how elemental and universal in art is this subjective element, how determinedly man refuses to be made a bond-slave of that which actually exists, how feeling revolts against the mere testimony of the senses!

When Greece began to represent men in sculpture, Egypt had already attained considerable technical skill in such depiction. But the Greek would not go to the Egyptian school; it was his own ideas and impressions, not those of foreigners, that he intended to throw into visible form. So when sculpture began, he took a tree-trunk or a squared stone and cut in it rude indications of head, arms and legs. He roughly hewed the stone from the front into the outline of a man facing, then he turned the stone on its side and hewed it into the form of a man passing by him.

LONGING FOR A FLIGHT ABOVE NATURE.

Many barbarous peoples have acted in this fashion, but Greek sculpture became rapidly progressive because the Greek had in him a natural faculty and taste for art. He could see that the figure he had produced was not really like a human being, so he amended it in the direction of naturalism. And he had within him a love of human beauty and strength and symmetry which made him discontented with mere naturalism. He wanted, as Aristotle puts it, not merely to make something like a man, but to make something superior to the ordinary man. And as, to his thinking, the gods had human forms, but forms more beautiful than human, the natural idealism of the race took to representing the gods, each sculptor vying with his teacher or predecessor to transcend ordinary form and beauty and to make something not unsuited to divine attributes. The Egyptians had produced images of the gods; but these were not more beautiful than the images of men, only distinguished from them by some symbolic addition, wings or an animal head, or it might be a head-dress or a sceptre. The Hindoos produced images

of the gods, but they were not more beautiful than human beings, but uglier, often even monstrous.

The Greeks produced figures of the gods human, and yet above the human, a Hercules stronger than any athlete, a Hermes swifter than any runner, a Zeus more dignified than any king or magistrate. The ideal character of Greek sculpture was largely due to this religious element in it, to its habit of depicting the gods. But it persisted in the representation of men and women. It has been shown by Brucke that the height of its ideality was in part due to a certain accumulation of beauty. When sculptors found in a man or woman some specially beautiful feature, the formation of a flank, the curve of a breast, the poise of a head, they could not wholly relinquish it even in statues of individuals. The beauty of Elpiniké or Alkibiades bequeathed a certain touch of charm to even the portraits of their contemporaries. All the marshals of Alexander the Great had in art something of that monarch's haughty air and passionate eyes.

Perhaps physiologists and anatomists may complain of this way of working as tending to produce images not of men but of monsters. Every human body, they will say, is of a piece, and an inner harmony runs through it. You could not combine the head of an athlete with the hand of a scholar, nor the full breast of a Juno with the martial air of an Athena. And of course there is truth in the objection. To put together the best points of a number of men in an ideal figure would be to run a great risk of absurdity. To avoid the danger of the process, a great deal of natural taste and good sense would be necessary. Still, nature never wholly attains the ideal. She makes mistakes and failures; and a skilled artist may avoid the imperfections of a model as a breeder of stock will by judicious crossings eliminate a defect in a breed of cattle. An artist may be on such friendly terms with nature that he may dare to try to express her tendencies more completely than she can herself express them. By serving nature he may improve her as our engineers by serving nature learn to use her powers for a human purpose.

KNOWLEDGE MAKES US FASTIDIOUS

It is however probable that the far more minute and exact knowledge of nature which modern scientists have acquired may make us more fastidious to preserve the necessary relations of nature than seemed essential to the Greeks. For example: a Centaur, man to the waist joined on a horse's neck, is an essentially inconsistent form, as even Lucretius pointed out. To a modern eye running along the backbone which is joined in the middle at an acute angle, the creature seems inconsistent and offensive. The Greeks very seldom adopted the monsters common in oriental art, but their love of men and horses found a field in attempts to combine the charms of both forms, and they managed even at the zenith of their art to tolerate the Centaur as well as the Griffin, and to represent winged Genii.

Of course in the earlier productions of Greek art there is a certain amount of convention. Unsophisticated man is very conservative and optimistic to a certain measure of success; in representing natural objects he is apt to pause and repeat that

success. So in archaic works we find certain little invasions of naturalism into a conventional representation. In a merely typical representation of a human face the nose may be evidently taken from an individual; or, while the face and body are still conventional, the hands and feet, as in the bronze statue of a charioteer from Delphi, may be closely copied from life. But from the end of the sixth century onwards the whole history of sculpture lies in the respective shares in it taken by naturalism and idealism.

The Greek had keen senses and a great love of novelty, so his sculptural productions grow with time ever freer and more life-like. He learns the form of the muscles in action and repose; he studies the rhythm of movements. In Myron's Diskobolos, a work of the middle of the fifth century, we find an almost unsurpassed study of the body of an athlete in an instantaneous position of strain, though even here some convention persists in the expressionless face and the want of smoothness in transition from some parts of the body to other parts. At a later time, about B. C. 300, a great change came over sculpture as a result of the anatomical studies of the physicians of Alexandria; and the body of a man is represented, not merely as the artist sees it, but as the anatomist knows it to be. Whether this access of knowledge really worked for the good of art may be doubted; but some of the works of late Greek art, such as the Borghesé fighter in the Louvre, or the torso which Michelangelo called his instructor, carry life-likeness to a wonderful extreme. At the same period the portraits of statesmen and philosophers rise to a marvelous height of perfection; so that with many of the great men of Greece we seem to have a more exact intimacy than we have with our own ancestors of two centuries ago, who hid their individuality under conventional wigs and cravats, or even the men of our own day, who by shaving away the natural growth of hair on cheek and chin deprive a man's face of a great part of its natural character.

GROWTH OF IDEALISM IN GREECE

Side by side with the growth of naturalism in Greek sculpture we have a growth of idealism, sometimes combining and sometimes clashing with it. But whereas naturalism grows steadily and has no sets-back, idealism is a more spasmodic process, depends more on social and political conditions and on the influence of great and inspired artists. Nature as a teacher is always the same; but men's reading of nature and the re-arrangement of what she gives in accordance with human desire and aspiration is a constantly varying element. Human feelings, awe of the gods, love of beauty, desire for perfection, were always molding natural forms into something belonging not wholly to the conditions of time and space, but to that world of archetypal forms of which Plato speaks, and which we call the ideal world.

The Greeks themselves thought that ideality in their art reached its highest point in the age of Perikles and Polykleitos. In that age such creations as the Zeus of Olympia and the Hera of Argos combined the perfection of human beauty and charm with a more than human majesty, so that

they made all who approached them in worship feel the sublimity of the divine nature and the smallness of earthly affairs. In the fourth century there existed a more complete knowledge of the attitude and grouping; but religion was declining, social decay had set in, and the artists had lost their inspiration. They had better *materials* for building a temple of art; but the architects' ambition to build nobly had failed.

There is a certain measure of naturalism in the art of all ages. In ages of close observation of nature and of scientific discovery it naturally attracts most people. Yet it is an eternal truth that the art which attempts to copy nature and not to transcend it can never be a great art. In copying nature every artist must necessarily lose much; unless he can add from the store of ideas something to enhance the value of his copy, he must in the long run prove unsuccessful. What interests man is man himself, life and the emotions of life; and unless there be underlying emotion, the cleverest transcript of nature must remain essentially uninteresting.

GREEK IDEALISM IS COLLECTIVE

But wherein Greek idealism most widely differs from the idealism of modern artists is, that in Greece the ideas were always collective, furnished by a city or a school, whereas in modern times the ideas are individual. The modern artist tries to look at the world in a way of his own and to interpret it according to his individual bent. He acquires a personal style, so that any critic looking at a work of his will recognize the author. The Greeks sought for beauty and emotion, not individually but in groups; so that a student of Greek art on seeing a statue will be far readier to determine its date and school than its actual author.

Of course the same holds to a considerable degree in regard to the artists of the Renaissance, and even such groups as the Pre-Raphaelites; but the disease of excessive individualism and the search after mere novelty have gained upon us terribly in recent times.

Perhaps I should say a word as to the third great tendency in art, which is commonly called impressionism. How far did this sway the art of Greece? I think very little. Greek art was essentially statuesque and the slow and painstaking procedure of sculpture does not give much opening for impressionism. The Greek loved finish; he loved rhythm and balance. Many of the effects striven after by artists of the school of Rodin he would have regarded as beyond the province of sculpture.

But when one writes of Greek Art one must not try to conceal its limitations. Practically it only dealt successfully with the human form and with animals like the horse and the dog which have been largely humanized. If from Greek productions one eliminated men and women and gods, the rest would be poor, at a far lower level than the art of Japan, for example. We must not expect to find in them sympathetic or even careful renderings of natural scenes. Nor must one expect any presentations of extreme passion; everything is moderated and limited. Nor must one expect mysticism or untrammelled imagination. It is humanism, and humanism of the senses and intellect and the simpler emotions, which furnishes the key to the triumphs of Greek art, as to the eternal charm of Greek literature.

We need not and can not limit ourselves by the too narrow boundaries of Greek art, but we are obliged to allow that, within the limits it chose to acknowledge, it was one of the most perfect and admirable of human products.

Percy Gardner

IN URBE

Skyscrapers at Sunset

Above the roof and chimney height
Transformed by the sunset air
I see dream castles all alight,
Jewelled with tints surpassing fair:

The windowed walls uplifted high,
Howe'er their bulky quoins obtrude,
Make pageantry against the sky
As mysteries of evening brood.

All the famed past in brave review
With glowing turret, bastion, keep—
Segovia, serrate in the blue,
Or Carcassonne, still half asleep:

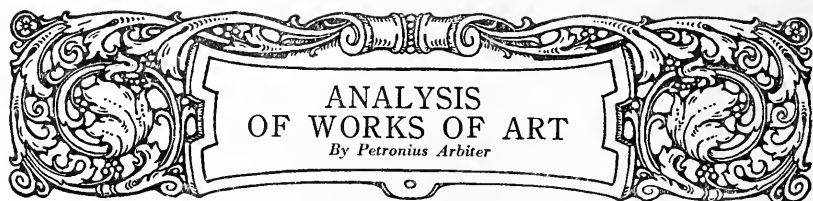
The essence of all memoried night
In terraced splendors, stone on stone,
Find magic semblance in this light,
Radiant as if Aladdin's throne!

Granada's pride of palaced crest
Where, lo, the Alhambra's towers loom
Blank to the sun, which seeks in zest
The inner marvels of its gloom;

Ægina's pediments forlorn;
Athena's outlook o'er the sea;
The Parthenon, whose columns scorn
Both Time and man's hostility;

Tivoli and its rock-based dome;
Assisi's flying silhouettes
And all the ramps of wall-girt Rome
Circled with sunburnt parapets;

Harvey W. Watts



A GREAT WORK OF ART "PEACE"

By PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

See page 423

AT the risk of being criticized by some for doing so we repeat:

OUR CREED

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of Works of Art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The Greatest work of Art in the World is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject, which is socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception;

Second: In which the Expression—on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express;

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime;

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all,—ideal Life;

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich;

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate and un-offensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so co-ordinated, as to insure a Style, at once Personal yet Universal, in which a Subject is Expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art Great or Trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this Standard.

On the walls of the Museum of Amiens are two decorations—"Peace" and "War." They are among the greatest works of art created since the beginning of the Renaissance and vie with those of Veronese, Raphael and Rubens. "Peace" is reproduced on page 423.

Why is this work great?

First, because the Subject is one making a universal appeal at all times, never more so than now. But above all it is conceived in an original manner, on a plane of lofty beneficent serenity and expressive power. The artist, we know, started out to make it both powerful and refined.

Second: having properly conceived the subject, he proceeded to make one of the most beautiful compositions imaginable, of a beauty that is at once graceful and delight-giving, yet lifting, a composition that has not been surpassed in a hundred years. It is Hellenic in spirit, yet thoroughly modern; universal in its appeal and in its "artistry," yet radiating "individuality"—because we feel no other well-known artist could have painted the picture.

Third: its expression of that which it pretends to express—the idea of peace—is so profound that it is entirely adequate and satisfying. Not only is it a fine example of what may be called *primary* expression, that is, each figure is expressive, but it is a remarkable example of what may be entitled *secondary* expression, that is, the work as a whole is singularly expressive of peace. It actually radi-

ates peace. Especially is this true as we stand in front of it at Amiens where we are not only stirred by the magnificent composition of line and mass, but also by its exquisite and soothing color-scheme and color-harmony. It is impossible to contemplate this picture for five minutes without having one's soul filled with a restful feeling that conquers all suggestion of strife. We know that certain persons may speak softly, but their very presence, as a whole, speaks quarrel. So this picture speaks vigorously but its very presence, as a whole, speaks peace! It is therefore a triumph of expression, not only in each individual figure but as a whole, and this is the most difficult thing to achieve in any of the arts.

Fourth: the drawing of the various forms is throughout so true, not only to the facts of life but to the facts slightly idealized and ennobled through that modest simplification, without any detestable "deformation of the form," that rational common-sense stylization so difficult to realize, that the whole work is invested with the fine style which befits a grandly conceived and noble subject. Nowhere did Puvis commit the unpardonable sin of vulgarizing any figure or any form. All is refined; and yet power is retained. When will those artists who imitate Puvis remember to imitate this fine combination of refinement plus power? In an ephemeral work of art, like in an ephemeral magazine article, an over-affirmation of style or vigor of expression may pass; but in a work of art that is to endure—to occupy extremely valuable wall space in an expensive museum, to be enjoyed for generations to come as time goes on—modesty of style, such as we find in this work, is strictly in order. How many artists forget this? and therefore how many of their works will, in a decade, be back numbers and merit only to be whitewashed?

Fifth: the color-scheme of this picture is one of the handsomest color-compositions of a century and the general tone of the color, as said before, radiates that indescribable but benignant, reposeful something we feel in the presence of all of Puvis's pictures. But to feel the moving power of its color, the picture must be seen at Amiens.

Finally: its technique or manner of surface painting will always please universally because free from egotistical tricks of brush-work or painting-stunts, and is entirely adequate for the work and free from all excessive mannerisms, some of which crept into his works later on; at the same time it is not the manner in painting of any one else. So that it has just that *sufficiency* of individuality and personality needed to lift it beyond the commonplace and give



"PEACE"
BY J.M.W. TURNER
MUSEUM OF AMERICA

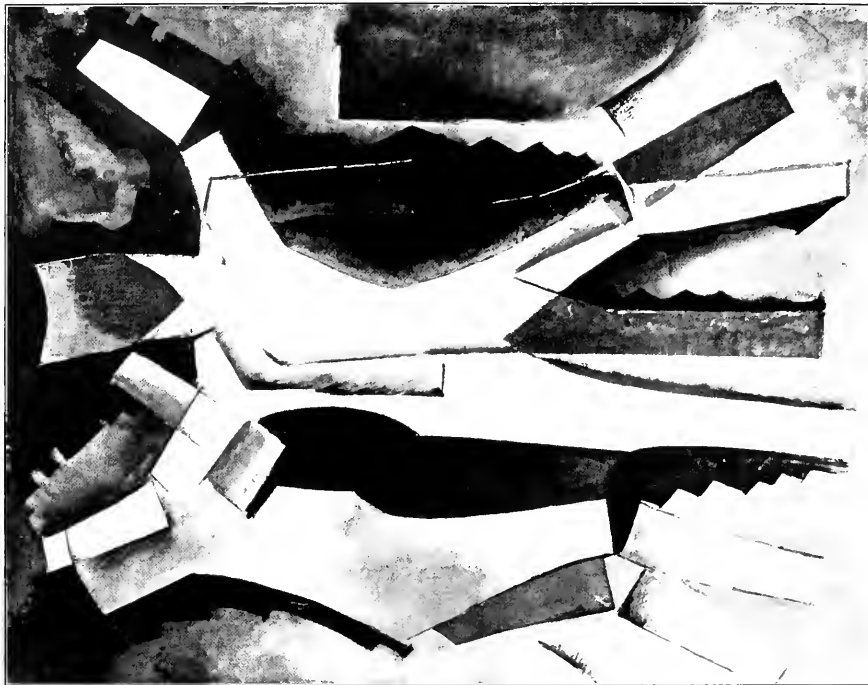
A Great Work of Art
See page 42



"THE DANCER"

BY DEGAS

A Choice Work of Art
See page 425



A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART

BY A CHRIST

See page 426

it originality. The result is, no excessive personal tricks of brush-work are to be found, to attract the attention of the beholder away from the subject and its profound expression or to get in between him and the subject. Hence all the elemental art-powers: composition, expression, drawing and color can work upon our soul unimpeded by cheap monkey-tricks of forced technical mannerisms in paintings. The total result is a general *harmony* at once highly stirring to the emotions yet filling us with a feeling of repose and a gentle craving for peace as, with regret, we move away from the picture.

Of course, just as one swallow does not make a Summer, so one picture of "Peace" will not prevent a war. But that the psychological influence of this work does strongly and eternally operate upon men toward modifying the savagery still latent in mankind and helps to create within them a longing for a real, unstagnant paradise on earth is certain; thus it makes for a steady working force toward higher social ends. And there can be no doubt that within a decade the cultured public will agree that not only is this one of the greatest works produced in the last five hundred years, but that it is the highest flight of Puvion de Chavannes.

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "THE DANCER"

By DEGAS

See page 424

THE public must ever remember that the slogan "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty" applies as much to the world of art as to politics. It must not allow itself to be deceived by the honest artists who have not perspicacity enough to see that cleverness is not art but only part of art; nor should it allow itself to be bamboozled by the dishonest artists who know full well that there is something much higher in art than mere cleverness, but who, discovering too late in life and after much strife their inability or disinclination to work hard enough to produce great art, and not wishing to quit the world of art, turn charlatans and with the most cunning casuistry try to hood-wink the public into believing that cleverness is not only a part of art but all there is in art that is worth striving for. Unfortunately they have often had great success in many quarters, especially in this epoch, aided by either ignorant or interested art dealers.

We confess it is extremely difficult for the public to find out which artists are dishonest charlatans and which are honest self-deceivers. But that the European world of art is full of charlatans, and that they have some imitators here, is as certain as that life is full of charlatanism. Hence the public should ever be on its guard against all European art, art-criticism and art-pushing, no matter from what quarter it may come, and never fail to apply the acid test of morality and commonsense, in the doing of which it should trust to its instincts and intuitions more than any finely spun, cleverly cryptic verbal pyrotechnics.

Cleverness may be defined as great skill accompanied by a dexterous quickness and sureness of touch and by a sprightly spirit which the French call "Chic," a spirit made up mostly of gaiety, a little flippancy and just a pinch of cynicism.

Cleverness is never entirely serious, even at best. Cleverness will always defy some fundamentally necessary convention.

Cleverness will always leave something unfinished, stop short of pushing finish to a finish.

Cleverness is never profound, is always superficial and prefers synthesis to analysis.

Cleverness will always snap its fingers at the white beard of Moses.

Therefore Amiel said "Cleverness is useful in everything, sufficient for nothing."

And yet, when the secret proportions of the ingredients of truly fine cleverness, according to the Greek motto "Nothing too much" are mixed in a work—which is indeed rarely the case—it never fails, when morally clean, to be adorable.

The pastel "The Dancer" by Degas is a perfect gem of cleverness, but it is not a great work of art. As pure cleverness of craftsmanship it is unsurpassed in modernistic art, made before modernism descended into the depths of stupid degeneracy, and an unfailing source of intellectual interest, a rare specimen of "intellectual art." It stirs no lofty emotions, in fact none except the negative emotion of surprise that is aroused by its skill. It does not amuse us, nor delight us, nor enrapture us, that is, we of the public who do not belong to that gild of artists which is always in quest of mere cleverness. It was not intended to rouse our emotions. It was made with the sole purpose of capturing our intellect, and it does that easily. It is a perfect specimen of "Art for art's sake"—of the so-called "Pursuit of pure beauty without any other preoccupation" as Gautier would say; also it is an example of art made to appeal to artists only.

In subject "The Dancer" is by itself trivial, but "chic" in conception. Nor is the color of the pastel especially delightful in composition; the background too is blotchy and disagreeable. But where it really triumphs is in the astonishing sureness of drawing. This is manifested by the truth, the instantaneity of the movement of the entire figure of the dancer as she flies to the front of the stage to obtain her mead of applause. This truth of movement is so extraordinary that it is apt to escape the attention of the public, because the public does not know how difficult it is to draw with such sureness, showing such truth of construction and that of the movement of a figure "taken on the fly." Besides this, it is accompanied by so much lightness of touch and such "snappy technique" that it looks as if a wizard had just playfully thrown it off in a few moments. It is this extraordinary sureness of craftsmanship, done apparently without effort, which makes certain artists

rave over the works of Degas, in spite of the fact that he has spent his life in using his great technical talents to produce merely intellectually amusing but uninspiring trifles.

Although certain details have not been pushed to as great a finish as they might have been; although the work is therefore "impressionistic," the work is certainly deserving of the highest praise for the mere skill displayed. Moreover the lines of the figure are extremely graceful and therefore do afford us some charming emotions. This pastel is perhaps the cleverest thing Degas has done during the last twenty-five years. It is a modernistic work, it is true, but not yet excessively so. It was later on that Degas, after having done a few more such really fine things, was swept off his feet by the current and then joined the ranks of the excessivists.

What could he not have accomplished if his soul had been attuned to the aim of captivating the heart and soul of mankind instead of its brain, of merely arousing the envy of such artists as are also only in quest of nothing but the clever and

the "chic," and not always as free as they should be from that chief of all sins in art, vulgarity? However, artists cannot all be Michelangelos; things that appeal to our intellectual admiration only are not to be despised but should receive all the praise they are entitled to. But as the French say "Let us put things in their places" and let us always refrain from calling a work *great* when it is only *clever*.

If cleverness of craftsmanship, sureness of drawing and dashing "artistry" were the *sine qua non* of great art, Degas would easily take front rank. Unfortunately for him, art for artists does not last, because in the long run mankind demands far more. And therefore a Puvis de Chavannes, when at his best as in his "Peace" is secure in his place at the head of the table at the banquet of the world, even among modernistic artists—when they are really serious and honest and look at art from the broad and lofty standpoint of the public good—the most valid standpoint, in the last analysis, from which to look on art.

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART A CUBISTIC CREATION

See page 424

IN the world of art, as in the world at large, we have moral degeneracy and intellectual degeneracy. The latter nearly always is the result of the former.

The intellectual degeneracy of the modernistic movement of to-day can be easily traced back to the moral degeneracy of Paris during the period of the Second Empire, created by that mephistophic traitor and despot Napoleon III, when Paris had fallen so low that, as an authoritative writer says: "There was then no longer any tribune, no press, no public opinion. The unique care was the material interests and the satisfaction of coarse pleasures towards which the government itself pushed the people." Alcoholism, drug-addiction and sex-perversion became so common that Paris was redolent with vices and excessivism of all kinds, until finally moral depression, pessimism and a hunger for a change suggested a revolution, not only in government but in life and everything. Art did not escape. Therefore excessivism ending in modernism was the natural result.

Like a disease the Empire had run its course. It was finally destroyed because contrary to the nature of the French people. Likewise modernism, like a plague, will have to run its course. It will also be soon destroyed because contrary to the nature of mankind and nature's laws of the beautiful, and because it is a manifestation of intellectual degeneracy rooted, we repeat, in the moral degeneracy of the past.

The cubistic picture we show on page 424 is a degenerate work of art.

We do not remember how the photograph from which the plate of this creation was made came into our hands, do not know the title nor the author and do not care to know. It violates every law of art, is a negation of all beauty and a libel on the

human form which it presumes to represent and in a vague way recalls.

Whenever we wish to expose the fallacy of any social or aesthetic gospel we need only to go to nature to obtain the most useful weapons. Nature is our mother and always gives us the soundest hints and suggestions, though the profound secrets of nature will always elude man. But she reveals to us all that is best for us to know, and we can learn those things if we will only humbly look about for her suggestions and then modestly act upon them.

All the indications offered us by nature prove that—*Nature abhors the straight line, even more the rectangle and cube, avoids them when possible, and always seeks the curve.* There are almost no rectangles in nature and few, if any, cubes even among the lowest crystals.

It is the curve which dominates nature. Our eyes, mind and soul are adjusted to the curve. Therefore there is nothing so disagreeable to us, in form, as a severely plain and empty picture frame of say about a yard square. Why? Because the eyes, being compelled to follow the lines of a picture frame when they arrive at a corner, are suddenly switched in a different direction, and this sudden switching jostles, shocks and twitches the muscles which move the eyes. Whereas the eyes follow easily all curves, and also positively enjoy this following of the curves. When a frame is filled with a picture full of curves we forget the frame, because the mind is focused upon the picture; but an empty frame on a wall is a disagreeable object simply because its angularity at each corner shocks the eyes.

Therefore a cubistic picture full of straight lines and right-angles, such as we find in the one we illustrate on page 424, is contrary to the laws of nature, which laws insist upon the establishment of

curves, not rectangles, not cubes. Hence cubism as an æsthetic theory is fundamentally fallacious and absurd.

But is it absurd from another point of view. The advent of cubism was a sudden apparition. It announced a revolution in the world of art. But nature also abhors sudden revolutions and is governed always by evolution. Nature never somersaults, she always transforms. Nature is never sudden. Hence we can trace the transformation of the Arabian charger from the prehistoric, pigmy horse and note its growth through millions of years. Likewise we can study the transformation of the Corinthian style of architecture into the Byzantine, the Romanesque, the Gothic, etc. Each type and style was an outgrowth of a previous one, there were no sudden, revolutionary inventions and introductions of styles completely new. And this is because the outward manifestations of nature are governed by two laws—the law of “The Continuity of Effects” which seeks always to maintain the type and “The Law of Differentiation” which seeks always to vary the type. Thus we have traditional stability coupled with eternal originality. So that no two rose leaves ever were exactly alike, nor two human finger-prints.

Finally, because of the laws of nature, any sudden revolutionary form of art cannot possibly live. Therefore cubism is already dead. We have only hinted at why it died. The men who originally created cubism “out of their heads,” as the boys say, lived in a degenerate period and were more or less a degenerate lot, intellectually and morally. The first cubist's works were jokes. How they were imitated at the instigation of certain European art dealers and critics we will make clear some other time.

That those who now are fascinated by the spirit of anarchistic monstrosity inherent in all cubism and waste their lives in imitating it are entirely sane, may with safety be questioned. How many

of them are drug fiends, alcoholic victims or sex-perverses we can let our alienists determine. That the majority of them are abnormal, at least mentally, is certain.

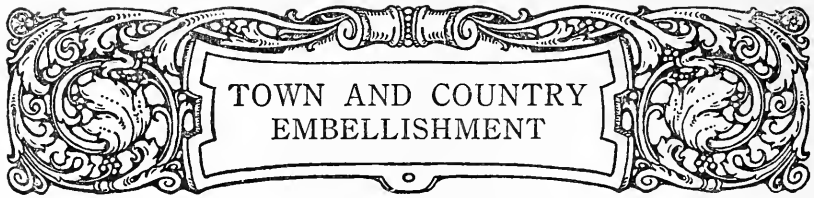
It is the curio-dealers of the future who will profit by these creations, because human curiosity is eternally active and people will buy them twenty years from now to prove what degenerates there were among the artists, what fools among the public and charlatans among the critics and dealers in this epoch. There are men buying these things now solely because they are speculating on their future value—as curios—which will, they think bring high prices as other rare curios do—such as postage stamps, old buttons and whiskey bottles.

To try to obtain even a glimpse of the meaning or purpose of this art atrocity would be futile. The lowest savages of the prehistoric period could not have been guilty of fabricating such a monstrosity. The drawings on the walls of the caves of Dordogne are infinitely superior.

How any dealer, having the least concern for his reputation as an advisor of his clients could give space in his gallery to such æsthetic warts passes understanding. Their excuse may be that such aberrations were first exhibited in the Paris Salon. But, we repeat, the first were jokes! To-day they are nothing but bunco-impositions and a disgrace to the dealer who handles them.

If such things were the result of the meeting of some Caricaturist Club and preserved in the archives of an insane asylum, as evidence of the strange and abnormal working of the human mind when under the influence of an over-dose of such a mixture as a Manhattan cocktail, champagne and terrapin, we would not notice them. But when they are dignified as “high art” by being hung in the galleries of art-dealers and lauded by cunning-eyed hired clerks, paid go-betweens or interested critics, then it is time to analyze the causes which produced them and to ridicule them.





OUR METROPOLITAN LABYRINTH

To the Editor:

PERHAPS the most flagrant disregard of public convenience in New York City lies in the careless numbering of houses and inadequacy of street notation. The task of finding an address in a city like New York should not be a difficult proposition, yet it is frequently one of the most disconcerting of the labors on our daily calendar.

Recently a gentleman of my acquaintance sought a dealer in men's furnishings whose street address was given as 503 Fifth Avenue. Search of the proper block revealed a large office building at that address, but failed to disclose the desired store. He consulted a number of persons, and finally was directed to a place somewhere in the middle of the next block. As he walked down Forty-second Street he passed some six or eight small shops all bearing the same Fifth Avenue designation. These places were all independent concerns, with no entrances other than those on Forty-second Street, but they happened to be located in a building whose front door caught the windy gusts of The Avenue, and capitalized that circumstance on their stationery. Similar cases were found up and down the line.

The same gentleman had occasion to look up another dealer, whose place of business was number 912, on an avenue running parallel with Fifth and not far from it. As he stepped from the street car, a curious complication confronted him. The numbers ran: 906, 910, no number, 912, 914, 912, no number, 912. Which of these was his 912? He smote his brow and turned his back on the disordered scene, determined to trade elsewhere.

In the classified list of the telephone directory he found a second dealer and decided to try his luck again. This time he encountered another difficulty. The house numbers in this part of the city had recently been changed and some were of the old order, some of the new. Some houses bore two numbers, some bore none at all. 128 rubbed elbows with 518, 131 strove with 525. My friend dashed into the nearest subway refuge and rode out to Bronx Park to find out how they number the cages in the Zoo!

When he returned it was dark. His errand was unperformed. He determined to try again. Again obstacles arose to confuse him. Whether through false modesty or gross carelessness, householders had neglected to put their street numbers where they could be read in the dark. Occasionally a hall light disclosed a row of figures printed on the transom. Less frequently door lamps were appropriately engraved, but the numbers never seemed to be the ones he wanted. As often as not the address was concealed behind a window-box or hidden in a vestibule or omitted entirely. My friend trudged up

and down the street, musing on the convenience that would result, on the real saving in strength and time, not only for himself but for thousands of other mortals, if people would only employ some systematic and business-like arrangement in their city numbering.

It is up to us to correct the wrong. Streets and houses are hard enough to find in the daytime, doubly so at night. The lack of system is vicious, but not malicious. Let us consider it merely slipshod, and reflect that for a city that has grown in the haphazard fashion of New York even the prevailing inadequacy may be considered remarkable. That, however, is no excuse for continuing the disgrace. New York is not a beautiful city, but it is a singularly attractive place. All it needs to make it even more attractive is the exercise of a little more civic pride, the shouldering of a little more civic responsibility.

Why should we not have a simple system of house numbers, a system that will work in all parts of the city? Let there be a uniform apportionment of fifty numbers to the block, with half numbers where the blocks are of unusual length.

Approximately at First Street, First Avenue begins. Allowing fifty whole numbers to the block, the house on the odd corner of One Hundredth Street would be 5001. Let these numbers be uniform throughout the great parallel streets and avenues of New York. Suppose you wanted to go to 600 Fifth Avenue. The simple process of dividing six hundred by fifty would indicate that your search would end at Twelfth Street. Tenth Avenue begins at Twelfth Street. Under this system, the first number would be 600. The same order would work equally well with crosstown streets. A plan that has proved eminently successful in other places should present no difficulties here. Of course the thorough renumbering of all New York's streets would be necessary, but the labor and expense if undertaken by the individuals directly affected would be slight and more than offset by the convenience of being able to tell at a glance just where one stands.

In more complicated sections of the city the case would be necessarily a little more involved, but not much. With fifty numbers to the block, one could readily determine the number of blocks from the source of the street a given number might be found.

All numbers should be placed where they may be seen both day and night, in places where the ordinary lighting of the building will render them visible, or on the faces of illuminated door lamps. This brings us to the lamp question. Along many of the streets of one of our larger cities corner lamps are to be seen whose distinct simplicity is at once dignified and beautiful. On each round globe of

ground glass appears the number of the street, in clear print that can be seen from sidewalk and street-car. Besides being intensely practical, the soft brilliancy and uniformity of these lights add very greatly to the beauty of the city.

New York needs all the help it can get along this line, and the demand for improvement is heard on every hand. Without delay the City Fathers should

consider three fundamental reforms: the renumbering of buildings on a consistent and business-like basis, the exploitation of these numbers so they can be seen at a glance at any hour, and the uniform illumination and designation of street lamps, in sections of the city where this has not already been done.

Clemens Moffett

THE ÆSTHETIC IDEAL

By FR. ROUSSEL-DESPIERRES

Translated from the French

BOOK II—Introduction

REALLY universal, the æsthetic ideal dominates morality, education, practical life and even politics, the first law of which is to avoid placing obstacles in the way of the reign of the Ideal. Beauty radiates from the smallest corners of nature; the æsthetic sense exercises itself during the smallest occasions of life. There is always some way of conducting oneself in a more handsome fashion than the common; art does not limit itself to the products of the mind. There is an art of living; there is an art of performing, of carrying oneself and of thinking. Form and ground work, existence—may be all beauty!

But what is beauty? Man can only will whatever he conceives clearly; it is necessary for him to define the object itself of which he forms an ideal. Still, there is not one of the great objects to which human energy can consecrate itself which can be defined with an unquestionable precision. The just, the good, duty, right—these have, according to the latitudes, the surroundings and the individuals, very different meanings. They have no fixed boundaries. And without doubt this lack of precision is a grave imperfection. The greater number of the conceptions of the mind have value only on condition of being very clear. How, for instance, live according to justice, if we do not know with certainty what is just, what is to do or not to do?

The beautiful is no more definable than the just. But even if one could define it, one ought not to attempt it. Beauty draws its worth from feeling: there is no other criterion. People pretend to give an absolute infallible formula of right or duty; beauty has no need of it. Every man has the feeling for the beautiful, and that beauty which he discovers in things escapes all discussion. Nothing so doubtful as the right! On the contrary the reality of the beautiful is complete as soon as it is reflected in the individual conscience. Reason hesitates to determine the just or the true. Before beauty man can not doubt of the feeling which he senses, and this sentiment procures for him certainty without a rival.

If beauty is undefinable, is it at the same time subject to laws? and for the governance of the æsthetic life ought we to recognize these laws at once? and these laws, can they indeed be recognized? The absurdity of theories of æsthetics which define beauty by order, proportion, harmony or any other condition seems to confound, in advance, any new attempt of the kind. It is from reaction against

such theories that this contemporary doctrine was born, according to which, beauty is entirely within us and has no reality whatever in the objects external to us. But if we go to the bottom of things, this doctrine is not true, except so far as a very superficial truth may go. In fact it is less exact than the theories which it combats. Certainly the beautiful has no common measuring rod; each one of us sees in things only the kind and sum of beauty he is capable of recognizing, and all his being—sense and intelligence—unites in that discovery. Feeling for beauty is quite personal; this object or that rouses it in one person and leaves it unmoved in another. Education creates infinite differences between beings in respect to æsthetics; but, this exception made, the doctrine of the relativity of the beautiful is a false doctrine.

We are led astray by our conceptions because we are overrefined. Individual taste, too much cultivated, has become exclusive; thence came doctrinal skepticism. There has been no other means of accommodating the opposing tastes of the overrefined than to declare beauty unreal and entirely subjective. But seek out the reason for an æsthetic feeling among primitive beings, children, peasants: neither one nor the other discusses the beautiful and yet they respond on many an occasion to its attraction. In children the beautiful results especially from physiological emotions, shimmer of colors and lights. The peasant associates beauty with prosperity; he talks of beautiful wheat, beautiful vintages. Beauty in the eyes of a lover decks itself with the hope of enjoyment; beauty—was it not Stendhal who said it?—is a promise of happiness. Thus the æsthetic sense is by turns or altogether a physical sensation, a sentimental or intellectual excitement, a desire idealized by the imagination.

The imagination loves to surpass reality. Without ceasing it creates the unreal, and often that unreal realizes itself. But it also has its logic; it does not like monsters, and that is why the philosophy of bygone days was not so far wrong when it summed up beauty in order of proportion. Proportion and order certainly are not the sources of æsthetic feeling, but they are the conditions essential to pleasure in the beautiful. The mind and especially the senses admit nothing but the logical. The conscience is a perfectly coherent world where nothing incoherent can maintain itself. The same objects in the same conditions provoke the æsthetic feeling in the same

being. So there exists in things a faculty of awakening the idea and emotion of beauty. Innumerable are the causes and conditions of that idea and that emotion. Still, we may be able to group them into four categories: sensible and logical conditions the object, physiological and intellectual conditions in the subject. Thus in the production of the æsthetic pleasure there is necessary collaboration of the subject and object—which perhaps is not found again at an equal pitch in any other intellectual sphere.

The artist needs to recognize what causes, what conditions, as well in the eternal reality as in the human soul, produce the most frequent and intense æsthetic emotions. But—and this is a very important point—it is needful that art shall include the entire domain of beauty. The part it has to play and its means supply it with only a small portion of this immense domain. All that is beautiful does not appertain to art. Is it necessary to add, in return,

that art does not stop at the boundaries of the beautiful?

What any how, import, definitions, and rational delimitations? Always will feeling free itself from them. The grand practical superiority of the idea of the beautiful over the other directing ideas of the human mind consists in this: it has no need of definition or of limits. Beauty is a fact which has a value without its equal in the active life because it belongs to the order of feeling. The more intense the feeling, the more fruitful also is the practical energy in it.

Æsthetic ideal, therefore, draws all its force from passion. A philosophical æsthetic, in fine, sums itself up in the art of exalting and utilizing passion. It is for this reason that it pre-supposes the moral autonomy of the individual.

Morality—education—æsthetic life! those are the three aspects under which I propose to pursue the description of our Ideal.

CHAPTER I THE ÆSTHETIC MORALITY

IS the æsthetic morality a revolutionary morality, and does it deliberately separate itself from traditional morality? That is the question which ought to be made and should be very clearly solved. What then is traditional morality? For a long time now has philosophical analysis reduced it into two very simple elements, interest of the species and interest of the individual.²⁰

Under the disguises in which religion and spiritualism have clothed it, traditional morality is an entirely materialistic and practical one, and I dare add: somewhat a morality to disdain, when it attaches an immediate or supraterrrestrial sanction to our actions. But in the great number of consciences the idea of sanction has become effaced and thus the moral feeling has been profoundly specific; hereditary habits or the enlightened respect of necessary conventions suffice thereafter to maintain the traditional prescriptions. One must make no mistake in this: whatever unfortunate prejudices may be mingled with it—and perchance it is not very difficult to eliminate these—the old morality is really respectable and venerable. While identifying itself with the eternal interest of humanity, it has preserved life; perhaps we do not owe it anything more; it is doubtful if it has defended or increased the happiness of beings; but if humanity owes to its authority the fact of being preserved, then there lies a singular debt of gratitude which it would be puerile to deny. It is possible, it is probable that this morality may continue to render the same services to future humanity. But the human mind becomes more exacting, it aspires to a superior morality and a much more fruitful one, and that is a need which actual morality does not satisfy.

This may be decomposed, take it all in all, into two moral systems, one of which is superimposed on the other. The first—and it is the system of elementary obligations—constitutes, in a way, a moral negative; it is at work in the duties of justice—respect for human life, respect for family ties,

respect for propriety, respect for the rights guaranteed by the civil law. The second system, the loftier and more moral, embraces the active obligations which at the last analysis are formulated in the duty of charity. A twofold system, very coherent, which would be sufficient at all points—if it were practised! Its solidity finds powerful confirmation in this fact, that the historical evolution of institutions and social ideas has scarcely grazed it; and one might say that it is very difficult to imagine a morality which does not rest upon this double base: absolute obligations not to do—and duties, very much less formal, to perform.

If traditional morality is at the same time irreproachable in its principle, logical in its conceptions and universally accepted, what good is there, one may say, in preoccupying oneself with a new morality? We answer: because with the religious or spiritualistic ideal it has lost its hold, and is at the mercy of any audacious and clever dialectician; because a new ideal—and humanity will not be able to delay very much longer the adoption of a new ideal—implies a new morality.

Does then the æsthetic morality differ essentially from the spiritualistic morality? No, not if one considers only that ensemble of habits, social conventions and legal prescriptions which form it;—yes, it breaks with traditional morality by introducing a new conception of the Ideal into the directions of human life;—yes, also by substituting the principle of independence of conduct and the sovereignty of feeling and passion in the place of the old method

NOTE 20.—That hypocritical morality of interest in which the law of modern societies consists, rests upon a conception very rudimentary in truth, of the good of the species and that of the individual. It is not a morality of happiness or love, but a kind of empirical hygiene, limited to the preservation of life. As to what creates for us the reasons for existence, love, happiness, beauty, it does not guarantee or protect them. It does not raise itself to the level of the postulate that life is a means and in no wise a goal.

of rule and constraint. We need not add finally that it rejects as incompatible with moral feeling any idea of terrestrial or eternal sanction.²¹

Thus æsthetic morality, preserving the external forms and even the groundwork of hereditary morality, will merely animate man with a new spirit, and, one can assure him, this æsthetic breath will be the breath of life. Modern society, in which one is considered as honest and moral so long as one has not transgressed conventional obligations brutally so as to rouse certain prejudices in others, is in a way turned toward the negative pole of morality. On the contrary, æsthetic morality faces toward the positive pole. It only maintains the primordial inhibition to respect the rights of others, in order to raise the conscience toward a loftier and purer sphere, that of action for the good, in which the free, enthusiastic will itself becomes its own law and, measuring its responsibility by the hopes it has conceived, attributes to itself an infinite mission of concord and love. The æsthetic theory thus transforms the principle of morality, or, more simply stated, if you ask, it modifies the motive. But is not the method the secret of the success or impotence of systems?

The old morality poses, as its first duty, justice. Individualistic philosophy makes justice oftentimes consist in liberty. On the contrary, socialism, by making the right to live and the right itself to enjoy the essential principles of justice, confounds the two traditional duties of justice and charity, and at bottom admits only an active morality. Æsthetic morality has need of liberty; while searching for it in a purer form than the really materialist form of right, it establishes an absolute duty to respect it in others.

The respect for liberty is only one of the fundamental principles of the morality of right. Æsthetic morality includes a certain cycle of rights, like traditional morality, but it does not forget that the idea of obligation paralyzes activity and reduces the number of duties to the minimum of social demand. It is in free and active virtue that it seeks realization. Christian morality superimposed positive upon negative duties, the latter very strict ones, the former so vague that, in truth, the notion of good in it has remained greatly changed. Æsthetic doctrine, above imperative obligations, establishes the free and true morality—that which moves in the sphere of a voluntary activity all filled with aspirations, enthusiasm, love; in which morality, alien to every anguish as also to every hope of sanction, is inspired by no other motive than the joy of embellishing the world round about it, and, in itself, its own thought.

The absolute duties which it prescribes consist in obeying the social law; then in observing the relations of reciprocity which connect men with their family, their nation and other men and in respecting with sincerity the conscience and ideals of others.

We should understand well what obedience to the law means. It includes a formal inhibition against ever violating the rights of the State or those of other persons, even if our rights are misunderstood. Obligation to respect these rights in others is superior to every external condition, every circumstance of fact. It imposes itself on the conscience with all the rigor of the Kantian imperative, and that

too, not only because, while liberating ourselves from the social laws, we introduce or aggravate in society a principle of anarchy, but particularly because morality does not admit any preoccupation as to results, any bargaining for mutual advantages. If there does not exist a positive contract between the individual who reaps a benefit from the social life and society of itself, (since we are born into a society and can not escape from that society save to fall into another) nevertheless the evidence of a social duty is perfect. We can not put in question the obligation to respect in one's fellowmen their own will to live in society, and we can not conceive that a system of morality should authorize the conscience to revolt against that will. The anarchism of Tolstoi, which prescribes resistance to the laws by which the conscience is offended, borders on immorality. The first duty of conscience forced to suffer a law which it disapproves is to submit to it, the second is, to consecrate all one's efforts to obtain its abolition.

No more than it is permitted to the citizen to violate the law is it proper for the magistrate to allow it to fall into desuetude; the harm is the same. Certainly modern societies are equipped with far too many laws, and it would be a great benefit if liberal legislators undertook to purge legislations and reduce them to the prescriptions indispensable to orderliness and to national existence. But, so long as laws exist, to deny them is to violate social duty. A judge gives judgment in law-suits in the name of the law; he does not judge the law.

Do social conventions impose themselves upon the conscience like the law? Assuredly not, because by denying them we do not upset the social order. The domain invaded by convention is that very one where the independent action of the individual can exert itself the best. Undoubtedly a general tradition constitutes a kind of contract which, giving men united in society strong reason to expect it will be respected, compromise in some measure those who disapprove of them. If social conventions do not suit the conscience, it is evident that he who breaks with them ought to declare himself aloud beforehand; that is a question of loyalty.

This reservation made, it is a noble act to revolt against habits or social prejudices which one has judged and condemned in one's conscience.

In the same way, through a pure motive of loyalty, it is necessary to respect the relations of reciprocal aid which social life establishes for parents toward children, for children toward parents, for the State and different social organisms toward the individual and for the individual toward them. Respect for these relations merits the name of duty.

Thus patriotism is a duty. One's country is the limited, tangible form, and at the same time the

NOTE 21.—Whether penal, social or religious, every sanction is clearly immoral. Still, it is necessary to agree that there is not one of our acts which does not allow of a sanction. The purest of them are accompanied by a feeling of joy, esteem or pride, which becomes in turn the motive of action like material interest or religious hope. It would be necessary that man should cease to be man in order to abstract from his actions the idea of a recompense possible, or a punishment. But, under the régime of æsthetic morality, man will be noble and beautiful; seeking the unique sanction for his acts within himself, without fearing or hoping for anything from gods and men; he will then be perfectly moral.

sentimental and moral form, of human society. It is also the living law. It is the soul and body of each one of us. We are molded from the life of our ancestors and from the soil, the spirit, the maternal tenderness of our country. Like feminism, anti-patriotism is a form of suicide. But here conscience meets a delicate difficulty: the limitation of patriotism. Patriots in all times have thought that love of country consists in desiring the glory of conquests and universal supremacy, the humiliation of the rightful pride of alien nations. This conception gives place little by little to a more exact notion of the rights of one's country. Every man has a country, a nationality, and his national conscience is one of the most respectable elements of his personality. Respect for nationalities is the grand duty of humanity, as respect for the individual ideal is the grand duty of the individual. What is it, then, that constitutes a nationality? It is not the historical bond, almost always imposed by the tyranny of victory. It is not language, which is only the consequence of the historical bond. It is the will of the citizen. There is no viler attack on the conscience of peoples

and individuals than to separate them from the country of their heart.²²

NOTE 22.—We can not divine, we can scarcely conjecture the forms under which human society will develop. We have no right either to affirm or deny that the means of communication which modify the material existence and the ideas and feelings of peoples so profoundly, the rapidity and facility of which must increase prodigiously, will not, at a more or less advanced time, have mixed the races and interests to such a degree that a new bond must be substituted for the territorial bond. Space disappears, local interest is effaced, love for the corner of one's natal soil vanishes. . . . Some day, if the will of the peoples impose a general disarmament upon governments, if, brought close together by professional interest, by mutual assurance, by community of beliefs, by a similar ideal, certain international groupings shall be constituted with proper laws, a distinct personal and real body of statutes—what will remain of the venerable idea of country which has kept itself pure across thousands of years, down to our own days? No longer will the name of "country" evoke the horizon of our leading nations. A new feeling—not one of interest, but of the ideal, let us hope—will invite all hearts in a new city, a country, with wider frontiers. . . . But, with regard to this ideal country, individual duty will remain that which it is toward the ancient national country. So that anti-patriotism deceives itself when it proclaims and tries to precipitate the dissolution of nationalities.

To be continued.

FROM "THE HOUSE OF THE SPHINX"

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

They say the house is haunted by a ghost!
Or is it but some wizard Host
Who watches at the door?
As though the score

Had ever been ignored by any chance!
Nothing escapes the searching glance
With which He levies toll
On every soul.

Divine reports and messages obscure
Bearing a secret signature
Are written in the grass
For those who pass.

And rare desires and memories and fears
And dreams as radiant as tears
Are woven in the frieze
And tapestries.

At times the shuttles thunder and the loom
Spins darkness and appalling gloom
That ravel out again
In mist and rain.

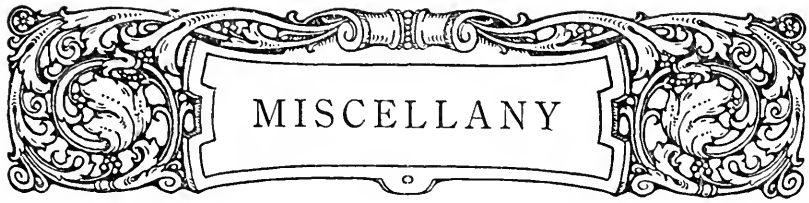
So when the summons comes for one to stray
Beyond this residence of clay,
Since mortals must explore
From door to door,

On some soft evening may a gradual voice
Bid waif and wanderer rejoice
In the green fire...and call
For each and all.

By the dim ways of dream the wandering breeze
Shall bring glad tidings from the seas
And secrets from the rose
That may disclose

The vast infinitude wherein must be
Once more a hazy memory
Of glimmering chambers trod
Alone with God.

From The Bang, Feb. 12th.



THE SALMAGUNDIANS AND THE SALMAGUNDI

To the Editor:—A question having risen as to the birth of the flourishing phalanstery of the Salmagundians, I rise to say: In the Winter of 1872 a small group of young men—painters, sculptors and illustrators—met on Saturday nights at the studio of J. Scott Hartley, on the top of an old building close by Niblo's Garden. Hartley was a sculptor, the son-in-law of George Inness. These young artists talked over their prospects and their trials. The world however looked bright and cheerful; fencing and boxing went on in one corner and discussions in another while the Fine Arts pursued their way as best they could.

After a while a sort of organization was formed by electing a chairman and it took the name of the Skylight Club. At the weekly meetings sketches were brought in and placed on the walls for general criticism and valuation. In these early days it was customary to select a subject from a list kept by the chairman that was made up of suggestions by the members; the sketches were of all sizes and in various shapes and materials, careful finish not considered necessary; the conception was the thing. Some of the drawings were sold to the publishers and several of the men thus made their first appearance in Black and White.

For several years this club was a migratory body, meeting in various studios until the year 1876, when there were forty names enrolled and permanent quarters were needed; but it was several years before this desirable end was attained. Successively, the bantling had rooms on Union Square, 396 Broadway, "Science Hall" in the University Building on Washington Square, also in the "Benedict" studios on Washington Square nearby; again at 121 Fifth Avenue and then at 149 West 22nd Street, finally settling in the present quarters at 14 West 12th Street in 1895.

The old rule was to have the list of subjects read at one meeting and the illustrations brought to the next. Some of the titles were striking. For instance George Inness, Jr. thought that "Life, like a dome of many colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity" was stunning. Fred Vance considered this a good one: "Winter lingering in the lap of Spring" or as a variant "And Winter slumbering in the open air wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring." Amongst others were these more or less peaceful ideas: "Contemplation" "Maternity" "Blood" "Horror" "Silence" "Hell" "Damnation."

The name Salmagundi, as adopted in 1876, is a word the origin of which is by some derived from a reference to "Salmagond" by the facetious Rabelais, where he speaks of appointing Gargantua governor of that place, or with greater likelihood from the French *salmigondis*, hodge-podge, salad, pickled meats, and that from *sal*, salt, and *conditus*, pickled.

To New Yorkers the "Salmagundi" of Washington

Irving lies nearer than Rabelais or its original meaning in Latin. Rabelais speaks of the inhabitants of Salmagond as being fond of their "bellies," that is to say, they liked good food and plenty of it; this weakness is also a characteristic trait of the members. Washington Irving and Paulding in 1830 edited a magazine published at Harristown, New Jersey, called the Salmagundi Papers. Smollett uses the word in the story of "Roderick Random"—to mention one of many instances of its use in English literature.

The first exhibition of Black and White paintings, drawings and engravings ever held in this country was opened at Leavitt's on the corner of Broadway and Twelfth Street in December 1876 under the management of the Salmagundi Club. It was followed by an auction sale of the exhibits. The results were depressing. In fact each of the exhibitions that followed annually, first at the National Academy of Design and then at the American Art Association galleries, was equally depressing, in spite of its undoubted artistic success. The losses were made good by an assessment of every member. On one of these occasions, after a long discussion as to the best method of meeting the deficiency, a member who had been listening in silence rose and said: "Mister chairman! I think this matter can be easily disposed of, by instructing the Treasurer to pay the deficit."

The club was incorporated in 1880 with a list of fifty names, including those of J. Francis Murphy, Joseph Hartley, Alexander C. Morgan, J. Scott Hartley, George Inness, Jr. and W. H. Shelton. At the present time the membership, resident and non-resident, is 750; about two-thirds of whom are artists and the remainder writers, physicians, lecturers, civil engineers and merchants. All of these laymen are classed as "Amateurs of Art." The accepted definition of an artist is as follows: "This club recognizes as an artist one who practices professionally any of the Fine Arts—Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Illustrating or Engraving—and whose work has been accepted in any reputable fine art institution." The president must always be an artist; this is another provision; and to avoid the danger that has wrecked so many art societies it is provided that a majority serving on all the committees shall be artists. The Salmagundi has always been fortunate in having competent and generous men in control of its affairs. Of course to this and the good fellowship that has prevailed is due the success of the club. An important aid to the club funds is the annual sale of paintings by auction in February, one-half of the proceeds going to the contributors.

Other exhibitions are held yearly, such as the Water Color Illustration and that of Oil Paintings; also many special exhibitions by individual members. The famous Mug Sale is in January. This is for the benefit of the Library. Twenty-four porcelain drinking mugs are decorated in fanciful designs by

as many artists and sold by auction, and the total income goes to the Library Committee to be expended in the purchase of books and other objects belonging to literature. The library contains the most complete collection of costume books ever brought together, as well as volumes on many other subjects, including a large number relating to the history of the Dauphin, also a set of the writings of Alexandre Dumas and other *éditions de luxe*, many of them beautifully illustrated. During the winter season a great many open discussions on all sorts of topics are held, ranging from Mystic Lore to Military Tactics.

Once a year a dinner is given in honor of a distinguished member of the craft and at the opening of the Winter season there is the Get-together Dinner, followed at the close of the season by the Get-away Dinner. By this time the Salmagundi has become one of the most improving agencies in the artistic world. "Strength levels ground and art makes a garden there."

Josephus

ART AND ARTISTS

To the Editor—

The great epoch of art in old Greece was in the time of Praxiteles. It reached perfection, not in the great artists it produced, but in the art appreciation the artists received all round from the people, which made them great. All of Greece looked for their expression with love, whether in sculpture, painting, poetry or architecture. There was a great fête when any sculptor announced one of his pieces finished. It was placed in public where it could be seen by all, open for criticism and admiration. The people were educated in art and showed interest in it. Thus through their works the artists communicated directly with the people.

We should have a public place, in the heart of every city in America, where business men and women could go in and out and spend a few of their leisure moments in finding recreation in viewing works of art.

Do not have juries of selection or put up pictures of great collectors and dealers, only in order to further their business interests. But take the artists, either in alphabetical order or in districts, and let the people judge. Have laymen hang the pictures—and you will probably say that we shall have some funny experiences; but I believe it would be a very little time before the people will be called upon to judge pictures as well as other municipal affairs. Then and not until then will the artist paint some essential idea and will really talk to the masses. Art should belong to the people. They should feel that artists speak to them.

On a recent tour through Florence the writer had an opportunity to listen to some American tourists at the Uffizi Gallery. Two young men came to the gallery ten minutes before the closing time. One of the young men looked at his watch and said "Ten minutes; do you think, Jack, we can do it?" "O, yes," replied Jack, and they fairly ran across the gallery, looking right and left. Surely they "did it"; but it did not do them much good. Some of our visitors go into the galleries and taking a catalogue look only for well-known names. The pictures themselves are only of secondary interest to them. For

this reason let us abolish the catalogue from the municipal galleries, so that the people may become educated to look at the picture and judge it for themselves. Let all artists sign their names legibly. From these galleries also let us abolish the art instructor, leaving entirely to the people the judgment of good art. Then our art critics will not have to write against cubists and other "ists," for the people will be sufficiently educated to condemn work that is not art.

A few years ago a young farmer came to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and seeing a student copying there, said "Excuse me; I would like to ask you a question. Are you paid by the day or by the piece?" The student replied "I am not paid at all." The farmer shook his head and looked with astonishment, saying "Well, well!" wondering, I suppose, what the poor devil lived upon!

It is generally accepted by the people that the artists belong to the leisure class. But this idea would soon disappear if the people could see that our mission in art is to ennoble them. How can we ennoble them if we do not reach them? Perhaps there would not be so many criminals if people could learn more of æsthetic pleasures. The American Federation of Arts is doing excellent work in sending out exhibitions to the different cities and thus educating the people; but in addition each city should have its own gallery which should be open day and evening. These exhibitions should be changed every month, and only one picture of one artist should be exhibited. Thus every one would be given a hearing. Then surely we shall have progress in art.

Zelma Baylos

FRIENDS OF THE YOUNG ARTISTS

The fourth competition instituted by the Friends of the Young Artists for sketches and designs for a decoration to a theatre lobby brought out some of the most comical attempts to be "in the swim" and up to date which have appeared of late. They are shown at No. 8 West Eighth Street, New York and comprise prize-winners no less than thirteen—nefarious number! With three or four exceptions the 66 competitors present a diligence in producing absurd and ugly things worthy of a better cause. And when we find the premiated pieces—we are at a loss to understand the ways of a jury of award.

First prize of \$200 goes to Burton Keeler of New York for a design on gold ground, taken from Greek vase paintings without effective composition and raw in color. Second prize of \$150 is won by Miss Alice Riddle of Philadelphia with two absurd compositions made of figures such as a child cuts from colored paper and pastes on a piece of cardboard—the colors atrocious. Prize third, of \$100 is given to Robert C. Doran of New York for a design that is intended to be classical, the colors equally bad if less bold. These prizes are generously offered by Messrs. Otto H. Kahn, C. G. Charles and P. J. Baumgarten. They have good reason to murmur.

The prizes of \$25 each, handsomely offered by Mrs. H. P. Whitney, are bestowed on weak caricatures of modern cubistrie by C. Tingler. T. P. Slusser, Miss Marguerite Zosach, James Chapin, C. L. Boni, Stephen Zarich, Miss Hester Miller, Hugo Gellert and Miss Georgianna Brown, among which the designs of Messrs. Boni—"Alice in Won-

derland"—Hugo Gellert—figures in buff against a vermillion ground—and Stephen Zarich—three Bacchantes dancing the can-can—have any idea of composition. On the other hand Claude Buck, who gets no prize, has a noteworthy "Cupid and Psyche" and Wille Celestino and Celestino Gambo show a feeling for composition and no little sense of color. If a competition cannot be carried out with better results in the way of distributing prizes, it would be well for the Friends of Young Artists to find some other way to help beginners in art.

NEW YORK ART SCHOOLS AND THEIR METHODS

It would be as easy to define that perfect Art School which would be efficacious for all the student's needs as it would have been for Diogenes to find an honest man in broad daylight by the aid of a lantern. Not that both good schools and honest men do not exist, but, as the result of the quest of an artistic education is after all a personal equation, so the individual temperament must decide what is the most congenial atmosphere for its creative powers to blossom in. However, a résumé of some of the New York Art Schools might be of interest and service.

Of the many Art Schools to be found in New York City, the Art Students' League is the oldest and most famous institution of its kind. Not modern in the extreme sense of the word, as that term would be applied to the Modern Art School at Washington Square. But, besides having an academic tradition, it has added thereunto all the vital life and *libido* that is in the spirit of contemporary art.

Founded in 1875 by a group of enthusiastic students, the League has grown so rapidly that it has been obliged to move from Fifth Avenue to Twenty-third Street and in turn from Twenty-third Street to its present abode in the Fine Arts building on Fifty-seventh Street. It has numbered celebrated American painters among its pupils. The late William M. Chase was for many years an instructor at the Art Students' League and the Academic banner is still borne proudly aloft by Frank Vincent Du Mond.

The Miller Composition Class is the most advanced class in the school. In this class Mr. Miller gives the student free reign to drive in any of the artistic highways he chooses, and if necessary for the individual's expression to leave all the beaten paths and conventional roads and to strike across country as it were, blazing a trail for himself in a new yet oftimes archaic style of drawing and color composition which cannot be accused of being in the slightest way academic. Detail studies of decorative backgrounds are special features of the work of this class, whereas in the Du Mond Life Class the background is almost entirely ignored. The attention of the painter is directed entirely to modeling the figure and making it the principal thing of his picture. While it is true that many of the studies of nudes look as if they have been but lately exhumed from a long interment, yet one grows gradually to appreciate their unnatural green, amber and blue tones. The students very seldom use a model in this class; they work up their compositions entirely from the imagination and by combining sketches. The scholar-

ship-winning picture by Mary Bayne, a sort of Adam and Eve, Garden-of-Eden *motif*, is a charming example of the subtle and unique work of this class.

In passing to the Bridgeman Life Class, where anatomical construction used to be the silent slogan of an earnest clan, one notices that, while not despising construction and while the student is just as anxious to attain the "Bridgeman swing" (rhythmic line) in his figure drawing as a Southerner would be to dance the Virginia Reel, yet the introduction of the action pose into this class, [in which the model walks through the classroom assuming various graceful attitudes which the student draws from memory in the manner of the Japanese artists] the introduction of this fleeting pose has added a new zest to drawings that a few years ago were merely careful and laborious studies of the muscular development of torsos and figures. But Mr. Bridgeman realizes that life is movement (especially in New York) and art is life; hence no sleeping academic sluggard accustomed to draw motionless models will find a congenial place in his class! The legend of Rodin's method of having nude models walk up and down the studio, thus studying the supple play of the muscles when the figure is moving, has had a wonderfully regenerating effect upon the students' work. Instructors and students realize more and more that the study of Nature in her unselfconscious moments is the surest way of giving vitality to artistic expression. It is in fact owing to this simple method that Auguste Rodin has attained to the highest place in the Pantheon of modern sculpture, in spite of his rejection by the French Academic schools during his earlier career in Paris.

Very little need be said about the work of the Portrait Classes of the Art Students' League. There is nothing remarkable or notably individual here to merit especial mention. The students are faithful in following along the traditional ruts, worshipping alternately at the shrines of Velasquez, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, etc., or at times (which is worse) they strive to paint in the manner of Henri or Sargent. One notices a more inspired feeling however in the work of the modern class. Before continuing on this war path, mention might be made of the execrable drawings of Indians and cowboys made in the Illustration Classes, the models of which seem to have been wooden figures in front of cigar stands.

In the Arcade Building on Broadway we find a school of an entirely different type, the Independent School. Here is a place that is unique in America and is entirely free from formulas, documents or stipulations. Every man or woman finds there an unobstructed field for personal observation, investigation and experiment. The classes are conducted on a plan which gives the greatest facilities to all. The beginner's own soul will not be warped to fit within the narrow margin of an art creed. It will develop itself naturally from the direct study of nature and not from an inanimate cast. Whatever form of art his personal impulse and temperament will order him to follow, he will be free from the dictating influence of another personality. The head of the school is Homer Boss, the friend and helper of his pupils, rather than their tyrannic pedagogue.

The Modern School is situated on Washington

Square, now the accepted "center" of the New York art world. Within this romantic atmosphere progress should be easy; and very convenient are the "small Bohemian restaurants" where the students can gather for their repast without removing their paint-covered smocks—so runs the catalogue of the modern school. In this, the most extreme of New York art schools, Mr. W. Reiss is conducting a class in poster designing according to the most modern European ideas. An interesting feature is a class where, upon the payment of a small sum, the student can spend his afternoons drawing from the nude. The Sculpture Class receives criticisms from Miss Florence Lucius, and Mr. William Zorach directs the other groups.

The beforementioned Art Schools are devoted solely to the study of High Art but for students who are obliged to earn their living the New York School of Fine and Applied Art offers the most practical training. Here there are classes in Poster Painting and in the designing of costumes and hats, etc. If the dictum of Oscar Wilde holds true that nothing that is useful is beautiful and therefore that all real art must be useless, one will have to discard the work of these students, who make clever cover-designs for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*. But it must be remembered that owing to the same rule one would also have to discard the beautiful Attic vases with their marvelous figures in pale amber silhouettes against polished black and red backgrounds. These vases were undoubtedly as useful in their time in Athens 400 B. C. as receptacles of

oil and wine as our modern monstrosities of that ilk in ours. Yet their past usefulness does not in the slightest impair their present graceful shape or the superb rhythmic line of the nude bodies of the classic Greek youths that decorate their sides. Yet one must admit that it is necessary to blush when comparing a Greek vase with a clever cover design for a modern magazine.

The Cooper Union founded by Peter Cooper also offers chances of practical study in mural decoration and in ornamental modeling, but it must be confessed that this school, along with the National Academy of Design, produces the sort of student who remains a student for the rest of his life, still plodding on from year to year drawing in a hard stiff manner and becoming at last nearly as useless as the fossil of an antediluvian beast in the Museum of Natural History. The fetid atmosphere of these two schools is probably as old as Methuselah and the present ventilation is not much better than that of his day. The Pratt Institute is so well known as a place of practical torture, where the student may learn art in a perfectly mechanical system, that there is hardly any need of giving it special notice. To conclude, we may quote the pious litany of a fellow painter who was sentenced to study in the two last mentioned schools. He told the writer that he murmured every night on bended knees the following prayer: "From the National Academy of Design, from the Pratt Institute and from the Cooper Union: *good Lord deliver us.*"

Theodore Lynch Fitz Simons

THE GEOMETRIC BASIS OF PICTORIAL ART

By K. H. DE HAAS

That the arts are subject to rules and restrictions is a truth to both artists and laymen. However, one exception is generally made, and that exception is the free art of painting and drawing. Is not the very title of this article "The Geometric Basis of Pictorial Art" opposed to the conception that most painters and critics have of the nature of pictorial art? And yet there is nothing more erroneous than the belief that the so-called free art of painting and drawing is free in regard to the composition of the subject matter.

As an example to illustrate my statement that geometry is basic to pictorial art, I select Rubens's "The Descent from the Cross," which was the subject of Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl's article in the November number of this magazine and which is again reproduced in this issue (page 437).

Before we analyze the foundation of the composition of this masterpiece of Rubens, let us first study the proportions of the panel on which Rubens painted this work "of sublime beauty" as Mr. Ruckstuhl describes it.

Fig. 1 shows a circle, the periphery of which has been divided into twelve equal parts. Each of the twelve points dividing the periphery is connected by a straight line with each of the other points, and there results a regular dodecagon with all its diagonals.

We have drawn with heavier lines the oblong that is included between four of the diagonals, and that has the shape of Rubens's painting. It is evident that the angle of 15 degrees is dominant between every two lines in the dodecagon, or in other words: 15 degrees is the arithmetical mean of all the angles in this linear division of the circle.

Fig. 2 shows the same oblong that is drawn with heavier lines in Fig. 1, but now enlarged to the same size as the reproduction of Rubens's painting, so that it can be compared with it. The lines that are drawn through it are the diagonals of the dodecagon in so far as they pass through the oblong. We have now arrived at the geometrical basis that underlies Rubens's composition; for, if we place the sheet with the F line-figure, 2, on top of the reproduction, we see how the basic lines in Rubens's composition coincide with the lines in Fig. 2. *Note 1.*

The very center of the dodecagon (Fig. 1) has become in Rubens's picture the point on which his figures pivot.

Compare for instance the distances from the eyes of the opposed figures to Christ's shoulder, as a center. Note how the distance from Christ's outstretched hand to this shoulder is equal to the distance from His foot to this shoulder. Mark, above

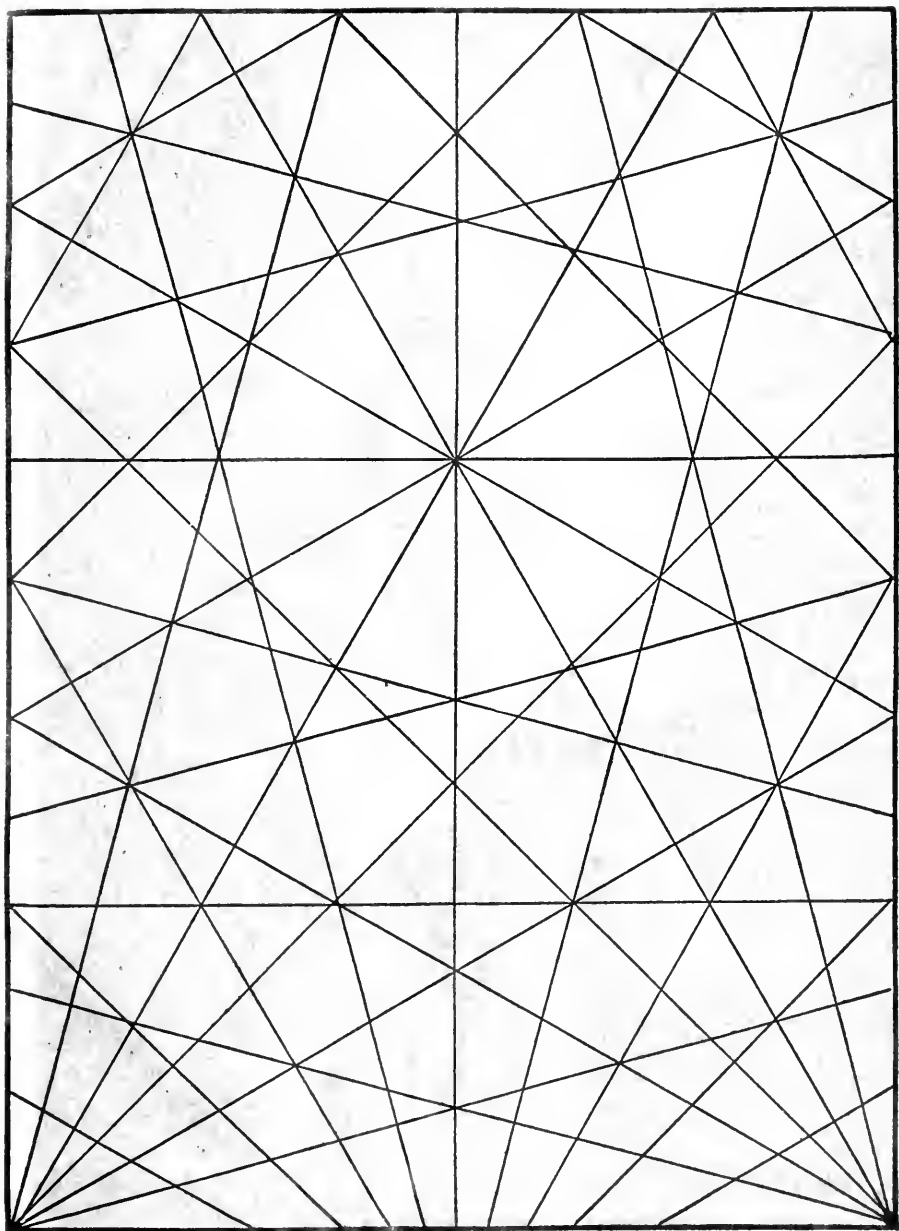


FIG. 2.

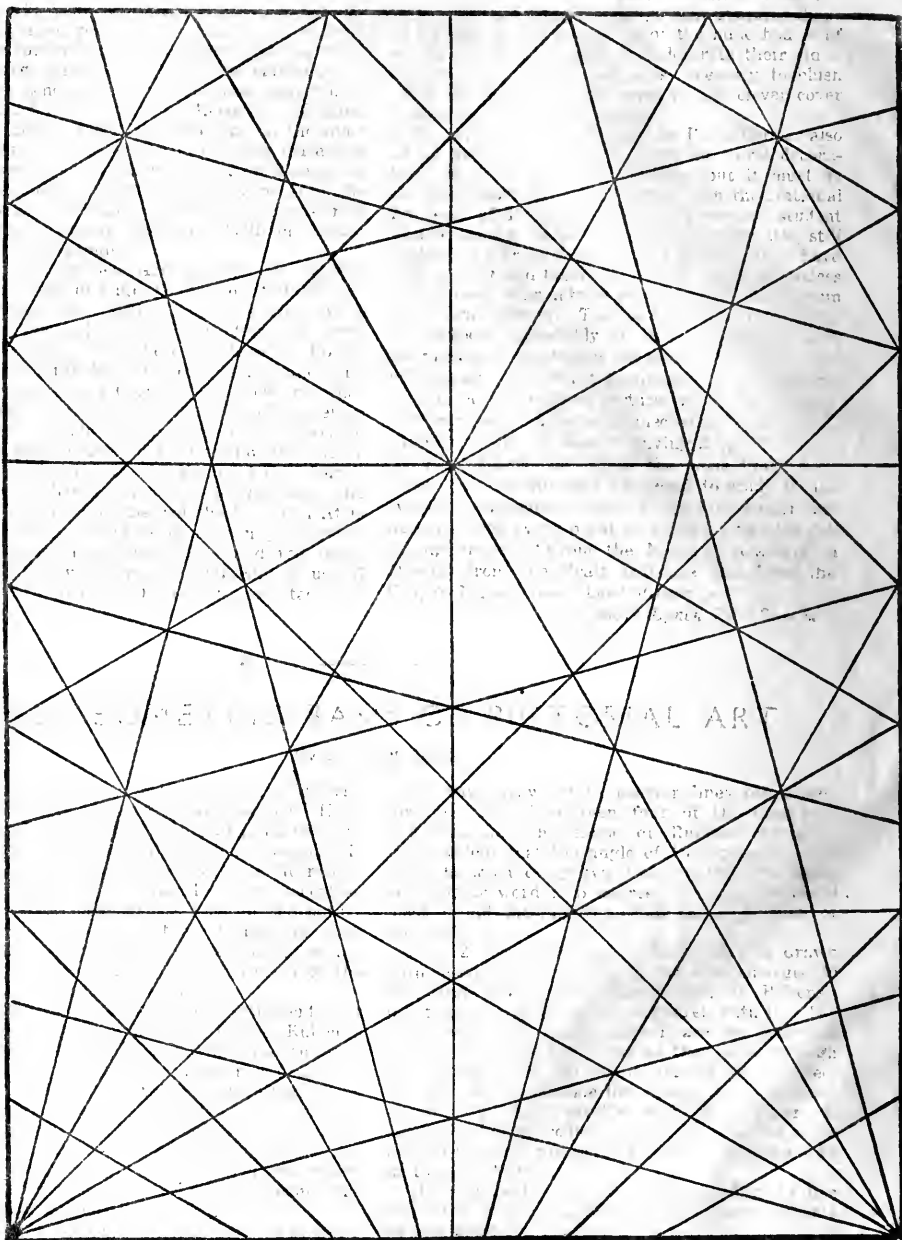


FIG. 2



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"
BY RUBENS

all, how Christ's head, the most important detail of the whole subject-matter, is, as it were, supported by this geometrical nucleus. Note also, that if we place the sheet F with Fig. 2 top-downwards over

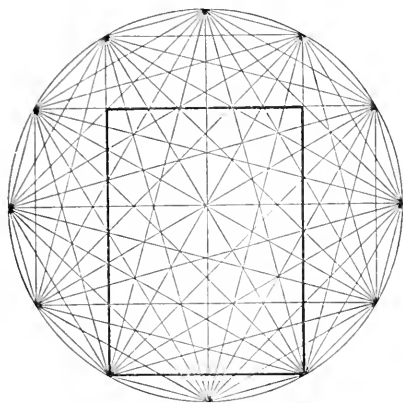


FIG. 1.

the reproduction, this same nucleus props the hand that supports Christ's leg. See how the hand above Christ's head leans, as it were, on the horizontal line that, with the base of the oblong and with the respective parts of the standing sides of the oblong forms a square. This means that the distance from the hand to the base of the painting equals the width of the painting; or in other words that this hand marks off the shorter dimension of the painting on the longer dimension and thus makes us feel the rhythm of their proportion. Mark, after replacing the sheet with Fig. 2 again in its first position, how the whole division of light and dark follows the lines of Fig. 2, which means, that the boundaries between light and dark form angles of 15 degrees or multiples of 15 degrees P, which was also the case, as we have seen, with the diagonals in the dodecagon.

With reference to the proportions of this Rubens panel it can be stated that canvases of this shape have been used by many of the great artists—Rembrandt, Memline, Leonardo and others—who feeling (or knowing?) the importance of its nucleus, accented the vital features (as the eye or the mouth in a portrait) by means of it. That some of the modern masters and critics are not unsensitive to the beauty of composition based on geometrical figures can hardly be proven more clearly than in the case of Renoir's "Baigneuses" (1885) and the eulogy on it by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright in his "Modern Painting." It is remarkable that one can elaborate on the lines in this composition without observing the linear geometrical scaffolding on which this picture is built, and which, but for an insignificant variation, is the same as the one that underlies Rubens's masterpiece.

That the proportions of Rubens's panel contain, from their very origin, decided rhythmical elements, can be demonstrated geometrically by con-

structing an oblong of these proportions, as follows:

Fig. 3. Describe around point O two concentric circles, the one with radius R, the other with radius 2R. The rectangle that is circumscribed about the smaller circle (3 sides tangent) while inscribed in the larger circle, is similar to Rubens's panel. Note 2.

Now we must remember that we constructed the smaller circle with the radius R. This means that the line *oa* equals *R times the square root of 1*, from which we can easily prove that the line *ob* equals *R times the square root of 2*.

The line *oc* equals *R times the square root of 3*. The line *od* equals *R times the square root of 4*.

In other words the squares of the distances from the point O to the sides and to the corners of the oblong are in the ratio 1:2:3:4. The position of the point O on the canvas gives rise to rhythm that can be expressed by the arithmetical progression, 1:2:3:4. The very fact that the artists who used canvases of the proportions of this oblong, accentuated this rhythmical point on the canvas in their compositions, goes to prove that their sense of rhythm found satisfaction in the geometrical rhythm of the canvas, and the fact that art-lovers have a preference for pictures of which the basic composition is in harmony with the geometrical elements of the canvas, supports the statement that geometry is basic to pictorial art. Comparative study of the geometrical elements in the composition of the paintings of different schools of all ages, would show that the pictures of the periods when the geometrical elements in the composition were stronger, are considered to be of a higher order than the pictures of the periods with a lessened sense for the geometrical foundation of composition.

For those who are interested in this subject I wish to state that the idea of a necessary geometri-

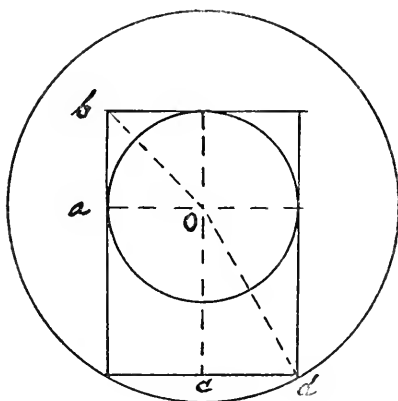


FIG. 3.

cal foundation of the composition of paintings belongs to W. A. van Konijnenburg, who has explained his ideas in a recently published work: "De Æsthetische Idee" (The Æsthetic Idea) pub-

lished by Mouton & Co., The Hague, Holland, 1916. Notwithstanding the fact that this unusually interesting book is written in Dutch, its contents would undoubtedly be of great value to the American student of *Æsthetics*, since he could in some measure understand the author by studying the many illustrations which are made by Van Konijnenburg himself and which closely follow the text. Van Konijnenburg calls attention to the regular geometrical figure and the forms derived therefrom, as the basis of composition in all the plastic arts, including the free arts of drawing and painting, and he elaborates particularly on the inevitable relation between the geometrical basis of a composition and the geometrical peculiarities of the plane on which the composition is drawn or painted.

NOTE 1:—I wish to say that it is dangerous in studying the basic composition of paintings to depend entirely on reproductions. This can be readily understood when comparing our reproduction of Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" with that in H. Knackfuss's "Kuenstler Monographien" (Rubens, page 17) in which the whole foreground of the painting is cut off, and with the reproduction in Adolph Rosenberg's "P. P. Rubens" (1911) (page 61) which shows the work in a still

more mutilated shape. To those who are susceptible to the rhythmical qualities of a composition, such mutilation renders reproductions near to worthless. Another reason why the study of basic composition from reproductions in black and white can at best be very insufficient is, that such reproductions do not always render different tones and color-intensities; so that lines, which in the original painting are formed merely by their being common boundaries of differently colored spots, may not show up in the reproduction. It is evident that, when such lines are missing, the study of the complex of lines and their geometrical relationship becomes rather incomplete.

NOTE 2:—It was while my article was at the printer's that I saw mentioned for the first time the actual dimensions of Rubens's "The Descent from the Cross."

This was in the work on P. P. Rubens by Adolph Rosenberg, who gives them as high 4.20 meters and wide 3.10 meters.

In applying to these proportions the formula of which my article treats, I find that a height of 4.23 meters would exactly fit to a width of 3.10 meters.

Although I am inclined to take all measurements of paintings in catalogues as only more or less approximately exact, I think that the trifling difference of 3 centimeters (1 inch) on a total length of 420 centimeters (a difference of $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1%) might be easily accounted for as shrinkage of the wood of the panel during the 300 years since the painting was made (1611-1614).

K. H. de Haas





PERIOD FURNITURE IN MODERN HOMES

By WALTER A. DYER

Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen," "Creators of English Style," etc.

Illustrations by courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

UNQUESTIONABLY, American home-makers are taking a more and more intelligent interest in the historic styles in furniture. Rapidly have the so called modern styles and designs of no particular period given place to these historic styles, or what purport to represent them. In fact, the vogue for this sort of thing has been of almost too rapid a growth; it has led to superficial knowledge and slipshod execution. The American purchaser appears willing to pay good prices for period furniture, while his knowledge of the period styles, as well as that of the salesman, is astonishingly slight. I doubt whether he would buy pictures or phonograph records on such slight information—certainly not books or theatre tickets or automobiles.

The way this vogue for the historic styles has caught on is very impressive to one who follows art movements and similar tendencies. At the present moment the furniture and department stores of New York are displaying almost nothing but period furniture, and window labels and show cards mention the names of Queen Anne or Thomas Chippendale



PRESS CUPBOARD OF OAK WITH MOULDINGS AND BOSSES PAINTED BLACK AND RED. A TYPICAL PRODUCTION OF THE JACOBÆAN PERIOD.



GATE-FLAG TABLE. A TYPICALLY JACOBÆAN PIECE.

—this is "good selling stuff." All this is something we must take account of. The manufacturers respond readily with an increased output of more or less meritorious reproductions of period furniture. Should there not be an equally ready response from those whose business or pleasure it is to disseminate information and try to correct the prevalent American tendency to go wrong in matters artistic?

As a matter of fact, something ought to be done, not only because education is always better than ignorance, but because, to put it bluntly, good American dollars are being spent for trash.

I said that the New York stores were displaying period furniture. That was a euphemism. Period furniture it is called, and period furniture it looks like to the uninformed shopper. Some of it, indeed, is period furniture, for there are, of course, plenty of conscientious, studious, skillful designers, and there are manufacturers who are honest enough and wise enough and possessed of enough of the spirit of craftsmanship to impel them to seek for beauty and accuracy in their reproductions, and to tell the truth about them.

MAHOGANY SIDEBORD, GEORGIAN PERIOD



The uninformed shopper, alas, has no means of distinguishing between the products of the honest and careful manufacturer and those of the other sort. When I look into New York shop windows and observe, beautifully displayed, the usual sort of reproduction that is two-fifths period style and three-fifths the joint product of a Grand Rapids draughtsman and an automatic turning lathe, the whole thing gracefully termed a William and Mary dining-room suite, I sometimes wonder what the more particular Englishmen or Frenchmen must think of us. For a large portion of the so-called period furniture displayed in our stores is just that—a hybrid, mongrel style, with just enough historic details to produce a sort of off-hand resemblance to the genuine thing, compounded with the most casually designed and executed machine work showing neither taste nor imagination.

Permit me to remark, parenthetically, that my reference to Grand Rapids was not intended as a slur upon the fair name of that city. For Grand Rapids has become not only the greatest furniture producing center in the world, but it is rapidly becoming something very like an art center, so far as applied art is concerned. Time was when the art of Grand Rapids was a joke, but she has outgrown the days



MAHOGANY HIGHBOY, TYPICAL OF THE LATE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD, WITH CARRIOLE LEGS AND BROKEN-ARCH PEDIMENT.



CARVED CHAIR OF CANE AND BEECHWOOD TYPICAL OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD. WALNUT WAS MORE COMMONLY USED. THIS ONE HAS THE FLEMISH SCROLL FLIT



MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD, WITH THE SHIELD-SHAPED BACK INTRODUCED. HEPPELWHITE

of Mission furniture and crude imitations and is probably producing as much fine furniture to-day—true to type, beautifully designed and honestly executed—as any city in the world.

But Grand Rapids and other cities where furniture is made are continually producing so-called period furniture that is just wrong enough to be dangerous. In proportion, workmanship and finish, it may even be very good furniture, but it is not what it purports to be. It finds a ready customer in the man or woman of fairly good taste who almost knows what the historic styles are, but not quite.

I do not mean to intimate that one should purchase nothing but genuine antiques; there wouldn't be enough to go around even if we could all afford them. Our homes are the more beautiful because of the reproduction of historic styles by modern manufacturers. Nor must every piece be an exact copy of an authentic antique. The requirements of modern life call for pieces of furniture that were not made in Jacobean or Georgian days. But it is quite possible for a well-equipped designer to fashion a library or bedroom suite, for example, in which every detail is authentic, and which exemplifies the true spirit of the period that it seeks to represent. This, indeed, requires greater skill than mere copying, and not all designers possess that skill. The result is the mass of near-period furniture of which I have been speaking.

Now what shall we do about it, since we cannot hope to reform the manufacturers? Shall we go on buying it, flattering ourselves that we have the real thing? Or shall we learn to discriminate between the true and the not-quite-true? Furniture of this type should last a lifetime. Shall we condemn ourselves to a life-long association with styles that are essentially counterfeit?

This is not an argument for or against the use of period furniture. The fact is that the historic styles are popular and furniture which claims to be true to type is being constantly bought and sold. If we desire period furniture in our homes, let it be genuine in design.

How can we be sure of what we are getting? We cannot depend on a salesman's say-so. He may be honest, but no better posted than we. Our only safeguard is a more thorough education along these lines, and the time to get this education is before purchasing, not after.

The average American likes a quick and easy path to knowledge, but that is not the way to become familiar with the essentials of the historic styles. One must visit museums and make a study of authentic examples. One must read books on the subject—of which many good ones have been printed. One must study the illustrations in these books, until one can recognize at a glance the period of a piece as one recognizes the make of a motor car by the shape of the hood or the proportions of the body. Then, when one sees a chair or a table in a shop window, one can tell at a glance whether or not it possesses the fundamental characteristics of the style indicated on the label.

Just at present the English styles are much more popular than the French or the Italian, and to simplify matters, one may concentrate on a study of the English styles. Even this is bound to be a long, tedious process, if really correct knowledge is desired. No single magazine article could attempt to offer such knowledge in tabloid form. But it may be possible to help the beginner, by means of a sort of outline, to economize his effort.

Roughly, then, English furniture may be divided into that of the age of oak, lasting until about 1660; the age of walnut, 1660 till about 1725, and the age of mahogany, to the beginning of the nineteenth century. That is the first broad division. Then there are the periods, variously named. Of

the Norman and Gothic periods we need take little account, as the styles of those periods are of little use in modern American homes. The same is largely true of the early Tudor period. Our study may perhaps begin with the late Tudor or Elizabethan.

Here we need to become familiar with the general effect of the heavy furniture then in use, the style of the carved ornament, and such characteristic details as the bulb or melon formation on the upright supports of the long trestle tables.

Jacobean furniture is receiving a good deal of attention just now, and this period deserves more careful study. During the reigns of James I and Charles I we find oak still in use, but with new forms of construction and turning and a new style in the carved ornament. Particularly should one become familiar with the press and court cupboards of the period, and the gate-leg table.

The interim of the Commonwealth may be passed over with less care, as it produced little of note in this field, but with the late Jacobean or Restoration period we have the introduction of walnut and the influx of foreign elements of design. The narrow, high-backed cane and walnut chairs, with their carved details, require special attention.

Then the William and Mary period, with its Dutch influence, must be studied—the change in chair forms, particularly the legs and stretchers—and the form of the highboys. With Queen Anne came another type of chair, table, and highboy, and the cabriole leg. And finally the Georgian period, with its mahogany furniture, and the highly specialized designs of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and their contemporaries.

Nothing but painstaking study along these lines, I am convinced, can safeguard the purchaser against reproductions that are untrue to type and when the purchasers are at last able to distinguish for themselves between the true and the false, the manufacturers will be forced into line, and we shall find less of the pseudo period styles in our shops.



A NEW TYPE OF INDUSTRIAL TOWN

By J. B. WOODS

IN this day of country-wide industrial development there are thousands of families dwelling in communities which are parts of their supporting plants. Mines, mills and factories all have their dependent villages, consisting of tenant houses, churches and school-houses, and stores. As a general rule such mill-towns are exceedingly unattractive to the appraising eye. The houses are small, evidently built upon one set of plans, and painted if at all out of the same color pot.

Of course the underlying reason for such same-

ness and lack of beauty is the mill-owner's desire to be economical, and it must be admitted that often he and his family dwell in no better quarters than his employees. But really there is no excuse for this, for a measure of careful planning will cause the same expenditure of money to produce an attractive group of buildings which will be a source of happiness and contentment to the occupants and a worthwhile advertisement for the owners.

The bungalows shown herewith are located in

Arkansas, upon a piece of land which was covered with dead cotton stalks but a few months before. They have no reason for being except the close proximity of a newly erected sawmill, and they are intended to house a number of families whose incomes range between nine and eighteen dollars per week, with the average hovering at twelve dollars. And yet these people enjoy well-aired and comfortable houses, with such conveniences as electric lights, natural gas, fire protection, mail delivery and telephones, while churches and schools are but a few steps distant.

No two bungalows are alike in color, and although there are but three variations of design the manner in which these houses are placed gives an impression of great variety. They are built of short-leaf pine, known commercially as Arkansas Soft Pine, which adapts itself to all necessary uses except for shingles, and these are of red cedar, stained in colors to contrast with the walls and

trim. Inside, the floors and finish are of the same material as the outer siding, the wood dressed and stained to bring out its natural beauty of grain. Rooms are large, with wide windows, and spacious verandas afford pleasant refuges from the extremely warm summer sun.

There are three sizes, three, four and five rooms, the two larger types boasting bathrooms in addition to the living apartments. Rentals are seven, ten and twelve dollars respectively in proportion to size. The final argument from the builder's point of view is that they bring good revenue, for the total investment was but a few dollars above seven hundred per dwelling.

Thus, by an investment but slightly greater than that of many an unsightly town development, the owners of this mill town brought into being a pleasant homelike village, whose inhabitants are both comfortable and proud of their homes.

THE CHÂLET SUISSE AND THE BUNGALOW

By E. B. ALLEN

THE bungalow, so deservedly popular as a country house, especially on the Pacific Coast where it has been so extensively developed, while of varied character, owes more to the native architecture of the Swiss mountaineers than any other, for its characteristic and picturesque outlines, utility and adaptability to our country life. No other style is so plastic, so easily moulded to our individuality, so adaptable to varied situations and conditions.

The accompanying illustrations are from photographs of a few of these original Swiss chalets, taken during a short sojourn in the Bernese Oberland and valley of Grindelwald, Switzerland, where these ancient and fascinating mountain houses are still

numerous. A comparison at once shows the strong resemblance between these homes and a majority of our bungalows.

Swiss chalet architecture is considered the oldest in the world, having apparently originated with the Swiss lake-dwellers in prehistoric times, and thus must be man's first attempt at house building. Some of these houses are so very primitive that this is easy of belief. There is, however, a very strong resemblance between these dwellings in Switzerland and those of Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Bohemia and the Austrian Alps. Their interior arrangements, furniture, ornaments, carvings and painted decorations are also strangely similar, as if wave



CHALET OVERLOOKING THE GRINDELWALD, GLACIER AND ICE PEAKS.



HOUSE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN OF GRINDELWALD. THROUGH THE GAP CAN BE SEEN THE GLEISTENING, BLINDING WHITE HEAD OF THE JUNGERAU.

on wave of immigration or the natural spread of ideas had carried them far from the point or origin. Still there is a variation from country to country, just as there is from Canton to Canton, in Switzerland.

They are scattered all over the hills and valleys, even to the edges of glaciers and perpetual snow, frequently perching like birds' nests in most unlikely places. They appear at the road side and on prominent points above you, while a sudden turn in the road may bring you almost on the stone laden roof of one of them nestling at your feet. But wherever they are, their positions are so well chosen that they seem always a natural part of the landscape, at one with the mountains, the little patches of verdant fields and the eternal snow.

They vary from tiny sheds for the storage of hay on the hillsides, or shelters for cows and goats or weary travelers, to the snug, strong farmhouse, sheltering not only the family, but all the cattle, goats, hay, provisions, as well under its roof. With in others which are often leaky and dilapidated from age and neglect, is made the famous Swiss Cheese.

The front or façade of a chalet is quite human. It is indeed the face of the house,—a true index to its character and that of its occupants. Also it gives the family history. Thus, if it belongs to a skilled carver, it displays his best handiwork across its front, on mouldings, beam ends and brackets, etc.; otherwise it is plain. If the owner has an artistic sense (and most of them have), these carvings and spaces between are painted with harmonious combinations of blue, green, red, violet, white, etc.

If the house has more than one room in front, it again is shown by the vertical rows of projecting beam ends of the interior walls, which divide them, one from an-

other. The owner's poetical nature is shown in the inscription on its special beam over the windows, always appropriate and interesting. Then there is the record, like a page from history, giving the owner's name, the builder's name and the date of erection. Neglect and care both leave their imprint also. This surely is a most unique collection of facts and fancies, nowhere else to be found, easily read by any one strolling along the roadway. They are veritable poems in wood, with a beauty and grace, never to be forgotten by those who have seen them. These inscriptions are unique, full of religious fervor, hospitality and the spirit of freedom.

Roof end and balcony are supported by huge brackets formed by the projecting ends of the beams which compose the house walls. They are cut into graceful curves and decorated with carving. The balusters of the balconies and stairs also show a bewildering array of carved designs. The houses combine to a surprising extent, massive strength and solidity (as displayed by their heavy beams and supports) with a delicate lightness and airy grace, which is contributed by the carvings and ornaments.

The wood, innocent of paint, is weathered to a rich mahogany or light gray, in pleasing contrast to the vivid green of the fields or the yellow, ripening grain. The casement windows filled with small panes of glass, round or square, are numerous, frequently extending across the entire front of the house, and around the corner of the first story. They are protected by solid green shutters. Some have balconies under the eaves and outside staircases reaching to the upper stories.

There is the stamp of antiquity everywhere and one wonders how many generations have been sheltered within these walls. All nature seems friendly and at peace in this wondrous little corner of the universe where man first built the chalet.



IN A VALLEY AT THE INTERSECTION OF TWO LAKES.



"WHEATLY": A COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT WESTBURY, L. I.: McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF A TRULY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

By LIONEL MOSES

THE correct practice of the arts is founded on knowledge of their laws, which, by setting a limit on fancy, act as safeguards. But the laws should be used to prevent excesses of the imagination not to enslave it as would be the case if they were followed absolutely. It is the degree of liberty indulged in which stamps the practitioner as copyist, artist or innovator. It is the middle ground to which he should aspire and he should be neither too timid to depart from rigid rule, nor so vain as to endeavor to flout the old ones.

Here are a few maxims to guide us.

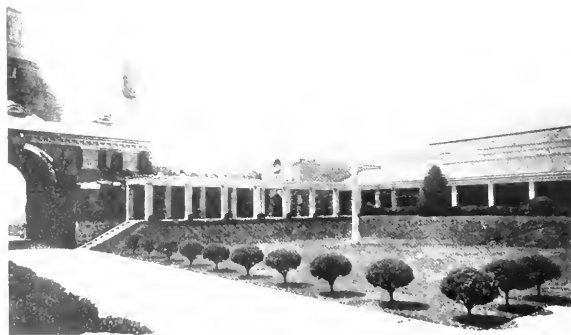
The strong ought to bear the weak: solidity ought to be real and apparent: the employment of all the parts ought to be justified by necessity: unity and variety are constituents of beauty: nothing is beautiful in architecture but what is useful or serves

some end: the parts ought to be subordinate to the whole: symmetry and regularity are inseparably connected with order and solidity: simple proportions are the most beautiful.

A President of the United States has written: "If houses are built simply and comfortably, and if each feature possess a definite and wholesome purpose, then, although they may lack distinction, they are never ridiculous or discreditable."

If the form in which this paragraph has been written had been slightly different, its force would be greater and its statements come nearer the exact conditions. Suppose it said that if houses are built simply and comfortably, and if each feature possess a definite and wholesome purpose, they are certain to have distinction, while those built otherwise are generally discreditable and oft times ridiculous.

Looking over the history of American architecture as written in stone and wood, one readily discerns the meaning which Mr. Roosevelt intends to convey. From the earliest times, our Colonial ancestors appreciated that simplicity and the "proper and wholesome purpose" of each part were of paramount importance in the designing and building of their homes or other edifices whether they were large or small, civic or domestic. On the one hand we have such examples as the mansions of Salem and the James River; the Massachusetts State House, and the New York City Hall; on the other hand the farmhouses and other simple residences of New England, too numerous to mention individually but so valuable from point of design that they should be preserved as a priceless heritage for



DRIVE UNDER THE ARCHWAY OF THE LODGE HOUSE.



ON THE LEVEL BELOW THE COURT ARE THE GARDENS, FORMALLY LAID OUT AND ON THEM FACE THE GARDENERS' COTTAGES, GARAGE AND LESSER BUILDINGS.

future generations. They should be guarded against that vandal, Time, and that greater vandal, the unappreciative owner.

The keynote of these edifices is simplicity; their harmony lies in their proportions; their melody in the feelings they inspire by their playful details and charming environment.

There are forces at work, however, which tend to preserve the beauty of the old work by recording the design of some of these lovely though humble buildings, and by reproducing them in spirit, as nearly as can be done by machine cut mouldings and ornament where hand cut work was once used.

It was not so many years ago that taste in art was at a low ebb, and buildings were erected which, by their ridiculous proportions and misapplication of ornament were the laughing stock of the well educated, and later of others. As time went on more and more were they execrated. Now we live in an era where, in spite of a decadence in some quarters, the tendency is toward true beauty in accordance with our maxims.

This renaissance was brought about first by a few pioneers and carried on by their pupils and admirers until now we are well on the road to the establishment, or more correctly, a re-establishment of a truly American Architecture growing out of Georgian, as Georgian grew from XV. Century Italian and Roman.

The house chosen for illustration is one designed by McKim, Mead and White and is at Westbury, L. I. It was built nearly thirty years ago. Since the original house was built it has been added to and the grounds embellished so that it stands today as a superb example of an American gentleman's country home, surrounded by towering locust trees, each one of which has been transplanted to its present position.

One drives under the archway of the lodge house into a splendid court surrounded on all sides by

buildings in character with those shown, and which contain, among other things, a huge living-room, a chapel, a swimming-pool and orangerie. On the level below the court are the gardens formally laid out, and on them face the gardener's cottages, garage and lesser buildings, the whole extending for many acres on the summit of "Wheatly Hill" from which has been taken the name now attached to the foothills forming a low chain running east and west.

In style "Wheatly" is markedly Colonial with a distinct flavor, in parts, of the Spanish mission, all so beautifully treated as to bring them into perfect accord.

Since the house was built, stucco has been substituted for shingles on the upright walls and this change has added to the general charm.

The small house shown is one of regular Colonial type and was built about fifteen years ago at Glen Ridge, N. J. It is now mellowed by age and shaded by well grown trees and shrubs and presents an appearance of having been built for fifty years.

One enters this house into a staircase hall which runs from front to rear. On the right is the living-room and on the left the dining-room, to the rear of which is the pantry and the kitchen. The second floor has, besides four ample bedrooms, two baths and the necessary linen and other closets. The attic contains three rooms and bath.

The plan of this house is what might be called elastic since its general character may be adhered to whether one is desirous of larger or smaller dimensions in building a country residence. It may be made to fit nearly any purse without loss of the qualities of openness and convenience.

The material of the outside walls would, of course, have a very decided bearing on the cost, but such a house would look as well in brick with the necessary changes of detail, as if faced with



SMALL HOUSE OF REGULAR COLONIAL TYPE AT GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

clap-boarding. The day of the canary-colored woodwork with white trim and green blinds seems to have departed, and for this we should be truly thankful. Nothing seems to be more beautiful than a house painted white, and yet it is well that the white should be slightly toned to avoid a chalky appearance. Nothing is richer for the color of the blinds than the green used in old times, and it is well to avoid, we think, many of the specially made up colors which seem to have been invented only for the purpose of being different.

It is possible to build a cellar under only one side of the house, omitting it, perhaps, under the living-room. The attic may be divided into rooms or left as the old time attics were for the storage of household goods. The possibilities for the modern sleeping porch are apparent.

The interior of such a house as is illustrated affords many chances for variation in its fittings. Wood floors of the highest type, such as veneered oak with dove-tailed joints, are suitable, if one can afford it, though comb-grained yellow pine may be used as a cheaper substitute. The woodwork

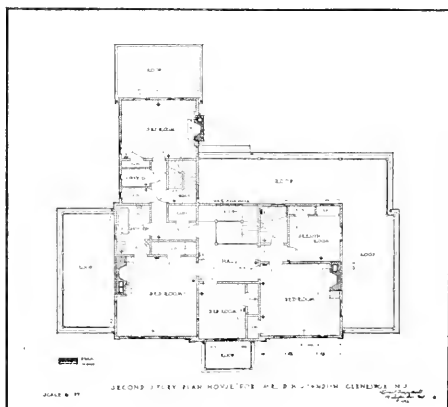
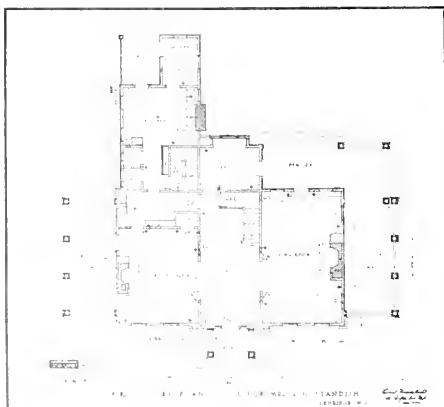
may all be painted white, including the doors, but should a richer effect be desired, the doors may be made of birch or some similar hardwood and stained like old mahogany.

The trim itself instead of being white may be of some hardwood without destroying the general character, and so we might go on offering suggestions.

There are many ways of decorating the walls. They may be painted such different shades of color as seem desirable, or papered with some of the many beautiful, yet simple designs, to be found.

In furnishing, it would seem as though one should refrain from departing too far from the Colonial period, and yet the proper admixture of furniture from which the colonial derived its design would tend to enhance the beauty of the interior and add to its domestic quality.

But whether we have under consideration decoration or furnishing we must be guided by principles which make for beauty. They must be searched for and found so that we may avoid grave error.



THE RENAISSANCE OF HAND-PRINTING IN BRITAIN

By W. G. BLAIKIE-MURDOCH

THE applied arts were never practised to finer purpose in Britain than during the 18th Century. Opulent in brilliant architects and porcelainists, cabinet-makers and silversmiths, the land was consonantly rich at that time in typographers lavishing on their work an artistry of the most aspirational kind. But, with the advent of machinery, printing was gradually degraded to the status of a mere trade, the very taste for books of beautiful guise seeming for a while to have passed away.

Nevertheless, the love of literature is indeed a religion, so that ever and again there will be some who, imbued with that love, will desire to see their gods enshrined in temples of beauty. And presently Ruskin's eloquent voice was raised in condemnation of machine-made articles, his bias herein shortly eliciting the ardent support of William Morris, who was the real father of that rare hand-printing which forms one of the greatest artistic glories of Britain in recent years.

It is true that two men preceded Morris in reverting to manual typography: R. L. Stevenson and Henry Daniell. But the former really conducted his press just to amuse his young step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, and Daniell's tasteful work somehow failed at first to win much notice, whereas Morris, with his magnetic personality, soon gained very

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION TO A POEM.

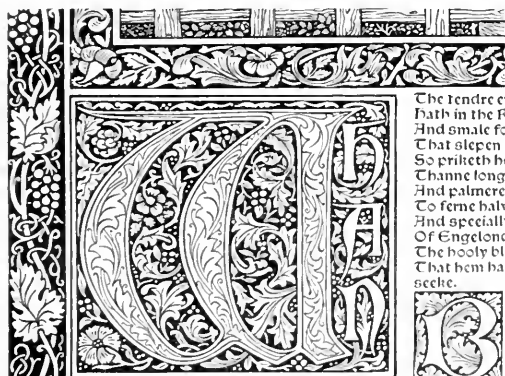
Induction
to a poem

O! I must tell a tale of
chivalry;
For large white plumes
are dancing in mine eye.
Notlike the formal crest
of latter days:
But bending in a thou-
sand graceful ways;
So graceful, that it seems
no mortal hand,

Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,
Could charm them into such an attitude.
We must think rather, that in playful mood,
Some mountain breeze had tum'd its chief delight,
To show this wonder of its gentle might.

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;

For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
Athwart the morning air: some lady sweet,
Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
From the worn top of some old battlement
Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent:
And from her own pure self no joy dissembling,
Wraps round her ample robe with happy trembling.
Sometimes, when the good Knight his rest would take,
It is reflected, clearly, in a lake,
With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
And th' half seen mossiness of linnet's nests.
Ah! shall I ever tell its cruelty,



The tendre c'
hath in the R'
And smale fe
That slepen
So prieth h
Channe long
And palmer
To ferme hal
And speeiall
Of Engelonc
The hooley bl
That hem ha
seeke.



CHAT Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zepherus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth

corage,
At nyght wer
Wel nyne and
Of sondry fo
In felawship
That toward

considerable sympathy with his typographic exploit. Passionately desirous that his poems should be fitly set forth, he was repeatedly chagrined by the total incapacity, as regards art, of ordinary commercial printers, with the result that he began to devote enthusiastic labor to designing types, and in 1891 he inaugurated the Kelmscott Press with his own *Story of the Glittering Plain*, the volumes he subsequently printed being upwards of fifty in number. The most famous of them to-day is the folio *Chaucer*, which, like almost everything else from Kelmscott, embodies a galaxy of initial letters and kindred ornaments by Morris himself: things of great intrinsic beauty, as witness the specimen shown here. All reflect their creator's tense fondness for the old Illuminators of missals, it being withal regrettable that, in making his actual founts, he took as model the "black-letter" tomes of the middle-ages, for this inevitably resulted in pages inclining to the cryptic. But, if the Kelmscott volumes must therefore be regarded as noble decorative items, rather than as genuine triumphs of typography, plenty of protest against this emulation of mediæval styles has been made by those artists of late years, who, inspired directly or indirectly by Morris, have concerned themselves seriously with book-production.

A gifted painter and sculptor, Charles Ricketts was among the first to show keen interest in Morris's printing, at the same time quickly marking its prime

failing noted above. So he proceeded to fashion some lettering that combined an absolute clearness with beauty, his mode of procedure, however, being simply to entrust his types to a firm of machine-printers, whose doings he supervised with fastidious care. But anon his friend, Lucien Pissarro, who collaborated with him in writing a treatise on typography, commenced using one of Ricketts' founts manually, producing with it artistic renderings of the books of *Job* and *Esther*; while having next designed some finely clear lettering himself, he started the Eragny Press. Thence he has issued what are unquestionably the loveliest achievements in modern hand-printing, each a great work of art, although tiny in size, perhaps the most exquisite of all of them being *Le Livre de Jade*, a collection of verses by Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile, its pages illustrated by Pissarro's pencil. A daintiness, best described as Japanese, is the main trait of this master's fascinating bibelots.

There are two printers, however, who have resolutely opposed the ornate, these being Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Press, and Miss Yeats at the Cuala. The former's title-pages show exceptionally fine skill in spacing, and the beauty of his text is of a singularly refined, dignified sort, his almost severe types being just such as a Greek sculptor can

be imagined liking. But on the other hand it is a charming homeliness, as of a picture by an old Dutch painter, which distinguishes the books wrought by Miss Yeats, whose wise taste for the simple is echoed in some degree by Ralph Straus, and by A. K. Sabin.

But another thing which markedly endears the modern hand-printers is the lofty aspiration they all represent. For compared to the expense of most branches of artistic creation, that entailed by typography is formidable; while though those who love volumes of beautiful form love them very much, such people are curiously few. And thus the artist conducting a press must make his art for its own sake, glad if it merely pays its outlay; he must be richly dowered with enthusiasm, possibly the greatest of gifts. Besides, painters and sculptors to-day are sadly inclined to hold aloof from the applied arts, and workers like Miss Yeats and Cobden-Sanderson, Pissarro and Guthrie, have emphasized that it is well for an artist to be an artificer too, beautifying things of use extraneous to ornamentation. Perhaps, then, the renaissance of typography by hand is destined to have momentous results; perhaps it is the herald of another 18th century, that wonderful time, when craftsmanship of all sorts was practised to finer purpose in Britain than ever before.

THE EASTERN RUG-MAKER

By MARGARET WALLACE ATKINS

THE rug maker like the poet is born, not made; but perhaps in a different sense, since all Easterns have been rug makers more or less of necessity, this industry being their sole income and their one method of self expression since back beyond history.

Many of the weavers were unlearned and unlettered in all save this art, which they acquired so early and with such exclusion and concentration that their eyes became trained to its intricacies and they did their color schemes from memory.

Until late years when the West added its demand to the already heavy call in the East, most of the work was done by women and children, while the men folk tended the flocks and tilled the fields; but when the Western method of hurry and exploitation reached them, the men and boys entered the commercial arena. So competition increased until it became a question of quantity not quality, and Eastern rug making had already closed its book of romance, its weaving and dreaming, and weaving in of dreams, before the hungry war god came to swallow the whole race in his ugly maw.

The East has a language the West does not easily understand—our philosophies, our moral codes, our habits, are leagues apart; but happily the sense of beauty transcends all these conventions, and we have met the East over its product of beautiful rugs,—our only real contact in all our efforts at approachment.

In his special industry, that is in the East, he commands our wonder, our admiration: nor is he of yesterday. Homer, Pliny, Horace, Scipio all knew him, and pictures of weavers at work are found in the earliest Egyptian tombs.

It was, and is yet in the East, the custom to hang priceless rugs on the graves of notables, and even to this day the tombs of Israel, Isaac and Jacob are not forgotten. This memory, this fidelity, would be impossible anywhere other than in the brooding East, where a thousand years count nothing; where time is verily a fiction, since they brood ever on the Eternal and the Imminence of God.

In the Western world where we are compact of materialism, this holds our imagination; we look wonderingly at him across the chasm that divides us and we buy his rugs. Dimly we know, for dimly only can we perceive him, that he lived close to the symbols of his religion, and that he worked with the true artistry of putting himself into what he created; in his colors and designs are woven his faiths, his hopes, his fears, and his sorrows.

From time immemorial rugs have represented riches and dowries in the East, and their value has been steadily growing: so it required no prophetic vision when some one, writing in 1903, warned the public to treasure their genuine specimens, as the end of the Eastern rug making as we had known it was well in sight. He meant only the menace of machinery and the destroying influence of competition and exploitation in an industry where leisure, beauty and romance were of its essentials.

At the beginning of the war, the trade journals made an outcry and some move was started to corner all the known genuine pieces, but things were again left to their own adjustment, and we can still with industry and a fortunate purse become collectors. Always valued for their beauty of coloring, now that the race of rug makers is

gone, and for a few generations, we will get none but machine-made duplicates—the value will attract those who find beauty only where the price is heavy.

The best silk rugs have always ranked high in decoration. They have been used to drape sofas and tables and many times have been given an important place on the wall with old Masters. It is one of the few consolations of the artist that his work endures.

With rugs, however, the separation of the sheep from the goats is even more difficult than in other branches of Art and requires fine discrimination. To know them in their various localities, their histories and symbols, is twice the life work of any one man, and to get one of pure ancestry is indeed a lucky find.

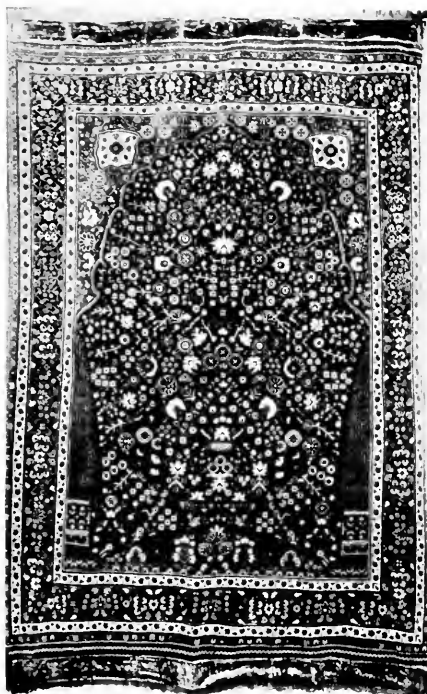
Perhaps when we have safely established our family trees and satisfied ourselves of the aristocracy of our pet dogs, we may next follow the gentle pastime of tracing our floor coverings to some remote period. This would mean the assistance of the expert who, if honest, must often be in doubt.

Ever since the communication between countries became easy and usual they have influenced each other, exchanging materials and designs. China has given Persia her cloud patterns, and Persia has influenced India. It is indeed difficult to find a carpet of unmingled ancestry: sometimes the color scheme is three parts Persian and one part Indian, when it was undoubtedly woven by a Persian as certain details of workmanship would prove.

Sometimes when the pattern breaks off—probably interrupted by the assassin's knife—it may be continued by the succeeding worker in quite another pattern; or, if a worker dies, the whole force engaged upon that carpet may, through superstitious dread, refuse to complete it, and an entire new force will have to be found. So the overseer or exploiter does not always find it easy to commercialise the dreaming East, or tie it to a certain production.

The industry reached Greece about 480 B. C. and was by the Saracens or early Arabians carried to Sicily, Italy and Spain.

To the Western mind the broad genesis turns on Indian, Persian, Turkestan and Smyrna rugs. This covers the knowledge of the inexpert, but the field is much larger. Persia and India are both large territories with varied climates, and a medley of races that is kaleido-opic; their resources are



Courtesy of Kent Costikyan.

PERSIAN PRAYER RUG;
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

large, their creeds countless, and they, until late years, worked practically independent of each other. But the East ever wears the hall mark of the East, and to-day rugs do not differ greatly in material and design from the earliest specimens, although the Persians have made an effort to broaden and bolder their work.

In India the floral design prevails, and the orchid is the dominant note of decoration. Figures too of men and animals, with historic scenes and battle episodes, find place in India where the Persian or Saracen influence has been felt.

The eye of the expert looks at many signs; the material used, the quality of the wool, the weaving, the depth of the pile, the backing, the color combination, the kind of dye used, the warp and woof, the tying of the fringes, the symbolism, and last but not least, the number of knots to the square inch, this being as high as many thousand. This would seem enough detail,

but we have with our modern ingenuity added to the confusion by faking modern rugs. Sometimes they are treated with acids or ironed with hot irons, or buried in the earth for six months to be resurrected as antiques. It is about twenty years since a large English syndicate established itself in the East and set about putting the rug industry on a commercial basis as it is recognized in the West. The wages were raised from five to twenty cents a day and with this undreamed of wealth came change of habits and more or less travel. With more communication between the various races wools from different centres were exchanged, symbolism became mixed, and even sacred secrets of the dyes were whispered, until one rug skeptic, weary of the deceptions and intricacies, that are greater intricacies when they have passed the Eastern mind, advised the buyer to purchase what pleased him, exercising, of course, ordinary discretion and care, and leave the rest to luck.

Yet with all this faking and baffling uncertainty, the rug industry has been our one commerce that is able to suggest to lovers of art a certain measure of poetry and romance. It is a record of a mysterious people whose civilization as it was, can never be reconstructed. It is an expression of their mysticism and their patience that was a part of their mysticism. It is the tribal writing of a people as ancient as any whom the imagination of man can retrieve from the past.



"SANCTUARY": COMMEMORATIVE BIRD BATH—ANNETTA JOHNSON SAINT-GAUDENS, SCULPTOR

A STORY-TELLING BIRD BATH

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

ANNETTA Johnson Saint-Gaudens, sculptor, is adding to the gaiety of bird life, and incidentally to its conservation, by the successful reproduction of her "Sanctuary" commemorative bird bath in varied colored terra cotta. Happily, the feat will bring this unique story telling garden creation within the "middle class purse" to the enhancement of many a town and country home.

The historic event the bird bath commemorates in its *bas relief* frieze—the original production of the Percy MacKaye "Bird Masque" at Cornish, N. H. in honor of President and the first Mrs. Wilson—is scarcely less interesting than the story of the birth of the bath, or the trials and tribulations the sculptor met in bringing it to terra cotta fruition.

A Mexican water jar, three feet high, is the basis of the bath. It was originally designed for a garden vase, and it was Mrs. Saint-Gaudens' intent to decorate it with a *bas relief* procession of classical figures, utilizing as model for the central *motif* a society woman skilled in the classic dance. Meanwhile, the model, in keeping with the artistic folk that make up the summer colony of Meriden and Cornish, where the sculptor has her studio-home, became absorbed in training children—dressed as birds—in song and dance for the dedication of the "Sanctuary."

This Sanctuary was for long an abandoned farm covering thirty-two acres of woodland in the village of Meriden, N. H. Through the generosity of Helen Woodruff Smith of Stamford, Conn., Harold Baynes, Father of American bird conservation, was

able to purchase this site and convert it into a model bird conserve, which continues to invite imitation.

Mr. Percy MacKaye was asked by Mrs. Baynes, the naturalist's enthusiastic ally, to write a dedication poem for "The Sanctuary's" opening. The result was the "Bird Masque," which in turn evoked original music from a colonist, Frederick S. Converse of Yale University, and special dances from Juliet Barret Rublee, while Kenyon Cox preparatory to assuming garb of a crow in the pageant, designed the program.

Participating in the Bird Masque as a Love Bird, Annetta Johnson Saint-Gaudens lost sight of the Greek frieze she had dreamed for her garden vase.

"I was so impressed with the beautiful, classic grace of Miss Eleanor Wilson as Ornis in the bird chorus"; she said to me recounting the bath's story, "Percy MacKaye in his Chaucer robes, Smith as Faun, Herbert Adams, cardinal and Witter Byner, plum hunter—the ease with which all the characters lent themselves to sculpture, that I asked them to pose for me. To my studio they came and I modeled them into the frieze, preserving plumage and in some instances the portraiture.

With the frieze modeled, the sculptor at the suggestion of the poet and naturalist—MacKaye and Baynes—topped off the vase with the removable bowl-like receptacle the illustration reveals.

This bowl fits down on the vase snugly as lid to an alabaster jar, and filled with water gives the birds a fine plunge.

Inscribed on the jar beneath the frieze are the

names of the celebrities identified with the "Bird Masque" and the Epilogue:

"A compact, then, that when we go
Forth from these gracious trees
Into the world, we go as witnesses
Before the men who make our country's laws,
And by our witness show
In burning word
The meaning of these sylvan mysteries:
Freedom and Sanctuary for the birds."

The original bird bath cast in bronze graces today the "Sanctuary"—the gift of Mrs. Helen Foster Barnett to bird conservation.

The bath's translation into terra cotta is another story, with secret places open only to craftsmen in touch with the thorny road that leads—sometimes—to dreams come true!

"I had a potter's wheel," said Annetta Johnson Saint-Gaudens, who embodies in her own winsome personality not a little of the birdlike; "my studio assistant had worked in the Rookwood pottery while studying sculpture. From my design and under my constant supervision he 'threw' the bird bath. Those were happy days! Then the summer colony scattered, and with it went much of the life and color that had made studio work joyous. My assistant had warned me that he would soon be off. The Hampshire Pottery which had finally consented to develop the bird bath dare not hazard the use of the amateurish molds I had made. Often I was too ill to work, I knew if freezing weather came early the whole would go. The assistant consented to stay

and make the molds. In the process the pedestal was cracked, the lettering done badly and mistakes were a plenty. To add to this the assistant was obliged to depart.

"I was left alone in a lonely house far up in lonely hills, with a mother cat trying to rear an ungrateful family!

"All day long and far into the night I worked making 'presses' in the mold and converting the rounding sections into a flat frieze.

"Previously, I had taken the original mold and fragments of the original pedestal to the Hampshire Pottery. The chemist and designer made a press which I refinished and we straightened the crooked pedestal. He modeled another mold, corrected and finished the inscription.

"We made several experiments with clay bodies but before they could be brought to successful issue, the chemist died."

Before her marriage to the late Louis Saint-Gaudens, Annetta Johnson was a pupil of Augustus Saint-Gaudens and later his studio assistant. Much of her skill and labor are embodied in his masterpieces, notably the Grant equestrian monument in Jackson Park, Chicago.

"While working on Louis's statue of 'Painting,'" said the sculptor, putting the finishing touch to a thrush in a bird bath frieze in the Perth Amboy atelier where I found her, "I was subconsciously terra cottaing—if I may coin a word—the bird bath! The birds may sense it and glorify it in their matin or vesper song. Who knows?"

ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE MUCH-ABUSED OWL

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

THERE is a widespread misconception as to the economic value of Owls. Most people regard these silent flyers of the night as being extremely destructive to game-birds and poultry.

There are in North America forty-six species and sub-species of the Owl family; probably not more than half a dozen of which ever capture game-birds or visit the poultry yard. On the other hand

owls are of great value as destroyers of rats, mice, grasshoppers, beetles, and other pests of the fruit-trees and growing crops.

Here are shown the portraits of six representatives of this much-abused family of birds, ranging from the little Elf Owl, five and one-half inches long, to the Great Horned Owl, which has an expanse of wings measuring five feet from tip to tip.

Screech Owls are common throughout the United States, nesting in holes in trees and old Woodpecker holes.



They destroy many grasshoppers, field-mice, beetles, and occasionally a small bird. When taken young they make interesting pets.



The Barn Owl, often known as the Monkey-faced Owl, is found in nearly all parts of the United States. It is a great destroyer of mice. As a mouser one of them is equal to six cats.



The Great Horned Owl on Nest. This bird lays its eggs in the holes of trees or deserted hawks' nests. Its prey consists of rabbits, squirrels, skunks, partridges, crows, and occasionally a hen.



The Little Elf Owls, in size scarcely larger than an English sparrow inhabit desert countries of the Southwest. They often come about camp-fires and capture insects on which they largely prey.



The Barrel Owl is the common "Hoot Owl" of the swamps and low woodlands. It feeds chiefly on rats, mice, and other rodents. This is one of the most common owls seen in captivity.

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NO. 76: SEVEN-ROOM CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED BUNGALOW

THE Bungalow illustrated here, No. 76, is particularly suitable in materials and design as well as in layout for the rugged woodland spot in which we have pictured it.

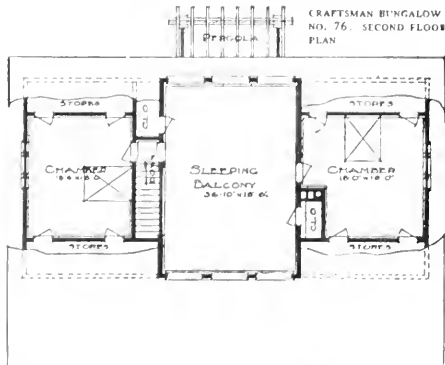
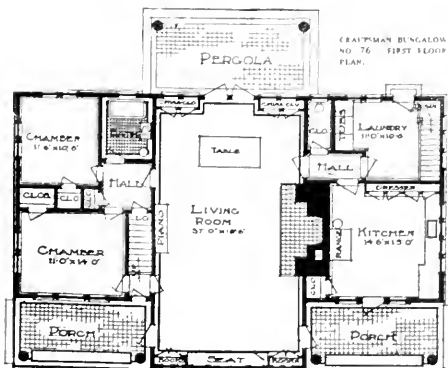
The building is 54 feet 8 inches wide and 46 feet 4 inches deep,—these being the outside measurements including the pergola.

With the kind of surroundings shown here, shingles seem most appropriate, although clapboards could, of course, be used instead. The design could also be carried out in some form of cement construction; or the walls of the first story might be cement and the gables covered with shingles or V-jointed boards.

We would suggest rough slate with a tile ridge for the main roof, for this would be especially in keeping with the rest of the construction. The roofs of the dormers, however, having very little slope will have to be covered with some kind of composition roofing. The sides of the dormers would look best if shingled like the main walls.

If field stone is used for the foundation, it would be a good plan to use it in the chimney-piece as well as in the chimney, especially since the living-room is unusually large and will probably be furnished in a somewhat simple, rugged fashion.

The balcony extends through the entire upper story, with an open dormer at each end. Of course,



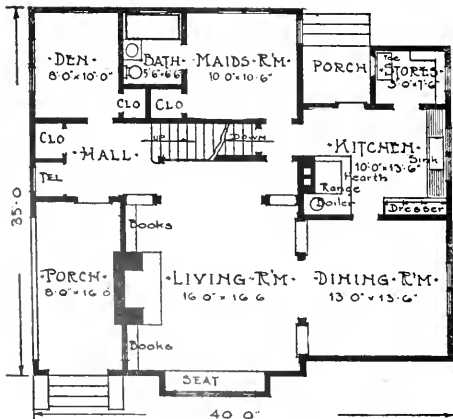


NO. 179: NINE-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

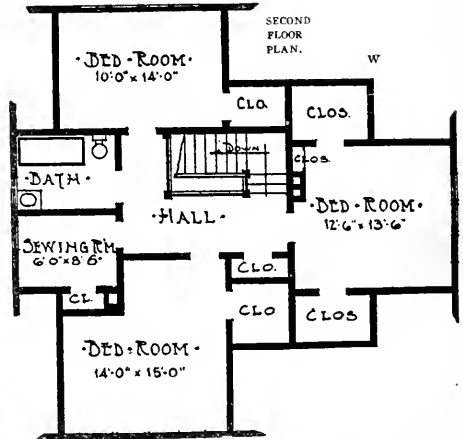
if the owner did not care for an open-air sleeping place, the dormers could be glassed in and the space used either as one large bedroom or two smaller ones with a hall between.

House No. 179 will prove especially attractive, from whatever point of view one approaches it, for the construction of the porch, the bay window and dormer roof, with their resulting irregularity of outline, give the place a certain intimate charm.

Stucco on metal lath is the material chosen for the walls, and the roof may be covered with either slate or shingles. By using cement for the porch steps and paths, as well as for the garden walls and entrance posts and by planting flowers about the base of the walls and training vines up the porch pillar and around some of the windows, the house may be effectively linked with its surroundings.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 179: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



In the long, roomy hall one finds on the left a convenient telephone booth and a coat closet, the former lighted by a small window. Opposite the front door is the den, which, being shut off from the rest of the floor, will afford a quiet place for study or work. This room, however, may be put to a variety of uses, depending upon the taste and requirements of the owner. It may be lined with shelves and used as a library; fitted up for an office; utilized for an extra bedroom, or turned into a nursery—whichever is required. For any of these purposes it would be quite adaptable, on account of its privacy, and its readiness of access to both front door and stairs.

If the house is built facing either south or west, plenty of sunshine will be insured for the living-room and porch, with the morning sun for the dining-room.

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THE HERITAGE OF A GARDEN

BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

A BEAUTIFUL garden is one of nature's loveliest, tenderest revelations.

To create a beautiful garden is a genuine gift to life.

Value in every endeavor is judged largely by its capacity for service; a service enriching, refreshing, gladdening life, or awakening it to greater effort or higher ideals. A flower-crowned garden, glowing in wondrous colors, resonant in delicate perfume, vibrant with the whisperings of nature is the very *embodiment* of service. In the companionship of flowers, and birds, and hovering butterflies, the weary mind finds rest; there is peace for the troubled heart; health for the ailing body; cheer for the discouraged, joy for the enthusiast and quickening inspiration for present tasks and future attainments.

"You do not imagine what your garden means to me," said an old-time friend not long ago, "again and again when life seems all awry and its problems unusually vexing, thoughts of your peaceful garden-plot steal into my heart and I think that if I might only run away into its loveliness for even a *little* while and be alone there among the flowers I should be able to garner the strength I so much need." "But, then, dear Garden-Lady," she added earnestly, "just

the vision of that peaceful spot *quits* my spirit and brings me fresh courage for the duty at hand."

To depreciate the mission of a garden because of its



AN INFORMAL GROUP OF SIMPLE FLOWERS ADDS FRIENDLINESS TO THE GARDEN

seeming transitory character is to miss the truth. The sensitive, telling influence, of such a retreat is a *permanent*, far-reaching force. The individual blossoming-plot, in time, may be choked with weeds and pass away, but the glory of its loveliness, its flowers, the odor of their perfume, the permeating atmosphere of association with all of its impelling power, blossom on perennially in the heart throughout a life-time. Oh, the magic

there is even in the power of suggestion! In an instant, the scent of a tiny flower will span the silence of long intervening years, bringing to the heart once more in vivid relief familiar faces and scenes long veiled, perhaps in memory.

"Clove Pinks!", enthusiastically exclaimed a visitor to my garden last summer, "Why I haven't seen any of them for years." The blossoms I proffered her were accepted eagerly and her face was quickly buried in their fluffy petals. When her eyes, however, were raised again to



A RUSTIC PERGOLA BORDERED WITH FLOWERS

(Continued on page 8)

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mine I noted with surprise that they were brimming with tears. Then, as though apologizing for her evident emotion she said falteringly. "We had just such pinks as these in our garden, long ago, and—someway—the sight of them carried me back again to the old farm and revived anew some very hallowed memories." The glimpse of a few old-fashioned posies had revealed a vision to this woman which was far more precious to her no doubt than all of this world's gold.

Not long since I was permitted to inspect the newly made garden of a friend. She listened happily to the enthusiastic exclamations of appreciation over her work, then leading the way to a small cluster of unattractive plants entirely without bud or blossom, she said softly—almost reverently. "But, here,



dear, are my *real* treasures." At to relate that during a recent journey East, at the sudden death of her mother and the attendant sale of the old homestead, she had dug these very plants, so fraught with childhood's memories, from the old garden, bringing them West to unfold their familiar blossoms in the garden here of the new home. "These plants," she continued earnestly, "are a heritage more to me than I could ever express, for in the up-turned faces of their precious blossoms I shall see my mother's face reflected, and as a little child again, I shall hear once more her words of counsel and love." A tiny group of plants that easily might have been purchased for a song, exerted an influence on this woman's life that was more telling than many sermons.

Continued on page 10

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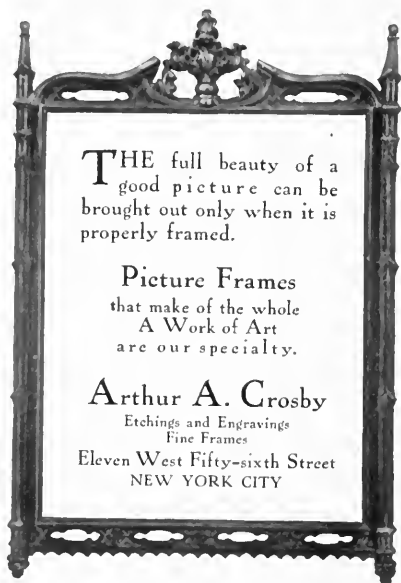
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Recent numbers have contained essays on Thorvaldsen and photographs of the work of his legitimate successor, Einar Jonsson of Iceland; also a series of articles on Scandinavian Art in America.

The March-April issue is the annual "Travel Number." It contains illustrations of homes of artists in the Garden of Sweden, in the province of Dalecarlia, where the arts and crafts of the home flourish alongside the picturesque national costume. Also an appreciation of Mas-Olle, Zorn's neighbor, the young Swedish etcher and portrait-painter who is now touring America with a representative collection of his works.

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The American-Scandinavian
Review

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STRONGER THAN NAILS

While the tiniest garden-spot benefits richly all coming within reach of its influence, the choicest gifts perhaps are the inheritance of those who personally labor among the flowers. Each miniature bud, the unfolding blossom, the pungent smell of the sun-kissed earth, the loving intimacy of growing things, yes, the very *feel* of the mellow soil bring a new, sweet joy with each returning day, drawing one closer, and yet closer to the great, throbbing heart of Nature.

It may not be within the reach of every one to stir life with brilliant achievements, but *any one* may gladden life with flowers—yes with only a scarlet geranium on the ledge of a window. The eyes of a restless, hurrying, world, are searching ever amid the sordidness of earth for cheering, quieting, influences. To scatter radiant blossoms along the pathway of weary foot-sore humanity is a service not only genuinely helpful for present needs but one that is *measureless* in its service for long years to come.

HOW TO MAKE AN INDOOR ROCKERY



Individual ferns have always been special favorites in the home but there is no arrangement of plants more picturesque than an indoor rockery planted with the small varieties of ferns.

Nature keeps her fern children in a cool, moist atmosphere and so we must approach nature's method if the ferns are to live indoors where there is an uneven temperature and often extremes of dryness. Many of the most beautiful ferns grow among rocks where they are protected from drying winds and where the moisture is more or less uniform.

We may approach nature's success in this culture of ferns if the suggestions are followed as illustrated.

Continued on page 11



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FIGURE 1

The equipment is made up of a wooden cone, large enough to admit a medium-size sponge and the pegs should be at least three-quarters of an inch in diameter and slightly tapering. As seen in Fig. 1, the pegs are fastened to the cone by grafting wax so they may be pulled off easily.

The plaster of Paris should be combined with a little Portland Cement in order to stiffen it, and braced by small bits of wire. Before the plaster of Paris hardens, bits of rocks should be pressed into it, and the surface made rough so as to look natural. After twenty-four hours, the pegs should be removed and also the cone. The plaster of Paris is then stained as near the color of the rocks or minerals as possible so as to have a harmony of color.

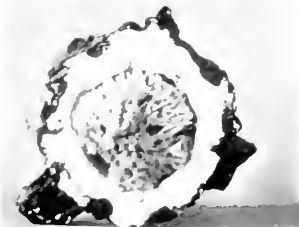


FIGURE 2

The sponge is then moistened and fitted tightly in the space left after removing the cone, as shown in Fig. 2, and the ferns placed in the holes made by the pegs. The rockery is then placed in a flat glass dish. With this simple construction, the fern roots not only get enough air to keep them healthy but they get sufficient moisture from the sponge. A little water applied to the glass dish each day will be taken up by the sponge and in this way the plants are kept watered.

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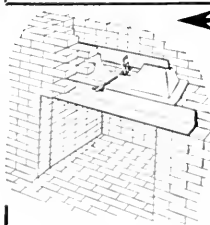
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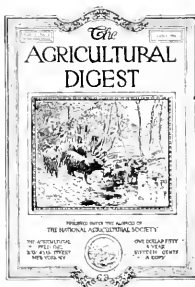
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